This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

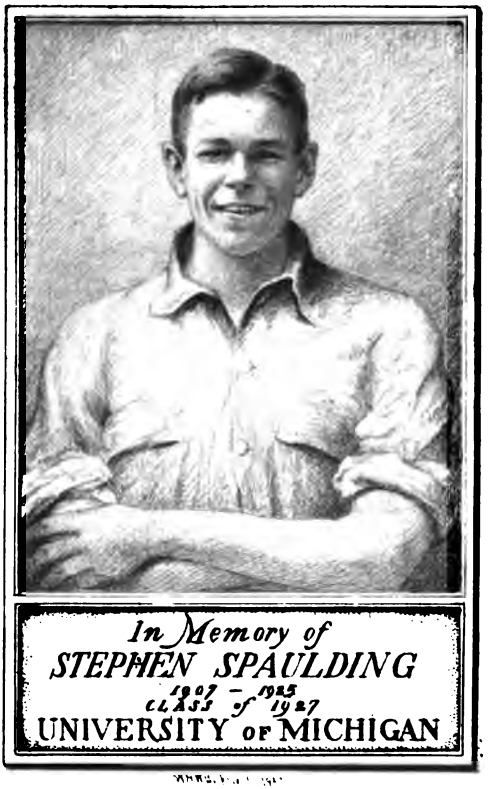
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



In Memory of
STEPHEN SPAULDING
1907 – 1925
CLASS OF 1927
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

410

5mL

Acetone Toxic F I

THE

CAMBRIAN

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

AND

Celtic Repertory.

"Y GWIR YN ERBYN Y BYD."

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

BY THEIR AGENT, H. HUGHES, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND;
AND SOLD BY T. HOOKHAM, 15, OLD BOND STREET;

Also by OLIVER and BOYD, Edinburgh; W. F. WAKEMAN, Dublin; PARKER, Oxford; DEIGHTON and HALL, Cambridge; ROBINSON and NEVETT, Liverpool; NORTON, Bristol; WATTON, EDDOWES, and HULBERT, Shrewsbury; SEACOME, POOLE and PARRY, Chester; JEW, Gloucester; PARKER, Hereford; WILLIAMS, Cheltenham; and the Booksellers in the Principality.

Price 12s. 6d. in boards.

1829.

LA
100
.C175
v.1

J. AND C. ADLARD, PRINTERS, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

Stephen Spaulding Mem. Coll.
Cambrian
5-15-53 - 5 vols.

SS3127 L-3131

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ASHLEY,

ONE OF THE COMMISSIONERS FOR THE AFFAIRS OF INDIA,

&c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

WE have much happiness in presenting to your Lordship the first volume of the CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE; a work which, in occupying a place in the catalogue of English books, has derived important assistance from you: common gratitude, my Lord, prompts us to dedicate its first-fruits to our chief Patron.

Obsequious panegyric too often constitutes the greater portion of printed dedications. It would ill become us, as Welshmen, as descendants of the ANORCHVYGOL of old, (a title we are not a little proud of,) to adopt so despicable a procedure: we prefer respectfully addressing your Lordship as a man of sense, of education.

We are happy to declare that the CAMBRIAN has met with the approval of the learned and venerable men whose knowledge of their country's lore renders their co-operation so valuable, and their estimation so important.

Such being secured, it may be said that of a *Sais*, of one necessarily not so well qualified to judge of the merits of our Magazine, must be of minor importance: we reply, that your Lordship's commendation is scarcely less valuable than theirs; for, though you cannot allege undivided attention to our language and writings, it has this advantage—national prejudice and early associations could have no influence over your pursuits.

In alluding to your Lordship's academical distinctions, we presume no man can charge us with false praise. Your taste has been formed on models of classic excellence: in the diversity of reading, you have turned to the humble treasures of long-neglected and almost forgotten Wales; from the high-toned lyre of the Grecian muse, to the simple music of the

mountain Telyn; from the waters of Helicon, to the wild torrents of Eryri: after studying the varied intelligence of Athens and Rome, you could, nevertheless, address the bards of Cymru in the words of the old patriot, ἀλλὰ δὴ καὶ ὑμᾶς ἐπαινῶ καὶ διαφερόντως ἀγαπῶ.

We congratulate the readers of the CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY in receiving your unbiassed testimony of the intrinsic merits of our native literature.

Those who know *the history* of our undertaking, (and your Lordship is of the number,) can testify it was no sordid speculation that actuated the few individuals who instituted the CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, but, in truth, a purely disinterested motive, the "love, strong as death," of their native Principality, that induced them to encounter the risk, the difficulties, and the discouragement, of the task; these obstacles are now removed, and the path before us presents a less formidable aspect: we have met with encouragement where we were threatened with opposition, we are favored with assistance which was at first withheld.

A hope of permanently establishing the CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY now appears not unreasonable; and, in making this statement, we feel assured it will afford strong satisfaction to those patriotic friends who link the name and honour of Cambria with their own.

Again we offer our grateful thanks, trusting that some participation of our labour by a son of the House of Shaftesbury can in no sense sully its escutcheon or lower its nobility.

We have the honour to remain,

Your Lordship's obliged, humble Servants,

THE EDITORS.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

This list, which contains every name forwarded to us, being still very deficient, spaces are left under each letter of the alphabet, for the insertion of any omissions.

Ashley, the Right Hon. Lord.
Adlard, Messrs. Bartholomew close.

Baines, —, esq. 47, Bedford row.
Baker, J. esq. St. John's college, Cambridge.
Benyon, Dr. Shropshire.
Bloxam, Matthew, esq. Rugby, Warwickshire.
Bowen, Rev. —, Llanelly.
Bowen, Rd. esq. Manor Owen, Fishguard.
Branstrom, C. esq. Newtown, Montgomerysh.
Bright, Robert, esq. Bristol.
Bright, H. B. esq. 36, Cadogan place, Sloane st.
Briscoe, R. esq. Jesus college, Oxford.
Brookbanks, Mrs. Brixton.
Buckley, Miss, 8, Aberdeen place, Maida hill.
Butler, H. esq. Magdalen college, Cambridge.

Clive, Lord Viscount, Powis castle, Montgomeryshire.
Clive, the hon. Robert, 3, Tilney st. Park lane.
Caisne, L. I. esq. Guernsey.
Churchey, Walter, esq. Brecon.
Clement, William, esq. Shrewsbury.
Clement, William, jun. esq. Ditto.
Clive, Rev. William, esq. Welshpool.
Clough, Rev. A. B. Oxford.
Conway, Charles, esq. Pontrhydyrune works, Newport, Monmouth.
Corbett, Robert, esq. Bury street, St. James's.
Corrie, Miss, Guilsfield, Montgomeryshire.
Cromgey, William, esq. Omega cottage, Wellington road.
Crown Club, 12, Whitehall place.
Currall, Mr. 35, Bishopsgate street within.
Cymmrodorian Society, London.

Davies, Wm. esq. New England coffee-house.
Davies, Henry, esq. Gower street.
Davies, Mr. D. 15, Union street, Borough.
Davies, Henry, esq. 7, Throgmorton street.
Davies, Edward, esq. 9, Philpot lane.
Davies, Rev. Walter, Manavor, Montgomerysh.
Davies, Mr. Thos. Stingwern, Berriew, Ditto.
Davies, John, Mr. Johnson's Ropeground, Bermondsey.
Davies, Mr. John, Mostyn colliery.
Davies, Nathaniel, esq. Montgomery.
Davies, Rev. David, Penmel, Ditto.
Davies, Rev. Mr Aberystwith.
Davies, Rev. John, Vron Velen, Montgomeryshire.
Davies, Rev. Richard, Alnarhavesp, Ditto.
Davies, Mr. W. 34, Leadenhall street.
Davies, Mr. Hopkin,
Davies, Mr. Edward, Kerry, Montgomeryshire.
Davies, Thomas, esq. Brimscombeport, Gloucestersh.
Downe, Rev. Dr. Oswestry.

Eddyson, R. esq. Pen y dre, Holywell.
Edge, Thomas, esq. Bishop's Castle.
Edwards, Samuel, esq. Denbigh.
Edwards, the Rev. Thomas Wynne, Rhuddlan.
Edwards, Col. Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire.
Edwards, Rev. John, Towyn, Merionethshire.
Edwards, Thomas, esq. 22, Windsor terrace, City Road.
Edwards, Mr. 21, King street, Holborn.
Edwards, Mr. Hatton garden office.
Elliott, J. F. esq. Cateaton street.
Ellis, David, esq. 2, John street, Oxford street.
Evans, Mr. John, St. Paul's church yard.
Evans, Richard, esq. 62, Queen st. Cheapside.
Evans, Mr. 8, Edmund place, Aldersgate street.
Evans, Jeremiah, Esq. Fish street hill.
Evans, Rev. Evan, Pennant, Mostyn.
Evans, E. esq. Catharine hall, Cambridge.
Evans, Mr. Thomas, Denbigh.
Evans, Rev. Robert, Trinity college, Camb.
Evans, Mr. Thomas, Black Raven court, Leadenhall street.
Evans, Mr. Thomas, Oswestry.
Evans, John, esq. Trevalt, Llanwynog, Cardigan.
Evans, Mr. Thomas, Todley, Churchstoke, Montgomeryshire.
Evors, Rev. G. A. Newtown hall, Ditto.
Eyton, John, esq. Houghton, Salop.

Fenton, Jas. esq. Glynamel, Fishguard.
Francis, —, esq. 5, Salisbury street, Strand.
Francis, Miss, Belgrave house, Vauxhall.
Filder, E esq. Mellington, Montgomeryshire.
Fortune, Mr. John, New Post Office.
Foulkes, Griffith, esq. 9, Russell street, Covent garden.
Foulkes, Mr. John, Temple.
Foulkes, John, esq. Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire.

Gardner, Mr. Three Tuns, Coleman street.
Gardner, —, esq. Llyssen.
Grierson, John, esq. 10, Old Bond street.
Griffiths, Peter, esq. Stamp office.
Griffith, Mr. Surgeon, Little Queen street.
Griffiths, Rev. Thomas, M.A. Llangollen.
Griffiths, Richard, esq. Welshpool.
Griffith, W. esq. Salop.
Gwyneddigion Society, London.

Hereford, Lord, Tregoyer, Brecon.
Hampton, John, esq. Mold.
Harrison, Major, Montgomery.
Hayward, William, esq. 81, Oxford street.
Hemans, Mrs. Felicia, Waverstree, Liverpool.
Herbert, John, esq. St. John's college, Camb.
Herbert, Mrs. Glanhafren, Newtown.

Holland, Rev. Jeffrey, Penymorfa, Carnarvonshire.
Howell, Rev. Griffith, Llangadwr.
Howell, Benj. esq. 11, Queen's row, Pentonville.
Howell, Thomas, M.D. Bualit, Breconshire.
Hughes, Mrs. Penygoes, Montgomeryshire.
Hughes, Rev. Mr. St. George's Hospital.
Hughes, William, esq. 1, Tanfield court, Temple.
Hughes, Colonel, Kimmel park, Denbighshire.
Hughes, Mr. John, 35, Abchurch lane.
Hughes, D. P. esq. Old Kent road.
Hughes, Thomas, esq. 21, Nicholas lane.
Hughes, Hugh, esq. 57, Greek street, Soho.
Hughes, Rev. John, Wellington, Salop.
Hughes, Evan Owen, esq. Brynllwyd.
Hughes, James, esq. Machynlleth.
Hughes, John, esq. Allt Llwyd, Aberystwith.
Hughes, E. J. esq. Plas Onn.
Hughes, Rev. John, Cemmes.
Hughes, Rev. Edward, Bodfari.
Hughes, Rev. James Evans, Llangwm.
Hughes, Rev. Howel, Conway.
Hughes, Hugh, esq. 76, Lombard street.
Hughes, William, esq. Jesus' college, Oxford, or Llanstfried, Corwen.
Humphreys, Charles, esq, Montgomery.
Humphreys, Rev. Robert, B.A. Beamley, near Leeds.
Humphreys, S. esq. Morden, Surrey.
Hunter, Mrs. Llanidloes

Jones, Sir Charles, Broadway, Montgomeryshi.
James, Rev. John, Mold.
James, Rev. Mr. Llamoynog, Montgomeryshire.
Jarvis, Dr. Llanidloes.
Jenkins, Richard, esq. Bond court, Walbrook.
Jenkins, Mr. Hanwell.
Jenkins, Rev. John, Prebend of York, Kerry, Montgomeryshire.
Jenkins, Mr. Bookseller, Swansea.
Johnes, Arthur, esq. Temple.
Johnes, Dr. M.D. Gorthmyl, Montgomeryshire.
Johnes, William, esq Welshpool.
Jones, John, esq. Wandsworth.
Jones, Sergeant, London.
Jones, Mr. 6, Distaff lane.
Jones, John, esq. 1, Wilderness row.
Jones, Richard, esq. Morden, Surrey.
Jones, J. C., esq. 66, Cornhill.
Jones, Griffith, esq. Birchin lane.
Jones, Mr. Meredith, Hatfield street.
Jones, John, esq. London hospital.
Jones, David, esq. Blackheath.
Jones, B. H. esq. 20, Exmouth street, Hampstead road.
Jones, David, esq. 12, Millbank row, Westminster.
Jones, Edward, esq 6, Tooley street.
Jones, B. S. esq. India board.
Jones, H. B. esq. Furnival's inn.
Jones, Arthur, esq. House of Commons.
Jones, William, esq. Crosby square.
Jones, John, esq. 43, Noble street.
Jones, Mr., Castle, Lamb street, Spitalfields.
Jones, J. C. E. esq. Egham.
Jones, John, esq. Dinorlan, St Asaph.
Jones, Robert, esq. Doly Cefn.
Jones, Edward, esq. 61, Charles st. City road.
Jones, Evan, esq. 7, Edmund place.
Jones, John, esq. London hospital.
Jones, William, esq. Rose hill, St. Asaph.
Jones, John, esq. Crosswood, Welshpool.
Jones, Rev. William, Llansanan.
Jones, Rev. E. Trevonen, Oswestry.
Jones, Mr. Thomas Glynne, New Shop, Montgomery.
Jones, Meyrick, esq. Bank, Mold.
Jones, Rev. John, Berriew.
Jones, Miss Anne, Crosswood, Welshpool.

Jones, Wythen, esq. Rupert, Montgomeryshi.
Jones, David, esq. Troes Tewelyn, Ditto.
Jones, Joseph, esq. Machynlleth.
Jones, Mrs. Garthmyl hall, Montgomeryshire.
Jones, John, esq. Coffronwyd, Ditto.
Jones, Mr. Lewis, Aberystwith, (12 *copies.*)
Jones, Henry, esq. Jesus college, Oxford.
Jones, David, esq. banker, Carmarthen.
Jones, Samuel, esq. Everton, Liverpool.

Kenyon, the Lord, 9, Portman square.
Knight, —, esq. Lincoln's inn New square.

Lamb, Miss, Bromley, Kent.
Laurence, Thomas, esq. Blackheath.
Leathart, Major J., Brussels.
Leathart, Mr. D. Drummond street, Somers town.
Leathart, Mr. W. D. 14, Charles street, Ditto.
Lewis, Mr. 195, Regent street.
Lewis, —, esq. 16, Mark lane.
Lewis, W. esq. 32, Brunswick square.
Lewis, M. esq. Bryngias.
Lewis, Richard, esq. Rhuddlan.
Lewis, David, esq. Leeds
Llwyd, Miss, Angharod, Caerwys.
Llewelyn, Rev John, Coychurch, Bridgend, Glamorganshire.
Lloyd, John, esq Aldgate.
Lloyd, Rev. Llewelyn, Nannerch.
Lloyd, Rev. John, Llanervyl.
Lloyd, Rev. R. Tamworth.
Lloyd, Rev. Morris, Montgomery.
Lutener, William, esq. Newtown.

Morgan, Sir Charles, Tredegar.
Morgan, Lady, ditto.
Mostyn, Sir Thomas, Bart. M.P.
Macklinnon, Dr. M.D. 3, Great George street, Westminster.
Mathus, Mr. Edward, Newtown.
Menzie, W. esq. 23, Percy street.
Meyrick, Dr. 20, Cadogan place, Pimlico.
Meyrick, W. esq. Trinity college, Cambridge.
Miller, W. H. esq. St. John's ditto, Ditto.
Morgan, Dr. 7, King street, Goswell street.
Morgan, Thomas, esq. Lincoln's inn.
Morgan, H. A. esq. St. John's college, Camb.
Morgan, Richard, Esq Jesus' college, Oxford, Trenouydd, Narbeth, Pembroke.
Morgan, Jos. esq. Clydach Ironworks.
Morris, Mr. Temple court.
Morris, Mr. 75, Lamb's Conduit street.
Morris, J. esq. Northumberland house.
Mostyn, R. G. esq Calcott.
Muldoon, P. esq. 12, Whitehall place.

Nash, J. esq. 14, Regent street.
Newcombe, Rev. Mr. Ruthin.

Owen, Admiral Sir Edward.
Oldfield, Cobner, esq. Holywell.
Oswestry Reading Society.
Owen, Rowland, esq. Newgate street.
Owen, Aneurin, esq. Tany gyrt.
Owen, Wm. esq. K.C. Glan Severn, Montgomeryshire.
Owen, Rev. John, Denbigh.
Owen, Rev. E. J. Derwen.
Owen O. esq. Queen's college, Cambridge.
Owen, Owen, esq St. Peter's ditto, Ditto.
Owens, Owen, esq. Well street, Hackney.

List of Subscribers.

Powis, the Earl of, lord lieutenant for Salop and Montgomery.
Powis, Countess of, Walcott, Shropshire.
Price, Sir Edward, bart.
Parker, Rev. John, Llanmyrêwig, Newtown.
Parker, T. N. esq. Sweney, Oswestry.
Parry, William, esq Tanfield court, Temple.
Parry, Edward, esq. Chester.
Parry, Rev. Mr. Llanasa.
Parry, John, esq. Richmond buildings, Soho.
Payne, Rev. H. T. Canon, Cerrig Howell.
Pennant, Mrs. Dawkins, 56, Portland place.
Petit, L. H. esq. M.P.
Phillips, John, esq. 24, Nicholas lane.
Phillips, —, esq.
Phillips, Rev. John, Llwd y Cledwell.
Pollard, W. H. esq. Clapham.
Poole, Mr. John, Sprewsbnry.
Popham. —, esq. Cornwall.
Powell, Charles, esq. Trinity college, Camb.
Price, Rev. Thomas, Cerrig Howel.
Price, Mr. Jun. Park, Trellony.
Price, John, esq. St. John's college, Cambridge.
Pritchard, Samuel, esq. Kingston.
Probert, Rev. William, Bolton.
Ditto, for the Society of Ministers, ditto.
Pryce, Stafford, esq. Hendon.
Pryce, Samuel, esq. Chapter coffee-house.
Pryce, Rev. Mostyn, Treluston, Welshpool.
Pryce, Richard, esq. Gunley, Ditto.
Pryce, Rev. John, Dol Vorwen, Montgomerysh.
Pugh Cornelius, Esq. 78, Cannon street.
Pugh, T. esq. Magdalen college, Cambridge.
Pugh, David, esq. Llanerchydol, Welshpool.
Pugh, David, esq. Park lane, Welshpool.
Pughe, Dr. W. Owen, D.C.L. &c. Nant Glyn.

Rees, Rev. Jenkins, Cascob.
Reynolds, —, esq. Literary Institution, Aldersgate street.
Reynolds, —, Belvoir terrace, Vauxhall road.
Richards, Rev. R Caerwys.
Richards, Charles, esq. 7, Hanover street, Hanover square.
Richards, Rev. T. Llangyniew, Montgomeryshire.
Roberts, John, esq. Crosby square.
Roberts, E. esq. Grove house, Brixton.
Roberts, Rev. Edward, Whitford.
Roberts, Mr. Surgeon, Towyn.
Roberts, Rev. Lewis, Llanddulus.
Robinson, Joseph, esq. Chancery lane.
Ross, Miss, Clive Place, Welshpool.
Rowlands, Dr. Chatham.
Rowlands, Rev. Mr., Castle Caerinion.
Russell, Mrs. Exmouth.

Salisbury, Mr. C. Bear's Head, Newtown.
Scott, Edward, esq. Botalog.
Sims, Jos. esq. 19, Francis street, Tottenham court road.
Taddy, Mrs. Sergeant, 40, Old Palace yard.
Tamberlaine, I. S. esq. Bryn llan y Mawddy.
Tempany, W. J. esq. Tottenham court road.
Temple, Christopher, esq. 4, Hunter street, Brunswick square.
Temple, Robert, esq. Chester.
Thomas, E. R. esq. 8, Fenchurch street.
Thomas, Richard, esq. 15, Lombard street.
Thomas, Mr., 2, Bond court, Walbrook.
Thomas, Rev. Thomas, Llanfair, Montgomery.
Thomas, Mr. Evan, Bolton.
Thomas, Henry, esq. St. John's, Cambridge.
Thomas, Miss, Clapham.
Thornthwaite, Mr. Lillypot lane.
Turner, E. esq. Wapping.
Turner, —, esq. Chigwell.

Vaughan, Sir Robert Williames, Bart. M.P. Nannau, Merionethshire.
Vaughan, John, esq. Penmaen, Dovey.

Wynn, Sir Watkin Williams, bart. Wynstay.
Wynn, Right Hon. Charles, M.P. Llangedwm, Montgomeryshire.
Wynne, Sir William, Governor of Saintdon fort, Isle of Wight.
Wynne, William E. esq. Penniarth, Merionethshire.
Ward, J. C. esq. 28, Craven street, Strand.
Ward, John, esq. Mount, Stafford.
Watkins, George, esq. 17, London street, Fenchurch street.
Whitley, Edward, esq. Broncoed, Mold.
Whitley, C. T. esq St. John's, Cambridge.
White, Henry, esq. 47, Amwell st. Pentonville.
Wilkins, Hon. Mrs. Deny Park, Crickhowel.
Williames, Major Buckley, Glan Havren.
Williams, Joseph, esq. London hospital.
Williams, John, esq. 111, Oxford street.
Williams, Richard, esq. Staples Inn.
Williams, Mr. Cheltenham.
Williams, Mr. St. Martin's-le-grand.
Williams, Owen, esq. 26, Upper Thames street.
Williams, Henry, esq. Beaumaris.
Williams, John, esq. Salop.
Williams, J. Copner, esq. Denbigh.
Williams, Rev. Isaac, Tryddyn, Mold.
Williams, Rev. R. Myfod.
Williams, Rev. P. Bailey, Llanrûg, Carnarvonshire.
Williams, W. esq. Jesus' college, Oxford.
Williams, R. F. esq. London.
Williams, E. esq. 43, Great Coram street.
Williams, J. Meredith, esq. Welshpool.
Wingfield, Rev. C. Llanllwchairn.
Woodhouse, Mr. Roger, Newtown.
Woosnam, Charles, esq. Llanidloes.

TO THE PUBLIC.

☞ *The* INDEX *to the present Volume will be given in our next Number, to be published on the* 1*st of January*, 1830.

Commencing with VOLUME II., *an Enlargement will be made to our London and Provincial Intelligence: it will comprehend Quarterly Agricultural Reports of the Principality; those of its two great Manufactures, the Flannel and Iron Trades; Marriages, Births, Deaths, Civil and Military Appointments, Parliamentary and Assize Reports, Judicial Nominations, Fashions, Anecdotes of Life, Sporting and other Varieties.*

THE

CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY

AND

Celtic Repertory.

No. 1.—JANUARY 1, 1829.—Vol. I.

INTRODUCTION.

Amidst the general neglect of Welsh Literature, the apathy with which its low estate has been looked upon by the greater part of the inhabitants of the Principality, and the incurious carelessness of strangers respecting it, few can know, and still fewer can appreciate, the deep anxiety, the bitter regret, felt by some warm lovers of their country, and their land's language, for the undeserved disesteem which it has hitherto met with.

Efforts have, from time to time, been made to preserve and bring into notice the valuable relics of Welsh genius, which, admired and prized as they are by the studious of our countrymen, are still, for the most part, as utterly unknown to English readers as if they had no existence; and, though these efforts have been attended with small success, as far as publicity is concerned, yet the zealous individuals, who, with little support from their own nation, and no encouragement from the literati of England, devoted their time and fortunes to the patriotic object, have at least been the means of preserving, for a more auspicious opportunity, treasures that must otherwise have been irretrievably lost.

The principal cause to which we attribute the failure of all past attempts to render our native literature as popular as it deserves is, that the object of all such has hitherto been, for the most part, to interest the minds of Welshmen alone. National and local feeling has been too exclusively consulted: no disposition has been shewn to impart their stores. The Archæology of Wales, for instance, a noble and patriotic work, due to the exertions of three individuals, is a book sealed to all but Cambrians, nay, even to

the generality of them; for it cannot for a moment be doubted but that the upper classes of the Principality are, for the most part, ignorant of the written, if not of the spoken, language of their country. Now, in undertaking the present Work, our purpose is to make it interesting and pleasing to the general reader. That we have the means of doing so we confidently assert. We can look over our stores, and say, with well-grounded exultation, "If these were known, they could not but be approved." Favor has been shewn of late to remains of ancient genius not a whit superior to what we shall be able to produce. Year after year, time is making ravages among a rich store of invaluable manuscripts, which nothing but instant exertion can preserve. Yet a few generations, and the memorials of the intellect that *has been active* in Wales will be annihilated; the annals of her literature will be as an oak whose leaf fadeth, and as a garden that hath no water; the workings of mind among her Bards and Druids will be lost, not only in their energies, but in their effects; and in their stead will be left a waste, a desert, without culture, and without fruit. O! will a people that prides itself on its lettered antiquity, and its name that has been of old, look carelessly on, and make no effort to prevent such a consummation as this?

There are two classes of readers whom we think ourselves in duty bound to consult, and towards whom we shall endeavour to observe a strict impartiality. The first *genus* is of our own Cymmry, whose requisition is not so much to be informed respecting their native lore, as to see all that they have learned to value and venerate in a fair way to be preserved in a form wherein time shall have no power to injure it: and we do look to them for every encouragement in so laudable a purpose; nor, from our knowledge of the kindly and liberal spirit of our countrymen, do we anticipate a disappointment. In the second place, we must propitiate our English friends. There is much to be done towards winning the incurious and indifferent into an interest for Wales, beyond what has been raised by a summer's ramble through some of its most picturesque counties. We only wish for a fair opportunity of convincing those who visit us in June, to admire our lakes and mountains, explore the ruins of Denbigh or Caernarvon, scale Snowdon and Cader Iddris, revel on thyme-fed mutton, dance a quadrille to a genuine Welsh harp, or shoot puffins off Holyhead, that we have greater things than these. There is much to be done towards persuading the uninitiated that we have other than superficial objects to shew his eyes and *glad* his heart; that we can gratify his mental senses no less than his corporeal. There is much to be done towards removing old prejudices, correcting long standing errors, disturbing settled opinions, combating received authorities.

To give an instance of this: What reader of Shakspeare does

not entertain a settled conviction that Owen Glendour (as the *Saeson* call him,) was indeed a magician of first-rate power; that the goats *did* run from the mountains at his birth; that he could really call spirits from the vasty deep, and that they would come when he did call them? Now, whatever might be English belief on the subject, we do seriously affirm that the said Owen was guiltless of any such doings; that he would have been acquitted of the sin of witchcraft even by the first James himself, whose judgment in those matters was infallible. We have higher thoughts than these of the hero Owain Glyndwr, deeper associations with his name, more exalted reverence for his memory. We look upon him as the Scotch do upon the "wight Wallace;" as Englishmen upon a Russell or a Hampden. And, when our gallant countryman baffles King Henry with his own good sword, and sends him bootless home, we will not allow a jackanapes of a chronicler to persuade the easy citizens of London that the enemy "through arte magicke caused such foule weather of windes, tempest, raine, snowe, and haile to be raised for the annoiance of the king's armie, that the like had never been hearde of."

We shall have a word to say also respecting the true history of that darling of romance, the British Arthur. But in connexion with him, we cannot even here pass over one whom we all have read or heard of, Merlin the Enchanter. He is an important actor in the British struggles against the Saxon invader. The unparalleled prodigy of his birth, the fight of the ominous dragons, the magician's subtle arts and quaint disguises for the advancement and even amusement of his protegé Arthur, and his final succumbing to female beauty, which doomed him to be an eternal prisoner to the dangerous Lady of the Lake, are circumstances made sufficiently familiar to the reading public by many a dainty romance. Nor will it perhaps be much to our advantage if we sober down this rich colouring to the hue of truth. Nevertheless, we shall take an early opportunity to ease this worthy of the harlequin-jacket in which he has perforce masqueraded it so long. We shall exhibit him as a warrior, a poet, a chief "of the collar of gold," but—no conjuror. Merddyn Wyllt (his true appellation), son of Madog Morvryn, was a bard of rank, a steady opposer of the Saxon foe, and, above all, a zealot, even to frenzy, in poetry; and most of his pieces that have been preserved to us are full of historical notices, delivered in a fervid strain of prophetic enthusiasm, whence, probably, his cognomen of *Wyllt*, the wild or frantic. From one of his productions, called *Avallenau*, or the Orchard, of a calmer and more *translatable* cast than the rest, we select a specimen of his style, entreating all the indulgence due to an almost literal version:

"Lovely tree, fair fragrant apple!
With thy thick and glossy foliage,

Graceful stem, and spreading branches,—
'Ere that war's deep desolation
Chilled my heart with sights of sorrow,—
How I loved to gaze upon thee
Shining in thy verdant mantle!
Yet, oh yet, my voice prophetic
Sings the day of retribution,
Day of triumph, day of vengeance,
When a fierce all-conquering legion,
Pengwern's* legion, strong in battle,
Quaffers of divine metheglin,
Shall avenge our wrongs and mourning."

Pretty well this for one whose father, as we are informed by English record, was little better than a dæmon, *le diable noir*, himself. The allusion to the potations with which the Salopian heroes were wont to stimulate their courage, however characteristic, may appear anything but dignified to modern notions: yet the very same idea occurs in one of the most inspired of classic poets. King Pelasgus, in the Suppliants of Æschylus, tells the Egyptian herald that he cares not for him, for the drinkers of beer are no match for those who are strong with wine, in terms that Merddyn might himself have applied to the circumstances of his own time.

If there should perchance be one who wearies of the marvels of mere mortals, we invite him to follow us to the land of Welsh faërie. We will introduce him to the magic circle of the Mabinogion. He shall know the Tylwyth Têg† in their diminutive beauty, and the grotesque shapes and wild knavery of the Ellyllon;‡ "a hundred wry-mouthed elves" shall gambol to make him sport round some vapour-belted *carnedd*;§ or, if he has nerve enough, we will give him a sail through their *proper* realm of mist. He shall see them shake their fox-glove helms, and brandish the reedy spear. Come, gentle reader, we will lead you to some pebbly shore, where no summer bathing-place has ever profaned the haunts of unearthly inhabitants. You shall hear the chanted spell of the mermaid, and we will tell you sad tales of the effects of her fatal beauty. Or are you in a solemn mood, we will wait till night falls on the road that winds up to yon ivied church. It may chance that some death is nigh: then shall we see the Canwyll corph,‖ sad messenger of fate, gliding with funereal glare to the spot that must soon receive the mortal remains of him whose unembodied image bears the ghastly torch. You may, peradventure, see, if you are in the luck to be in at the death of a man of family, the gloomy procession of the funereal train, the shadowy hearse, the spectral horses, the unrevolving wheels of

* Pengwern, Shrewsbury. † Fair Family, an usual name for the fairies.
‡ Elves. § Cairn, or tumulus. ‖ Corpse candle.

mourning coaches, moving in melancholy state to the home of all living.

To purify your bewildered mind, after these sad visions, we will conduct you to the holy waters of some consecrated well: there are plenty to choose from, and a most delicate legend to each. There is the far-famed fountain of the high-born Winifred, which furnishes a cold-bath of infinite service both to soul and body. There is the limpid water hallowed by St. Tigla, where, for the small charge of a barn-door fowl, sixpence, and a rather-uncomfortable night's lodging, a person may be thoroughly recovered of the most confirmed tendency to epilepsy. Ah! is there one so profane as to smile at our serious assertion? We will forthwith "put him in St. Elian's Well." He knows not, probably, the import of this threat: he shall be informed anon: in the mean time, he has mocked our faith, and—let him take the consequences. It is worthy of remark, too, that these legends are not merely extant as amusing fables, as the relics and dreams of a by-gone time. They are for the most part the actual creed of a peasantry sober and phlegmatic in the extreme: they are repeated in the cottage as "things of sooth;" as matters of credence and certainty; as memorials of unearthly agency, which it is the sin of unbelief to doubt, and profaneness to ridicule. We do not expect this simplicity of understanding to continue long among our cottagers. The increased communication between them and their *Saesneg* neighbours, together with Sunday-schools and parish libraries, will, in no very great multitude of days, cause the superstitions of the time past, and the time that is,. to become as a tale that is told. The present opportunity is, probably, the last that will be afforded for the preservation of their memory.

The Poetry of Wales does not, as may at first be supposed, devote itself to the record and embellishment of these wild popular legends. Its province lies rather in fact than in imagination. It comprises the great mass of what is left of our earliest history. The writings of Gwalchmai, Aneurin, Llywarch Hên, and other illustrious bards, with whom we wish our readers a better acquaintance, and shall endeavour to promote one, are a storehouse of authentic matter, where, if the inventive powers are at all employed, it is merely giving a glow and vividness to the description of the facts related. To take an instance: The Gododin, an historical poem, written about A.D. 560, by Aneurin of the Flowing Song, is an irregular narrative of calamitous events, of which the narrator was himself a witness, recorded in the form of an elegiac strain over the fallen warriors. The circumstances of the battle, the unfortunate and disgraceful incident that caused the defeat of the Britons, the names, persons, and characters of the champions, are undoubtedly real and authentic. The bard

exerts his powers to clothe the naked history in suitable and dignified attire. The introduction of circumstances *no less* real and authentic perhaps, but not necessary to the right perception of the history, the slender-limbed thick-maned steed, the spurs of gold, the glancing of the spears, the blue and shining swords, the corpses borne on long biers to the yawning grave, are neglected by the historian, but sacredly treasured up by the poet. They are, in reality, no less history than the other, but history of a different kind, and of a kind much more rarely met with. And, fortunately for us, we have had among us no Macpherson to dish up our venerable relics by the rules of polite criticism, in order to make them more suitable to the public taste. Ours retain all the rude simplicity, the unsophisticated characteristics, of the age to which they belong. The cavils they have been exposed to, have only served to bring to light new and stronger proofs of their antiquity. Is there not a self-vindicating genuineness on the face of such lines as these ?

"Cywyrain cedwyr à gyvarvuant;
Yn nghyd neud yn unvryd yd gyrçasant!
Byr eu hoedl! hir eu hoed àr eu carant!
Saith cymaint o Loegrwys â laddasant;
O gywrysedd gwragedd gwyç y gwnaethant:
Llawer mam â deigr àr ei hamrant!"

"Simultaneously rising, men of conflict have together met;
Together in one purpose have they not joined the brunt!
Brief their existence! long their regret with those who love them!
Seven times their number of the Loegrians they have slain;
From the contentious brawl of women gallantly they have acted,
Made many a mother with a tear on her eyelash!"

Another, from the same:

"Crau á gyrçynt, cynnullynt reiawr;
Yn gynvan, màl taran, twrv aesawr:
Yn nydd gwyth adwyth oedd ei lavnawr,
Pan grysiai Cynon, gàn y wyrdd wawr."

"They hastened for blood, they thronged with radiant points;
In front, like thunder, loud the crash of shields:
In the day of fury, as a tempest were his blades,
When Cynon hurried onward, with the green dawn."

Such is the verse of him of the Flowing Muse:—"Insignem citharâ cantuque fluenti."*

Much of what remains from the poetry of the old bards is, as one might expect, of a martial character. These are the usual

* Val. Flaccus, lib. iii.

concomitants of barbarous conflict; the headlong courage, the furious encounter, the shout, the confused noise, and the garments stained with blood. Take the following short specimen of a warlike strain from the pen of Taliessin:

"Gwelais wyr gorvawr
A ddygyrçynt awr,
Gwelais waed àr lawr;
Rhag rhuthr cleddyvawr
Glesynt esgyll gwawr."

"I have seen men of mighty front
Assembling to the shout;
I too have seen the blood upon the ground:
From the rush of men, of swords,
They tinged with blue the wings of the dawn."

Some, however, are in a more peaceful vein: the revel in the hall, the praise of the chief, the praise of wine, the praise of women, the feelings and meditations of the bard himself. And others, again, of a philosophical and mystical kind, involving the deep doctrines of the Druids, and the sacred institutions of Bardic societies. One remarkable personage we cannot omit, namely, Davydd ap Gwilym. He sang his gay roundelays in our valleys and halls long before Geoffrey Chaucer had opened his pure well of English undefiled; while the only poetry of England was found in the mongrel rhapsodies of Normo-Saxon minstrels, or the *delicate* chronicles of Robert of Gloucester. We cannot prevail ourselves to withhold one specimen of our light-hearted sonneteer.

The Bard, speaking from the land of Wild Gwynedd, or North Wales, "O berfedd Gwlad Gwynedd Gwyllt," thus invokes the summer to visit the sweet pastoral county of Glamorgan with all its blessings:

"And wilt thou, at the Bard's desire,
Shine in thy godlike robes of fire,
His envoy deign to be?
Hence from Wild Gwynedd mountain land,
To fair Morganwg Druid strand,
Sweet margin of the sea.
Oh! may for me thy burning feet
With peace, and wealth, and glory greet,
My own dear southern home;
Land of the barons, halls of snow!
Land of the harp! the vineyards glow,
Green bulwark of the foam.
She is the refuge of distress;
Her never-failing stores
Have cheer'd the famish'd wilderness,
Have gladden'd distant shores.

Oh! leave no little plot of sod
'Mid all her clust'ring vales untrod;
But all thy varying gifts unfold
In one mad embassy of gold:
O'er all the land of beauty fling
Bright records of thy elfin wing."

From this scene of ecstasy, he makes a beautiful transition to the memory of Ivor, his early benefactor: still addressing the summer, he says,

"Then will I, too, thy steps pursuing,
From wood and cave,
And flowers the mountain-mists are dewing,
The loveliest save;
From all thy wild rejoicings borrow
One utterance from a heart of sorrow;
The beauties of thy court shall grace
My own lost Ivor's dwelling-place."

We shall not at present give the reader any more samples of these venerable productions. We have exhibited enough to whet a healthy appetite, and we promise an abundant banquet hereafter.

Pass we on to a most interesting part of our national literature,—our Topographical Researches. How much curious and important matter on this subject has been collected by individuals, who, from their circumstances and occupations, were unable to transfer them from the manuscript to the press, it is impossible to say: a great deal, certainly, of such treasured lore is scattered about the country. Welsh topography has an interest beyond that of most nations: their places have unchangeable records within themselves. Every name is a history; every extraordinary feature of country has a tradition. "A few minutes' walk (says one of our most learned and valuable correspondents) would place me on an eminence whence I might view Moel Benlli (the hill of Benlli), on the east side of the vale of Clwyd; and the top of the hill is crowned by the entrenched camp of that chieftain, who lived in the middle of the fifth century. By turning the eye a little to the north, another summit of the Clwydian hills is seen, with earthworks thereon, and which is called Moel Arthur. At a point more north, the British camp above Bodvari crowns another hill; and the Roman camp of Varis is below, in the vale. Looking south-west, I see the mountain of Hiraethog, with a chain of tumuli; distant about three miles is the eminence called Gorsedd Brân, or the judicial seat of Brân; on the side of which is Havod Caradog, the summer dwelling of Caractacus, who was the son of Brân. Looking directly west, distant about four miles, there is

another range of tumuli; in one of which a brass dagger, about five inches long, made to fit into a handle, was found last year, similar to others found in Wiltshire. A little more northward, three miles off, there is a tumulus, with the remains of some raised earthwork around it; the names of both are quite a mystery, when the situation is considered. The tumulus is called *Bedd Robin Hood*, the *grave of Robin Hood;* and the mounds, *the walls of Robin Hood*. We never heard of Robin Hood here, except in these names. Is it possible that notorious character could have ended his days here? Last summer I visited the scene of one of the Mabinogion, and found the names and incidents of it still preserved by tradition; and yet these tales have rested for some hundreds of years in oblivion."

How to give our uninitiated *Saesneg* readers a full and faithful notion of our Triads, in the short space that we can here afford them, we can scarcely tell. They are modes of treasuring and communicating knowledge to which other literature is totally a stranger. They stand alone and unparalleled in the annals of letters. Their principle was evidently the invention of a people among whom the use of the pen was either totally unknown or little encouraged; and who, therefore, had recourse to that kind of artificial memory for the preservation of historical facts, doctrines of religion, precepts of morality, and legal institutes, by oral tradition. They may claim an antiquity beyond any other existing productions of the human intellect in these kingdoms. They were probably chanted at the Bardic solemnities long before Cæsar had an opportunity of remarking the singular means by which the British youth were taught to strengthen at once and store their memories, recited perhaps in the very words we can now produce, while the old Druid yet cropped his sacred mistletoe and oak, performed his sacrifices, undisturbed by any foreign interference. We subjoin a few specimens of, first, the Triads of Bardism:

"There are three circles of existence: the circle of infinity, where there is nothing but God of living or dead, and none but God can traverse it; the circle of inchoation, where all things are by nature derived from death, and this circle has been traversed by man; and the circle of felicity, where all things spring from life, and this man shall traverse in heaven.

"Animated beings have three states of existence: that of inchoation, in the lowest point of existence; that of liberty, in the state of humanity; and that of love, which is felicity, in heaven.

"Animated beings are subject to three necessities: a beginning, in the lowest point of existence; progression, in the circle of inchoation; and plenitude, in heaven, or the circle of felicity. Without these things, nothing can possibly exist but God."

From the Triads of Movements.

"There are three trumpet movements: the assembling of a country by elders and heads of tribes; the horn of harvest; and the horn of battle and war, against the molestation of a bordering country and of strangers.

"There are three movements of mutual arming: against strangers and the molestation of a bordering country; against those who violate privilege and law; and against ravenous wild animals.

"There are three movements of general aid: the bards in their circuit of tuition; reverse from war; and aliens under the protection of the nation of the Cymmry."

But we must draw to a conclusion. The limits of a single article will not allow us to give even a transient view of all our intellectual stores. But, even from this rambling and imperfect sketch, an idea may be formed of our resources, and of the nature of our work. We have good and well-founded hope, that our efforts will not be unsuccessful. We trust that the trouble, and "darkness and dimness of anguish," that have so long brooded over Cymric literature, will, at no distant period, be effectually removed; and if we could in any degree be the willing, though humble agents of so desirable a consummation, we shall esteem ourselves but too fortunate. Some bard of poetry or prose may arise among us, to whom the stores we shall collect may be invaluable materials for works in which time shall work no decay. Some southern Scott may, with his mighty imagination, translate our rudest legends, the most deformed and blood-stained points of our history, into glorious visions of light and beauty. Meanwhile, we will do whatever unwearied industry, ardent zeal, and a "spiritus tenuis camœnæ," can effect. We are, at least, powerful in the strength of the intellect that was of old; and its productions it will be our care to exhibit in the best form we can, collecting them with indefatigable exertion from all the hidden places where they have been "scattered in the dark and cloudy day."

BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE LLOYD, LORD KENYON.

In presenting to the readers of the CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY a sketch of the Life of LLOYD, LORD KENYON, Lord Chief Justice of England, the writer is very sensible of his inability to do justice to his task, however gratifying to the feelings of veneration and respect which he entertains for that distinguished character. In one respect, especially, no one could be more appropriately selected for early distinction in this work, for no Welshman was ever more thoroughly attached to his country, or more eminently exhi-

bited two characteristic traits of Cambria,—warmth of heart, and sincerity of character.—Lloyd, Lord Kenyon, was born on the 5th of October, o. s. 1732. He was the second son of Lloyd Kenyon, esq. and Jane Eddowes, his wife, of Gredington, Flintshire. His father was a magistrate of that county, and became possessed of the now paternal estate of Gredington by his marriage. He had before lived at the Bryn, in the same parish, (Hanmer, Flintshire,) which property came to his father by his marriage with Miss Lloyd, daughter and heiress of Luke Lloyd, esq. a magistrate for that county in the middle of the seventeenth century. The family of Kenyon were originally settled at Kenyon, in the parish of Winwick, Lancashire,* which property passed by an heiress into the Holland family, of Heaton; and has been inherited, through the Egerton's, by the present Earl of Wilton, of Heaton House, near Manchester. The family of Kenyon afterwards removed to Parkhead, near Blackburn, and subsequently to Peel Hall, near Bolton-le-Moors, in consequence of a marriage with an heiress of the Rigby† family, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The remainder in fee of this mansion and property are settled on the present Lord Kenyon.

Lloyd, Lord Kenyon, being originally the second son of a country gentleman of moderate fortune, was intended to be brought up as a solicitor, after having finished his education, at the age of seventeen, under Dr. Hughes, at Ruthin School, a school then in high repute, at which the sons of many Welshmen of family were educated. His scholastic labours were now succeeded by diligent and devoted legal practice. His knowledge of Greek was slight, but few men more keenly enjoyed the beauties of Virgil and Horace than he did. On the death of his elder brother, who was a member of St. John's, Cambridge, as his father had also been, it was determined that he should embark in the profession of the law, so as to qualify him to obtain its honours and rewards in London. There, accordingly, he went in 1755, and was entered at the Middle Temple, a society to which he remained zealously attached to his life's end. In the country he had been under an eminent solicitor, James Tomkinson, esq. of Nantwich, a man to whose ability and assiduity he always bore high testimony, and never neglected to acknowledge the valuable information he obtained under his tuition. Lord Kenyon's practice in London came to him so slowly, as has been the case with some other celebrated lawyers, (and, among the rest, that very eminent one, the Earl of Eldon,) that, after ten years spent in its pursuit in London, he would gladly have quitted it, by taking orders, if he could have obtained the small

* The Parliamentary History will show that two of Lord K.'s ancestors sat in parliament towards the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, for Clitheroe and Wigan.

† An ancestor of Lord Kenyon's was deputy governor of the Isle of Man, under the loyal Earl of Derby, during the troubles in the reign of Charles I.

living of Hanmer, his native parish. He never applied to be admitted to holy orders, but he despaired of succeeding in the profession of which he was afterwards so distinguished a member. Active attention, however, to it, and attendance at the Quarter Sessions of Salop and Stafford, and the Oxford Circuit, at last brought his abilities into notice. The known attachment to him of such men as Thurlow and Dunning, then the most distinguished names in the profession, added, no doubt, to his success; and his acknowledged and indefatigable industry, and the circumstance, which was well known in the profession, of his assisting Dunning, then overloaded with business, in answering cases for opinions, could not fail highly to recommend him to notice and employment. He attended, as a young barrister, all the Courts, but ultimately confined himself entirely to the Court of Chancery, at the head of which, in practice and in profit, he arrived.* He was particularly remarkable for the celebrity which attached to his opinions. In the year 1781 he received 2936 guineas for opinions, and 3020 guineas in the year 1782, being the last year of his continuing at the bar.

In the year 1780 he was advanced to the office of Lord Chief Justice of Chester, a situation highly gratifying to him, as the commission included the Chief Justiceship of his native county of Flint. He was twice Attorney-General, the first time quitting that office on the retirement of the Earl of Shelburne and Mr. Pitt, in 1782, on the coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox. His second appointment occurred on Mr. Pitt's return to power as Prime Minister in 1783; but he retained the office only a short period, his health suffering from his professional and parliamentary duties. He, accordingly, accepted the office of Master of the Rolls on the death of Sir John Sewell, and to his own deep regret, on account of its compelling him to resign his favorite appointment of Chief Justice of Chester. In parliamentary life he was always averse to engage: indeed, the brevity and closeness of his reasoning, and his dislike to manœuvres and tricks, made politics very repugnant to his disposition. His known dislike to parliament was so strong, that some years afterwards his gracious sovereign George III. whose kindness to him was ever a subject of gratitude and pride, told him, on his attending the levee, which his judicial duties seldom allowed him to do, "Lord K., I think you like better coming to me than attending the House of Lords."

In 1788, on the resignation of the great Earl of Mansfield, he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. On that occasion his sovereign graciously expressed his gratification, and condescendingly added, "I wish you may live to

* But Lord Kenyon stood high as a common lawyer: he was Lord George Gordon's leading council on his trial for high treason.—Editors.

enjoy it as long as your predecessor did." His Majesty afterwards said, "If Dunning had lived I could not have appointed you, for I had promised it to him." In fulfilling the important duties of this high office, his views might be deduced from the motto which he chose on being appointed serjeant, than which none could more appropriately designate his sentiment,—that Justice should be the handmaid of Religion. The motto was "Quid Leges sine Moribus!" and, assuredly, no man ever filled that high station who laboured more systematically to promote that same object. Much as, in common with the profession at large, he admired his great predecessor, he still, in common with several lawyers, thought that great man had been too fond of introducing equity into that law court.

It has been observed, by a high living authority, that the principles and rules of our laws and law-courts are always excellent, but that our equity, at that time at least, was not so matchless, and moreover that Earl Mansfield was not peculiarly learned in that department. On these accounts, it was generally considered by the profession that much merit was due to Lord Kenyon, as Chief Justice, for bringing back the rules of the King's Bench to the practices of courts of law. The dislike of politics by which Lord K.'s character was distinguished, in addition to the integrity of his character, contributed much to gain public confidence towards his administration of justice; and, ably and honourably as the station had been filled before, and has been since his time, and as it is unquestionably now filled, there never was a time when more general confidence was felt by juries and by the public than in the days of Lord Chief Justice Kenyon. His habitual temperance might have given rise for a longer continuance of his official life; but a domestic calamity, the loss of his excellent and beloved eldest son, broke his spirits, and produced an attack of the black jaundice, which terminated his life on the 4th of April, 1802, in his seventieth year.

As his honoured sovereign was afterwards prostrated by the death of a beloved daughter, so he said of his faithful servant, Lord Kenyon, "He never recovered the death of his son." He was buried in the family vault at Hanmer, Flintshire; and we may conclude with quoting from the inscription on his monument: "He has left a name to which his family will look up with affectionate and honest pride, and which his country will remember with gratitude and veneration, so long as they shall continue duly to estimate the great and united principles of religion, law, and social order."

A CAMBRIAN.

SELECTIONS FROM DAVYDD AP GWYLYM.

THERE are many circumstances, independent of their intrinsic beauty, that render the poems of DAVYDD AP GWYLYM peculiarly attractive. They were written before the first English poet flourished; they occupy the greater part of the period that intervened between Edward the First's interdict of bardism, and the successful career (as far as calamitous, though uninterrupted liberty is success,) of its zealous protector Glyndwrdwy. The circumstances of the time almost tempt one to apply to the bard the epithet which he so beautifully addresses to the skylark:

"Emyn rhwng gwawn a gwyll."

"Thou interlude of melody
'Twixt darkness and the light!"

But no poet in any age ever breathed less of the despondency of the period in which he flourished than Davydd. Quip and crank, the pathetic and sublime, follow each other in fantastic succession; yet pathetic, beautifully pathetic, as he is at times, he is always, if I may use the expression, merely domestically pathetic. He often sneers at the Saxons, but he seems always to look upon an Englishman more as an object of contempt than of apprehension.* In short, I do not recollect a single passage that sounds like patriotic melancholy. In these remarks on the bard, I should feel proud to be corrected by my Silurian brethren. Poor Iolo Morganwg is gone, but there still lives a spirit perhaps more congenial with the imaginative eloquence of D. ap Gwylym: need I mention Carnhuanawc?

Davydd, like Shakspeare and Burns, delighted to contrast the ludicrous imagery of common life with his most sublime conceptions. A frequent perusal of these poets has convinced me of the absurdity of that jargon of tea-party metaphysicians, that the "sublime borders on the ridiculous." It is not so: there is an abyss between them. It is the giants of bombast only, Blackmore, Lee, &c. who shrink into dust at the slightest stroke of ridicule, whilst those untaught children of song seem to have looked upon ridicule as the infallible test of poetical beauty, in the same way as Dr. Johnson regarded it as the criterion of truth. Hence we are led to the appalling phantasies in Tam O'Shanter, in the company of a "blethering, blustering, drunken blellum,"

"That frae November 'til October
Ae market-day was never sober;"

and Prospero's Isle of Enchantment still remains a permanent illusion of unpolluted loveliness, though trodden by the foot of Trinculo. The really sublime, the sublime that is founded on nature, or, more strictly speaking, on the innate predisposition of

* The English reader will apply this remark to the age it refers to, more than four centuries ago.

the human heart, must ever remain so, mingle it with what you may. Who ever felt less fitted to enjoy the magnificent scenery from the summit of Eryri (Snowdon) by a laugh at the tumbles and scrambles that he is liable to in the ascent? It seems as if the Poet of Nature delights to appeal to laughter, the greatest and most insidious adversary of his art, and can return triumphant with even her smiles.

I'r Ehedydd.—To the Lark.

"Sentinel of the morning light!
Reveller of the spring!
How sweetly, nobly wild thy flight,
Thy boundless journeying:
Far from thy brethren of the woods, alone
A hermit chorister before God's throne!

"Oh! wilt thou climb yon heav'ns for me,
Yon rampart's starry height,
Thou interlude of melody
'Twixt darkness and the light,
And seek, with heav'n's first dawn upon thy crest,
My lady love, the moonbeam of the west?

"No woodland caroller art thou;
Far from the archer's eye,
Thy course is o'er the mountain's brow,
Thy music in the sky:
Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,
Thou earthly denizen of angel song."

Y Pwll Mawn.—The Bard plunged in the Bog.

"Woe to the bard whose reckless mind
Left wisdom doughtily behind!
A night of darkness and dismay,
And morn's first glimmer far away,
All dark the mountain heaths around,
The moon in chains of darkness bound;
Ah! knew that lady of the clouds
What gloom these nether regions shrouds,
Saw but the bard's poor gift of song
In jeopardy these swamps among,
My steed and I might hope to pass
Safe through the foul and false morass;
But I must here all hope resign,
Sloughed in this wallowing bath of swine,
This play-ground of the fiends of heath,
This fishing-stream of Gwyn ab Nudd.*
Oh! for one twilight gleam the viewless desert o'er,
Ne'er on his home I'd mock the phrensied phantom more."

MAELOG.

* The King of the Fairies.

LETTER OF EARL CAWDOR TO LORD LYNDHURST, LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND, ON THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN WALES.

We have perused this Letter with great satisfaction, and we hail it as a likely precursor of some important measure of reform in the present system of Welsh jurisprudence; a measure which has been most unfortunately and unaccountably procrastinated, when we see what has been recommended, and what has been partially effected. Mr. Burke, above fifty years ago, obtained leave to bring in a "Bill for the more perfectly uniting to the Crown the Principality of Wales, and the County-palatine of Chester, and for the commodious administration of justice within the same." Lord Cawdor has remarked that this measure was carried no further by Mr. Burke: he is unable to state the cause of its failure, but his reasoning on the expediency of the measure was unanswered.

The next attempt to effect this very pressing reform, was contained in a Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Finance and Justice, in the year 1798, which states, "that among other reductions of expenditure which might possibly take place, without any detriment, and even with much benefit to the public service, was the retrenchment which might be effected by the gradual consolidation of the four judicatures of Wales into one circuit, the extent of which would be less than some of the present circuits in England." The Report contains other important suggestions, which need not be repeated by us; and we fully concur in Lord Cawdor's just complaint of the utter neglect with which such important matters have been treated.

The next attempt of the Legislature was an appointment of a Committee in 1817, of which Mr. Ponsonby (afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland) was chairman; but it appears that the death of this most eminent lawyer and excellent man prevented any proceedings in the Committee. A Committee, however, for the same purpose, was renewed in 1820 and 1821; and, after examining witnesses, to prove the necessity of some reform, the Committee reported, "That after a diligent consideration of the evidence taken before them, and of the objections which have been urged against the judicature in its present form, although some of the minor difficulties might perhaps be done away by new regulations, yet that others, most essential to the right administration of justice, could not be removed, without such fundamental changes as would amount to the institution of a new jurisdiction." Strong as this recommendation was, it fared little better than those previously brought before the House.

In 1824 an Act was passed to enlarge and extend the power of the judges of the Courts of Great Sessions in Wales, and to amend the laws relating to the same; yet it undeniably appears that this

Act, obtained after fifty years, "left untouched," says Lord Cawdor, "(as any thing short of abolition must do,) all the radical vices and fundamental errors of the establishment, and that the remedies which have been applied to the grievances by no means meet the evils." And Lord Cawdor, we think very unnecessarily, vindicates himself from the almost impossible charge that, in addressing his really patriotic letter to my Lord Lyndhurst, he could be actuated by any feeling of enmity to those learned persons who are charged with the administration of the law in Wales. "Whatever may be my feelings with regard to the jurisdiction itself, which, I own, I consider as a nuisance which ought to be abated;" this phrase of Mr. Burke, which he applied to another object of his proposed reform, but to which we cordially assent in its present form, appears to have provoked the wrath of a learned gentleman, who not very courteously answered Mr. Humphreys' book on the Law of Real Property, and gravely charged him as the author of it.

We think that Lord Cawdor merits the thanks of the Principality, where he is so justly popular, and likewise of the nation at large, for bringing this great evil immediately before the government.

The Welshmen claim the motto, "INVICTA, *Anorchvygol*," on their national standard, and none with better title; for they characteristically assert, in their petition presented to Henry the Eighth, that they were not conquered by the invaders of England after many years of contest; and therefore they craved to be received and adopted into the same laws and privileges which his Highness' other subjects enjoyed: "neither," they proceed, "should it hinder us, we hope, that we have so long lived under our own; for, as they are both enacted by authority of our ancient lawgivers, and obeyed for many successions of ages, we trust your Highness will pardon us, if we thought it neither easy nor safe so suddenly to relinquish them. We shall not presume yet to compare them with those now used, and less shall we contest how good and equal in themselves they are; only, if the defence of them and our liberty against the Romans, Saxons, and Danes, for so many hundred years, and lastly against the Normans, as long as they pretended no title but the sword, we thought just and honourable, we presume it will not be infamous now. Not that all the marks of rebellion and falsehood, which our revilers would fasten on us, will fall on any sooner than those who fought for so many years, and with so different nations, for our just defence; which also is so true, that our best histories affirm the Christian religion to have been preserved only by us for many years that the Saxons (being heathen) either attempted or possessed this country. May your Highness, then, graciously interpret our actions, while we did but that duty which your Highness would have now done to all your

subjects on like occasions; for, when any should invade this country henceforth, we know your Highness would have us to behave ourselves no otherwise. Besides, had not the assailers found some to resist, they might have despised a country that brought none forth able enough to assert it; so that we crave pardon, sir, if we say it was fit for the honour of your dominions, that some part of it should never be conquered. We, then, in the name of whatsoever in your Highness's possession hath in any age held out against all invaders, do here voluntarily resign and humble ourselves to that sovereignty which we acknowledge so well invested in your Highness. Nor is this the first time; we have always attended an occasion to unite ourselves to the greater and better parts of the island."

Again, "For, adhering to the house of York, which we conceived the better title, we conserved our devotion still to the crown, until your Highness's father's time, who, bearing his name and blood from us, was the more cheerfully assisted by our predecessors in his title to the crown, which your Highness doth presently enjoy. And thus, sir, if we gave anciently proofs of a generous courage in defending our laws and country, we have given no less proof of a loyal fidelity since we first rendered ourselves; insomuch that we may truly affirm that, after our acceptance of the conditions given us by Edward the First, we have omitted no occasion of performing the duty of loving subjects. To your Highness, therefore, we offer all obedience; desiring only that we may be defended against the insulting of our malignant censurers: for we are not the offspring of runaway Britons, as they term us, but natives of a country which, besides defending itself, received all those who came to us for succour. Give us, then, sir, permission to say, that they wrong us much who pretend our country was not inhabited before them, or that it failed in a due piety, when it was so hospitable to all that fled thither for refuge; which also will be more credible, when it shall be remembered, that even our highest mountains furnish good beef and mutton not only to all the inhabitants, but supply England in great quantity. We humbly beseech your Highness, therefore, that this note may be taken from us. As for our language, though it seems harsh, it is that which was spoken anciently not only in this island but in France; some dialects thereof still remain among the *Bas Bretons*, and here in Cornwall: neither will any man doubt it, when we shall find those words of the ancient Gaulish language repeated by the Latin authors to signify the same thing among us at this day. Nor shall it be disparagement, we hope, that it is spoken so much in the throat, since the Florentine and Spaniard affect this kind of pronunciation, as believing words that sound so deep proceed from the heart. So that if we have retained this language longer than the more northern inhabitants of this island, whose speech appears

to be manifestly a kind of English, and consequently introduced by the Saxons, we hope it will be no imputation to us; your Highness will have but the more tongues to serve you. It shall not hinder us to study English, when it were but to learn how we might the better serve and obey your Highness, to whose laws we most humbly desire to be again adopted; and doubt not but if in all countries the mountains have afforded as eminent wits and spirits as any other part, ours also, by your Highness's good favor and employment, may receive that esteem."

We have copiously extracted from this memorable petition, which is couched in language eminently forcible and elegant for that age, and throughout breathes the spirit of loyalty, bravery, independence, and hospitality; and it would appear, by the preamble of the Act passed in compliance with its prayer, that the monarch to whom it was addressed,—albeit, not uniformly moved to acts of benignity and justice,—was on this occasion excited to acknowledge and reward the loyalty and bravery of his Welsh subjects; to whom his father was much indebted for their early appearance and persevering attachment, from the hour he landed in Wales, so slenderly attended, to the well-fought field of Bosworth.

Largely, but we think not too largely, as we have already copied from the patriotic Welshmen's petition, we must yet bespeak the patience of our readers in giving *verbatim* the preamble of the Act of 27th Henry VIII. cap. 24, in which Lord Cawdor has so properly set us the example, hoping that our first Number may be widely circulated amongst our countrymen.

"Albeit, the dominion, principality, and country of Wales, justly and righteously is, and ever hath been, incorporated, annexed, united, and subject to and under the imperial crown of this realm, as a very member and point of the same; wherefore, the King's most royal majesty, of mere *droit*, and very right, is very head, king, lord, and ruler; yet, notwithstanding, because that in the same country, principality, and dominion, divers rights, usages, laws, and customs, so far discrepant from the laws and customs of this realm, and also because the people of the same dominion have and do daily use a speech nothing like or consonant to the natural mother tongue used in this realm, some rude and ignorant people have made distinction and diversity between the king's subjects of this realm and his subjects of his said dominion and principality of Wales, whereby great discord, variance, debate, division, murmur, and sedition, hath grown between his said subjects. His Highness, therefore, of a singular zeal, love, and favor, that he beareth towards his subjects of his said dominions of Wales, minding and intending to reduce them to the perfect order, notice, and knowledge of his laws of this his realm, and utterly to extirpate all and singular the sinister usages and customs differing from the same,

and to bring the said subjects of this realm and of his said dominion of Wales to an amicable accord and unity, hath, by the deliberate advice, consent, and agreement of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, ordained, enacted, and established, that his said country or dominion of Wales shall be, stand, and continue for ever, from henceforth, incorporated, united, and annexed; and that all and singular person and persons born and to be born in the said principality, country, or dominion of Wales, shall have, enjoy, and inherit, all and singular freedoms, liberties, rights, privileges, and laws, with this his realm and other the king's dominions, as other the king's subjects naturally born within the same have, enjoy, and inherit."

We may permit ourselves to digress from the immediate subject of our consideration, by requesting our readers will revert to that part of our extract from the petition above quoted, where the Welshmen assert their unceasing efforts in defending their country, and, in that, their undeviating loyalty to their sovereign; and it will be remembered, with pride and pleasure, that during the last war the only invasion which was made by the enemy was on the coast of Pembrokeshire, which was so gallantly repelled by the Welsh peasantry, and, we believe, by some of the volunteers under the command of Lord Cawdor, the father of the noble lord who has written the Letter under our consideration. That event, however, belongs to our national history, and has been duly appreciated and recorded; and we may mention, as a fact in our moral history, that no case of internal discontent or of seditious character can be charged against our Principality during the late war; which, like those in the metropolis and other parts of the country, required to be put down by the strong hand of government. Such conduct will, no doubt, receive its due weight whenever any legislative measure of judicial reform shall be brought under the consideration of Parliament.

Previously to that period, the Report of the Law Commission, in present activity, will report to government the result of its investigation; and further aid and information may be expected, beyond its committees and official advisers, from many persons resident within the jurisdiction of the Courts of the Great Sessions, who have had opportunities of knowledge, or who possess habits of reflection on this important subject.

The institutions of a country for the administration of justice are amongst the most delicate and important of all its establishments, and come more frequently and closely in contact with individual comfort and prosperity than even our political Constitution. This, however, is no reason for not altering them, but only that care should be taken to alter them for the better; and the noble lord has satisfactorily shown us, in his Letter, that reform,

the bugbear of our venerable *juris consults*, cannot be an object of terror in dealing with the present Welsh judicature.

Every person feeling due solicitude on these matters will admit, that they are delicate as well as important; that to improve is always very difficult, and, as the noble lord has demonstrated, is very necessary; that they will require great reforms, yet these are generally accompanied with some hazards and with some inconveniences: but the hazards of reformation are to be preferred to the accumulation of long established evils; for most of the evils from which men attempt to deliver themselves, in regard of the dangers with which the attempt may be attended, should only engage us to greater vigilance and more deliberate exertions. Whatever is established has great advantage over what is only projected, both because its actual effects are known and have been developed by experience, and because the conduct and habits of men have been accommodated to its subsistence. In all novelty there is something of hazard; in all experiment there is a risk of disappointment; for no one can reason so accurately from the past as to be tolerably sure of a future result, and especially in human dealings involving the discussion of mutual rights, of which no two cases are ever found alike, or even very analogous. Hence the patient discrimination of our judges in considering, individually, cases which, to ordinary observers, present the face of identity. To apply this to the well proved imperfections in our Welsh judicature, its institutions, which have been acted upon for nearly three hundred years, belong now, we may say, to the civil system of the people, and, philosophically speaking, being assimilated to other parts of their establishment, may be harmless, and even beneficial.

We may here quote from the great Lord Hale, whose authority Lord Cawdor has profitably brought to his aid, in illustrating the expediency of law reform:

This wise and experienced judge has told us, "that it is most certain that time and long experience is more ingenious, subtle, and inventive, than all the wisest and actual wits in the world coexisting can be; it discovers such varieties of emergencies and cases, that no man could ever otherwise have imagined. And on the other side, in every thing that is new, or at least in most things, especially relating to laws, there are thousands of new occurrencies, and intanglements, and coincidencies, and complications, that would not possibly be at first foreseen, and the reason is apparent, because laws concern such multitudes, and those of various dispositions, passions, wits, interests, concerns, that it is not possible for any human foresight to discover at once, or provide expedients against, in the first constitution of a law. Now a law that hath abidden the test of time hath met most of these varieties and complications, and experience hath, in all that process of time, discovered these complications and emergencies, and so has applied

suitable remedies and cures for these various emergencies; so that, in truth, ancient laws, especially that have a common concern, are not the issues of the prudence of this or that council or senate, but they are the production of the various experiences and applications of the wisest thing in the inferior world, to wit, time, which, as it discovers, day after day, new inconveniences, so it doth successively apply new remedies; and indeed it is a kind of aggregation of the discoveries, results, and applications of ages and events, so that it is a great adventure to go about to alter it, without very great necessity, and under the greatest demonstration of safety and convenience imaginable."

It has been well said that there is wisdom in almost all prejudices,—and almost all wisdom is apt to be debased by prejudices; that nothing has saved the world so much from distraction as the wisdom that lurks at the bottom of the universal prejudice against innovation; and nothing has intercepted so many great improvements as the prejudice which is alloyed with this wisdom: but, in the particular subject of the law, an instance can hardly be produced in which any very serious evil has resulted from even injudicious reformations; and there is in no country upon earth where it may not be shown that great inconveniences have been produced by a morose retention of its ancient maxims of law, and of the forms in which it has been administered; for much of what is now established as law was necessarily arbitrary or accidental at the beginning, and much of its authority must always depend upon precision and uniformity, merely because the equity and expediency of a rule is really of less value than its notoriety and steadiness. It is the natural tendency of those who have spent their lives in the study of the existing system, to magnify the value of the knowledge they have acquired, and to this leading impulse may be added the strong personal interest which induces so many active individuals to resist alterations by which their fortune may be injured, and their occupation destroyed: all this will explain why men have adhered longer to obsolete usages and absurd formalities in law than in any other department. With these general impressions, we concur in the opinions of Lord Cawdor, who has collected in his interesting letter such authorities to support his general proposition for reforming the Welsh judicature, that it would be useless as well as unattractive to repeat them in the consideration of this subject at present, expecting an early occasion to recur to the topics in greater detail.

As a country increases in wealth and population, which Wales has certainly done, and appears to be progressively doing, the number of lawsuits may be expected to increase also, and especially if the present system of its judicature should be materially reformed, for a novel jurisdiction generally provokes litigation on dormant questions, which the litigants too justly apprehend could not be satisfactorily brought before the existing courts.

We will now extract from Lord Cawdor's Letter, before us, some suggestions which he has offered in the shape of remedy for the acknowledged evils of our Welsh jurisdiction:

"If it depended on myself to suggest remedies for the defects which I have so hastily and so imperfectly stated, I should have shrunk from the task, conscious that no efficient reform could be made in Wales without involving very important alterations in the English courts. As long as the Court of Great Sessions exists, it must have all the imperfections of a provincial judicature, and it cannot perhaps be abolished, and Wales properly united to England, without an addition to the number of judges, a measure not hastily to be adopted, and which requires and deserves the fullest consideration of the Legislature; but, when we reflect on the early period at which their number was settled, and the prodigious influx of business which the increasing wealth and population of this country has thrown upon the judges, and which, with the utmost industry, they are hardly able to get through, we can scarcely avoid coming to the conclusion, that even for England such a step is necessary. Their mode of life at the present day is very different from that described by Fortescue, who says:

"'The judges of England do not sit in the King's Bench above three hours in the day, that is, from eight in the morning till eleven; the courts are not open in the afternoon; the suitors of the court betake themselves to the * * * * * *, and other places, to advise with the serjeants at law, and others, their counsel, about their affairs; the judges, when they have taken their refreshments, spend the rest of the day in the study of the laws, reading of the Holy Scriptures, and other innocent amusements, at their pleasure.'

"It seems rather a life of contemplation than much exertion, and yet at this early period there were usually in the Court of Common Pleas five judges, six at the most, and in the Court of King's Bench four, and sometimes five."

His lordship then refers us to the able Preface of Lord Colchester's book on the Practice of the Chester Circuit, which, in mercy to our readers, we shall not copy, able as it is, because it is so generally known, and considered in Wales as a professional class-book; but we will extract from Lord Cawdor again, on resuming the subject. He says,

"If, in conformity with these suggestions, it shall be decided to add to the number of the English judges, and to include the principality of Wales within the circuit, there is one thing which, as a sincere well-wisher to that country, I trust, will not be attempted, however flattering it may be to our prejudices, that is, to make Wales into one circuit: the great distance the judges and counsel would have to travel, and the small proportionate quantity of business, would render it still an inferior circuit. My hope of

amendment, I confess, is in a stricter union with England, and in the incorporation of Wales with other English counties, which may be convenient, into English circuits. Feeling upon this point the greatest anxiety, I venture to offer for your consideration a mode in which this might be done most beneficially for Wales, and not without some advantage to England. In changes of this sort, some interference with individual interest must be expected, but, when the public good is so greatly at stake, as it is in the present instance, it should and must outweigh considerations of that nature.

"It appears to me that the only mode of uniting Wales properly to England, or rather incorporating it with England, for that is my object, would be by dividing the Oxford Circuit, and making two new ones, to one of which South Wales, to the other North Wales, might be annexed. I would propose to take Lancaster from the Northern Circuit, which is now too large, and add Oxford to the Midland; the two new circuits would then stand thus:

1.	2.
Lancaster.	Gloucester.
Lancashire.	Gloucestershire.
Cheshire.	Herefordshire.
Shropshire.	Worcestershire.
Staffordshire.	Monmouthshire.
North Wales.	South Wales.

"This would require," says Lord Cawdor, "the addition of two new judges only; and, taking the English and Welsh parts together, there would be sufficient inducement for counsel of eminence to attend: it might, perhaps, be an additional improvement to divide the county of York, and hold assizes for the West Riding at Leeds. I do not pretend that this idea is original, or that I have ventured to insert it here without the sanction of persons far more competent to judge of matters of this sort than I am. It will serve at least to prove that I do not recommend, what I am not ready to show the means of carrying into effect."

We acknowledge to have received great satisfaction in the perusal of Lord Cawdor's Letter throughout, yet we must express some doubt whether the brief and specific remedy to the evils of this infirm system can be expected by the appointment of two additional judges, and by the arrangement of two circuits, which are to include North and South Wales. Indeed, we rather think his lordship's plan will be likely to call up some turbulent spirits from the vasty depths of the law, as well metropolitan as provincial; for to us it appears, on even a cursory consideration of the plan, that there will be found in the way of reform, judges and their clerks, clerks of assize, clerks of arraigns, marshals, associates, clerks of the peace, sheriffs and their deputies, with prisons, quarter sessions, county courts, and probably other functionaries and

other functions, which the stirring of the cauldron will bring before his lordship; and which will require the potent wands of the Lord Treasurer and the Lord High Chancellor to deal with, and to appease. These black and grey spectres will not readily consent to modify, much less to give up their high and low places. Still may permanent good arise out of temporary evil. We have long considered that the host of court offices which for centuries have been permitted to take from the litigants enormous and unearned fees at the assizes, ought to be regulated. These arbitrary pay-tickets are enforced from plaintiff and defendant, without check, or permission to demur. This we humbly think should be altered, and that the matters of judicatorial reform should comprise these offices. We understand that the offices of clerks of assize, and the offices dependent on him, are generally sold by the holder, or, if a vacancy takes place, the appointment becomes the patronage of the senior judge on the circuit, who usually gives it to his clerk, and we have also been told that judges persevere in going particular circuits to await such vacancies. This should not be: our administration should be purified from such blots, and we speak in the words of Mr. Burke and Lord Cawdor that this nuisance should be abated, and we think that this reform may be accomplished without injury to individual rights. In this way let all such officers be appointed by the crown, with liberal salaries, and a stamp-duty equal to such salaries be imposed on the fee-tickets of all these officers; they may be printed in blanks, and filled up in court, and the monies received on them be paid by the respective officers to the commissioners at Somerset House, on whose certificate the salaries will be paid to the officers at the end of each circuit. We believe that government will not be a loser by this arrangement, and these heavy and arbitrary enactions, so much complained of, will be prevented.

The present system of the Court of Quarter Sessions will also call for the attention of the reformers, and the expediency of uniting with that court the County Court for the recovery of small debts, where an experienced barrister may preside, and his salary be compensated to government by stamp-duties, as we suggested.

And, finally, the establishment of prisons in central parts of North and South Wales will demand, from the importance of it, the grave consideration of government; an opportunity will be afforded to separate such prisons, while the enormous and inadequate establishment of the King's Bench may, perhaps, be better modelled, and instead of the ruinous expense and injustice which are complained of in sending to that prison the debtors who have been rendered by their bail from all parts of the kingdom, a prison should be established for debtors alone, which should comprehend those belonging to each circuit only, whilst the prisoners thereafter to be confined in the King's Bench prison should be on actions or

GAELIC POETRY.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing Σ, suggests the introduction of the following poetry in our REPERTORY: it is a Celtic or Gaëlic incident, and it appeared in print in the early part of the last century.

RENO AND ALPIN.

Reno.

HUSH'D are the winds, and past the driving show'r,
And calm and silent is the noontide hour;
The loose light clouds are parted in the skies,
O'er the green hills th' inconstant sunshine flies;
Red through the stony vale, with rapid tide,
The stream descends, by mountain springs supply'd;
How sweet, O stream, thy murmurs to my ear!
Yet sweeter far the tuneful voice I hear:
'Tis Alpin's voice, the master of the song,
He mourns the dead, to him the dead belong;
Why tried, O master of the song, thy skill
Alone, sequester'd on the distant hill?
Why like the blast that makes the woods complain,
Or wave that beats the lonely shore, thy strain?

Alpin.

The tears, O Reno! which alone I shed,
The strains I sing are sacred to the dead;
Tall is thy stature on the mountain bare,
On the green plain beneath thy form is fair,
Yet soon, like Morar, shalt thou meet thy doom,
And the dumb mourner sit beside thy tomb;
The hills no more shall hear thy jocund cry,
And in thy hall thy bow unstrung shall lie.

Swift wert thou Morar as the bounding roe,
As fiery meteors dreadful to the foe.
Like winter's rage was thine, in storms reveal'd,
Thy sword in fight like light'ning in the field;
Thy voice like torrents swell'd with hasty rains,
Or thunder rolling o'er the distant plains;
Unnumber'd heroes has thy arm o'erturn'd,
In death they vanish'd when thy anger burn'd;
Thy brow how peaceful when the war was o'er,
Like the first sunshine when it rains no more.

Calm as the moon amidst the silent sky,
Calm as the lake when hush'd the tempests lie.
How narrow now thy dark abode is found!
Now with my steps thy grave I compass round;
Great as thou wert, these stones,* with moss o'ergrown,
Thy sole memorial, leave the half unknown;
The lonely tree where scarce a leaf we find,
The long rank grass that whistles in the wind,
These, and these only, guide the hunter's eye,
To find where Morar's mould'ring reliques lie.
How low is Morar fall'n; alas! how low:
No tears maternal o'er his ashes flow;
No tender maid, to whom his heart he gave,
Sheds Love's soft furrows o'er his humble grave;
Cold are the knees his infant weight that bore,
And Morglan's lovely daughter is no more.

But who, low bending o'er his staff, appears
Oppress'd at once with sorrow and with years?
A few white hairs are o'er his temples seen;
His steps are feeble, and his eyes are dim;
Thy sire, O Morar, is the sage I see:
Thy sire—alas! the sire of none but thee.
He heard thy martial fame,—supreme in fight;
Of daring foes he heard dispers'd in flight;
Of Morar's fame he heard,—why heard he not
The wound, the hero's death was Morar's lot?
O! sire of Morar, still thy son deplore;
Weep on for ever, but he hears no more:
Deep are the slumbers of the silent dead,
And low their pillow in the dust is spread.
No more thy voice he hears with filial joy,
Thy call no more his slumbers can destroy.
When in the grave, ah! when shall morning break,
The cheerful morn, that bids the slumb'rer wake!
Farewell, O! first of men, untaught to yield,
Unrivall'd victor in the hostile field;
The hostile field thy voice no more alarms,
Nor the dark forest lightens with thy arms.
To no fond son descends thy treasur'd fame,
Yet shall the song preserve thy living name;
The shining record every age shall see,
And Time's last fault'ring accents tell of thee.

* It was a custom with the Celts either to burn their heroes or bury them under a Carnedd.—Editors.

PAROCHIAL HISTORY.

*Llan-Wynnog, in Montgomeryshire.**

§ I. *Name of the Parish, Patron Saint, &c.—Llan,* an enclosure, an appropriated spot, &c. prefixed to the name of the patron saint of the place, composeth the name of about 300 churches within the twelve counties of modern Wales, besides several others on the borders, now united to England. The patron saint of this church is *Gwynnog,* and, by the peculiarity of the Welsh language, the initial letter in the name of the saint is omitted in the compound, hence *Llan-Wynnog* (Ecclesia Gwynnoci).

In the Genealogy of British Saints, published in the "Myvyrian Archaiology," *Gwynnog* is represented to have been the son of *Gildas ab Caw,* and this Caw is stated as the lord of *Carn Cawlwyd,* in North Britain.† The brethren of Gwynnog were Tydecho, Gwyngar, and Noethon, and his sister Dolgar. Gildas, the father of Gwynnog, was the first British historian now extant, and wrote his "*De Excidio Britanniæ,*" in the latter part of the sixth century. It has been ingeniously intimated, in the "Cambrian Biography," that this *Gildas* the historian, and *Aneurin Gwawdrydd,* or Aneurin with flowing Muse, author of the poem called "Gododin," (in which he so pathetically laments the fall of his brave comrades in arms at the battle of Cattraeth,) were identically the same person, and upon this ground: In some old manuscripts, *Gildas* is called "Son of Caw of *Prydyn,*" or Scotland;" in others, *Aneurin* is stated to be the "Son of Caw:" but in every manuscript where one of these names occur the other is omitted. This supposition is corroborated by the analogy existing between the two names. *Aneurin ab Caw,* when young, a bard, and a warrior; but, in the decline of his life and fortune, he became a discontented recluse in the College of *Iltutus* (Illtyd), a peevish declaimer against the vices of the age, and exchanged his juvenile name *Aneurin* for that of *Gildas,* a word of similar import. Upon the same ground, it is supposed that Geraint Vardd-*Glas,* the bard, in his riper years, assumed the name of *Asserius,* in the court of Alfred.

* This article, we think, must prove doubly important, as the natural history of Llan-Wynnog has never been written, and also as the production of "Gwalter Mechan." When Pennant surveyed this part of the Principality, he was ignorant of the existence of the forest and geological remains in the bogs of Llyn Mawr.—EDITORS.

† All our manuscripts agree in this pedigree; but in a marginal note, written in Dr. Powell's History of Wales, in Wynnstay Library, it is thus stated, "Gwynnog ab Gildas ab Caw o Ben Ystrowd yn Arwystli."

The churches of Llan-yn-Mawddwy, in Merionethshire, and Garth-Beibiaw, in Montgomeryshire, are dedicated to *Tydecho*, the elder brother of Gwynnog; and, it is added, in the Genealogy above mentioned, "the chapels of Gwynnog and his brother *Noethon*, near the church of Llan Gwm-Dinmael, in Denbighshire, are now converted to a mill and a kiln." The church of *Llan-Wenog*, in Cardiganshire, in its name bespeaks its patron saint, *Gwynnog*.

We shall not here enter into the dispute about the number of persons supposed to have borne the name of *Gildas*, as we are rather inclined to think with Bishop Nicholson (Hist. lib. i. 8), that the miracle-mongers of the dark ages, and the English historians who followed them, had a predilection for multiplying authors, as well as books; for it does not satisfactorily appear that there was ever more than one historian of this name, who was born in the year of the battle of *Baddon*, and died A.D. 570.

Gwynnog is represented among the saints of the British Calendar, and seems to have been an ecclesiastic of the higher orders; for in the chancel window of this church he is delineated in painted glass in episcopal habits, with a mitre on his head, and a crosier in his hand; and underneath, in old black characters, "Sanctus Gwinocus, cujus animæ propitietur Deus. Amen."

The church also contains an ancient relic in a most exquisitely carved rood-loft; and on the southern wall is a marble mural monument, commemorating Matthew Pryce, esq. of Park, in this parish, M.P. for the borough of Montgomery. These Pryce's of Park were a junior branch of the Pryce's of Newtown-hall.

§ II. *Situation, Extent, Boundaries, Divisions, &c.—Llan-Wynnog* is situate in the Cwmwd of *Iscoed*, in the cantrev of *Arwystli*, now the hundred of *Llan-Idloes*. The parish, from Rhyd-Cydan, on the confines of Aberhavesp, on the east, to Bwlch, on the borders of Carno, on the west, is seven miles in length; and from *Pawl-helyg*, on the north-east, to Rhiw-wen, on the borders of Trev-eglwys, on the south-west, is five miles in breadth. It is bounded on the south by the river Severn, dividing it from the parish of Llan-dinam; on the west and north-west, by the parishes of Trev-eglwys and Carno; on the north-east by the parishes of Llanwyddelan and Manavon; and on the east by the parish of Aberhavesp. The boundary between Llan-Wynnog and the parishes of Aberhavesp, Llanwyddelan, and Manavon, is also the limit between the lordship of Arwystli, Sir W. W. Wynn's, and the lordship of Cedewain, Lord Viscount Clive's.

The parish is divided into four townships: 1, Esgob a Chastell; 2, Gwîg; 3, Sur-nant; 4, Uwchaw'r Coed; and the hamlet of Caer-Sws. Of the latter, see more in Section V. *on Antiquities.*

The above five divisions have a constable and an overseer of the roads each.

§ III. *Water: Rivers, Lakes, &c.*—1. The *Severn*, the mere of the parish on the south.

2. Avon *Garno*, rises in the parish of Carno, and falls into the Severn, near *Caer-Sws.*

3. *Colwyn*, rises on Bryn-Cader, in this parish, and falls into the Tarannon, a Trev-eglwys stream, near the junction of the latter with the Severn.

Lakes. 1. *Llyn-Mawr* (the great lake), covers an area of about twenty-five acres, exclusive of a large turbary covered also at high water, when dammed up to feed the Montgomeryshire Canal; it was then about twelve yards deep, but since the canal has been supplied with water from the Severn, the average depth may be about eight yards. *See more of this lake in Section* VII. *on Fuel.*

2. *Llyn Tarw* (the Bull's Lake) is about one mile distant from Llyn Mawr; it covers from eighteen to twenty acres, having been lately dammed up as a reservoir, to supply a mill at Rhyd-lydan. The boundary of the parishes of Llan Wynnog and Aberhavesp runs through this lake.

3. *Llyn-Du* (the Black Pool) lies about 300 yards south of Llyn-Mawr, covers about fourteen acres at full water, and is used as a reservoir for Pont-y-ddôl-goch Mill, and the Gwig manufactory.

§ IV. *Population.*—By the census made in the year 1801, the number of inhabitants was 1202; which amounted to upwards of 1700 in the year 1821. The males are chiefly employed in the labours of agriculture, and its dependent branches of handicraft; with a small portion of spinners, weavers, fullers, &c. occupied in the manufacture of flannels for the English markets, for the sale of which there is an exclusive mart held every alternate Thursday in the Town-hall at Welsh-Pool, where the Shrewsbury and Oswestry drapers attend, and by them are transferred to London, and to the clothiers of the north and west of England. It would be foreign to the subject of this tract to dwell on the effects of an increased population on the poor-rates, under the present system of poor-laws, which may be considered as the cradle which has cherished and nourished pauperism from its infancy, in the reign of Charles II. to its present gigantic and alarming growth, in the reign of George IV.

§ V. *Antiquities, Carns, Caer-Sws,* &c.—On the mountains adjoining Llyn Mawr are some of the heaps of loose stones denominated *Carn* and *Carnedd;* and one of the hills in the neighbourhood is known by the name of *Carneddau*, the plural of Carnedd, or Carn. The general opinion is, that these monuments were the

depositories of the dead, by the aborigines of the country. In Scotland, they say that the erecting of *Cairns* over the dead was one of the methods resorted to for the preservation of dead bodies from being devoured by wolves. Every one that passed the cairn threw a stone thereon: hence the adage "I will add a stone to your cairn," which was an expression of friendship, as much as to say, "If you fall before me, I will add a stone to your cairn, to secure your body from being devoured by wolves." When a person's friendship was doubtful, his neighbour would say, "Were I dead, you would not throw a stone on my cairn."

The same feeling might have been experienced in Wales before King Edgar imposed the well-judged tribute of 300 wolves' heads annually on the then reigning princes of North Wales.

In the savage warfare of the early ages, *Carns* might also be considered as preservatives of the bodies of the slain, that the hostile party should be prevented from mangling them. This is said to have been the motive of the patrician Sylla, when he ordered that his dead body should be burned, so that none of the surviving plebeian faction of Marius should vent their spleen upon his remains.

The largest *Carn* on the Llyn-Mawr Hills is about forty yards in circumference. There is, or was some years back, at Cyfin, in the parish of Llan-Gadvan, near the banks of the Vyrnwy, a carn sixty yards in circumference, the outer circle composed of upright stones, four feet in height, and the interior filled up to the height of five feet in the centre. In the middle, by carrying away the stones to build Llwydiarth Park wall, was discovered a stone coffin, containing two human skeletons, the head of the one laid to the feet of the other. This *bôn-a-blaen* position of the skeletons, when two were buried together, has been found elsewhere, of which more hereafter. Whether the bodies took less space in that position, or whether some unknown superstition dictated the practice, must be left to conjecture.

Caer-Sws, says Mr. Pennant, "is a small hamlet, with a few houses, on the side of the Severn." He might have added, these few houses were then, in the year 1773, mere hovels; pitiful remains of the ancient city, said by those who are fond of the marvellous to have extended from Aver-Havesp to Ystrad-Vaelawg, (Strata Maloci,) on the confines of Trev-Eglwys. Of late, the new town is on the increase, having a few decent houses, and three new chapels, for the accommodation of as many denominations of dissenters.

The name is evidently of British construction, but, whether it alludes to the situation of the *Caer*, on a flat in the angle of the junction of the Carno and the Severn, we dare not be so sanguine as to affirm.

It is noticed by bards of the fifteenth century thus:

"Dwy Bowys a *Chaer-Swys* wen."

"The two divisions of Powis, and fair *Caer-Swys.*"
Lewis Gl. Cothi, during the civil wars of York and Lancaster.

"Cawr o *Seisyllt Caer-Sws* wen,
Ca'em roi i'n byw—Cymro'n Ben."
Davydd Llwyd, on Henry VII.'s accession.

The station is not mentioned by any Roman writer; and Roman remains are very scanty. About the year 1777, says the writer of a MS. in our possession, was dug up in the south-west angle of the camp, some Roman bricks, and large blocks of cement, much indurated, and as porous as millstone breccia. One of the bricks was placed in the back part of the parlour-chimney of a public-house adjoining, with the following inscription in *bas relief:*

Our author reads it *Caius Julius Cæsar Imperator,* and accounts for the anachronism by supposing that the brickmaker made use of the first Cæsar's mould in subsequent reigns.

It has been suggested that one *Hesus* was a Roman lieutenant stationed at the place, that the Britons called it at first *Caer Heswys,* and at length, by contraction, Caer-*Sws.* We are, however, inclined to leave this Roman to sleep with the *Capulets* on one side, and *Baldwin* of Montgomery on the other.

We need not mention another *Hesus,* a Gaulish deity, which some would fain identify with *Hu-Gadarn,* a conspicuous character in the Triads, as the leader of the migrating tribe of the Cymry into Prydain.

British encampments, of various shapes and sizes, "*prout loci qualitas aut necessitas postulaverat,*" are numerous in the vicinity, north and south of the Severn, at *Gwyn-Vynydd,* Rhos-ddi-arbed, Cevn-Carnedd, &c. Over the brook *Carno* lies *Wig,* a mansion and farm, the property of Mr. Hamer, probably so called from the Roman *Vicus,* says our MS. author; if so, this place may have been the Westminster of *Caer-Sws*; and, about 300 yards from the camp is a farm-house, called *Pen-y-drev,* the town's end; and adjoining is a sub-oval entrenchment, about 150 yards in diameter, now divided into two fields by a road leading from Caer-Sws to *Pont y ddôl goch,* and so on to Carno.

§ VI. ***Roads.***—Caer-Sws has attracted the notice of antiquaries and tourists from Camden to Sir R. C. Hoare. Some of them have endeavoured to trace Roman roads to and from the station. We shall content ourselves with a transcript of a survey, made about the year 1760 by a nameless antiquary, from Caer-Sws to the Dolanog river, nearly in a direction due north.

"It is called *Sarn Swsog*, Sarn *Swsan*, &c. and is about fifteen feet wide, the sides made of large stones, and the space between filled with broken stones, or gravel, as the place afforded materials, the middle somewhat rounded.

"It is first visible at a cottage belonging to *Llwyn y brain* farm, on the verge of *Gwyn-vynydd* common, about half a mile from *Caer-Sws*. It proceeds over the common, pointing north-west, and on the south-west side of it is a small entrenchment, of a circular form, about eighty yards in diameter, and called by the peasantry "*The Mount.*" It proceeds to a small rill, near a place called "*The Pond;*" then crosses a bank called *Esgair*, and comes down to a rill called *Nant-yr-ych*, which it crosses, and passes over *Waun-ganol*. Then, leaving the common, it enters a farm called *Gallt y Fynnon*, belonging to Colonel Proctor, in the parish of *Aber-havesp*. It is very distinct in this place, though obscure in general, by reason of a ditch being cut across it, and the earth washed off by the rains, so that the hard stratum appears plain and is about a foot below the present surface. It next passes through *Llwydcoed* farm, the property of Mr. W. Tilsley, and is visible on the high mountain called *Mynydd Llyn Mawr*, and goes through enclosed land called *Frwd-wen*, in the parish of *Tre Gynon*, the property of Ch. H. Tracy, esq. and continues its course over the hill through the parish of Llan Wyddelan to a small brook called *Nant y Crau*. Here it disappears, but probably goes on to a farm called *Gwern y Vyda*, in the parish of *Llanllugan*, and must cross the old road from Machynllaeth to Shrewsbury, near a public-house called *Cevn Coch*,* and through enclosed lands to a mountain called *Mynydd Llyn hir*, in the parish of Llan Vair, where it again appears, and goes over that part of it called *Pant y Milwyr*, and *Voel Vach*, and continues down from thence to a morass called *Cors-llethr-aeron*. Here the straight lines of the sides appear, though the peat moss is grown over it, and on the adjacent banks, which are rocky, are to be seen the quarries, whence the stones were had to form the road over the morass: here also remain protuberances in the soil, which probably are sites of the road-makers' huts. This quarry bank is called the *Garnedd*, which the road passes, and proceeds over the lower part of *Esgair Llyn hir*, crossing below *Friddpedwargwr*, down by the east side of *Llyn y Gwagr;* and a little farther it passes a narrow steep dingle, called *Cwm y rhuddvaen*. It proceeds forward

* The property of Wythen Jones, esq. Rhiw-port.—EDITORS.

to *Bwlch y drum*, and down to *Caer Bachau*, in the parish of Llan Ervil, crossing the high road leading from that village to Llan Vair, at a gate called *Llidiard y Cae*, and passes down to a little barn in the bottom of *Llyssyn* ground, and crosses the *Vyrnwy* along *Maes y Velin vach*, and a little above it crosses the road that leads from *Llyssyn* to *Meivod*, at a small pot-house called "*Pass me if you can*," in *Coed Talog* land, and up the hill through Miss Bennett's ground, now the Rev. Mr. Cooke's, near the house, and a little above it crosses the west end of a turbary, along the ridge of a hill called *Craig y Gov*; from thence it turns down to *Pont y styllod*, near Dolanog.

"This road is most visible on the hills, where the large stones on the sides appear in some places. The side gutters are mostly filled up, and become obscure by the ground growing, the soil being for the greater part mossy. By thrusting down a stick, the hard stratum is felt about a foot below the surface. In the enclosed lands there is seldom any appearance at all, and the farmers say they find nothing by ploughing; but they do not plough deep enough to discover the hard floor; and their ploughing has filled up the ditches, and obliterated the vestiges of the road.

"It is laid out in straight lines, as far as the ground will permit; but, by reason of hills and precipices, there was often a necessity of making turns and angles. From the place where it first appears, near *Caer-Sws*, it points northward; and again, after it leaves the parish of *Llan-wyddelan*, and goes towards that of *Llan-llugan*, and again at *Bwlch y drum*.

It is to be regretted that our MS. author did not trace the *Via Media* from *Caer-Sws*, which is supposed, in its progress towards *Deva*, to have intersected the Watling street from *Rutunium* to *Heriri Mons*, at the now unknown Mediolanum, any farther than the passage over the Llan-owddyn river, called *Pont Ystyllod*, (Plank Bridge,) near Dolanog, on the boundary of the parishes of Llan Vair, Caer Einion, and Llan Vihangel yn Ngwynva. As the writer found the road difficult to be traced, so far back as the year 1760, we shall not attempt its farther progress; and we can scarcely suppose that his tracings are at this day traceable.

Other Roads.—The by-roads of the parish, leading to Treveglwys, to Bwlch y-fridd, Bwlch Cae haidd, Bwlch Llyn Mawr, &c. like others of the same denomination in nearly every part of the island, are very ordinary conveniences for winter travellers. The turnpike-road from Salop, Pool, and Newtown, to Machynllaeth, and the of late fashionable place of resort, Aberystwyth, passes through the village. The *Express* stagecoach runs three times, and the *Royal Sovereign* once a week, between the above places, in the summer season: the former continues its course once a week during the winter months. There are good accom-

modations for travellers at the *Talbot Inn*,* and the landlord, Mr. Morgan, is the very intelligent *Cicerone* of the old Roman station, and all its suburbs and accompaniments.

§ VII. *Fuel.*—Very little *wood* is nowadays sacrificed to the devouring element of fire. *Coal* is procured along the Ellesmere and Montgomeryshire Canals, from Rhiw Abon and Chirk, in Denbighshire. Its price at the pits is about five pence per cwt. (120 lbs.) and at Newtown, the distance of about forty miles, canal measure, about twelve pence per cwt. (112 lbs.) to which should be added land-carriage of six miles from the wharfs at Newtown to Llan-Wynnog. The species are, binding coal (*glo rhing*), coaking coal (*glo spagog*), and cannel coal (*glo canwyll*).

Peat—is a species of fuel much in request by the middle and lower classes of the inhabitants, and is procured from copious stores within the parish, in the three turbaries following:

1. *Mawnog y post llwyd*, in the hilly part of the township of *Uwchlaw'r Coed.* This township has part of it called *Tir yr Abad* (Abbot's Land), and, as it is in the manor of Talerddig (Sir W. W. Wynn's), it must have formerly belonged to the abbey of Strata Marcelli, below Welsh Pool.

2. *Mawnog y Pawl helyg*, a tract of about twenty-seven acres; a part of the eastern point is in the parish of Aber-havesp. The peat of this turbary is of great depth, and contains imbedded in it, from three to six feet deep, much *birch* wood, some of large dimensions, but considerably decayed, excepting the enamel of its silvery-white bark, which is nearly as fresh as it was many centuries ago.

3. *Mawnog y Llyn-Mawr* lies on the north-eastern verge of the lake described in Section III. Its peat affords excellent fuel; but, what is most worthy of notice, in the turbary and the lake adjoining, are the remains of forest timber they contain. In the lake they lie prostrate, and are mostly oak; on the present surface of the turbary, few, if any, oak remnants are to be found. During low water, in extraordinary dry summers, several trunks of oak have been dragged out of the lake; at first they appeared sound, and of a colour approaching black; but, when converted into boards and other articles, the colour faded considerably, and the smooth-planed surface became more and more scaly, in proportion as the moisture of the wood evaporated; which is commonly the case with all oak-wood imbedded in peat-mosses. Considerable quantities of such oak, of the smaller growth, have been cloven into laths for slate-roofing. At first, the laths are tough and elastic, but subject to minute wind-shakes when dried. The mountaineers who drag out the oak sell the laths at three shillings per hundred; and some trees they have sold at from one to three guineas each, according to their size.

* This inn has been lately rebuilt: it belongs to Joseph Hayes Lyon, esq.

The original surface of the turbary may be estimated by an islet, or tuft, of some feet in diameter, now covered with a coat of heath (*erica vulgaris*), in full bloom. This index is from four to five feet higher than the present surface of its surrounding turbary; and it may have been preserved in its present state from the violence of the waves in stormy weather and high water, by an assemblage of huge blocks of whin-stone, lying between the tuft and the lake, called by the shepherds "*Hwch a'i pherchyll,*" (Sow and Litter,) as proper a comparison of sizes (parvis componere magna) as the name given to a cluster of islets near St. David's-head, in Pembrokeshire, "The Bishop and his Clerks." An old man in the neighbourhood says, that the present surface of the turbary is of the same elevation as it was seventy years back. To this it may be objected, that the annual cutting of fuel must gradually lower the surface, especially in this situation, where accumulation is not to be expected; and more, at the formation of the Montgomeryshire Canal, Sir W. W. Wynn, bart. the lord of the lake, gave permission to the Canal Company to dam up, and fix sluices at the outlet, the source of the *high*-born river *Rhiw*, which, after twelve miles of rapid descent, discharges itself into the equally high-born Severn, at Aber Rhiw, for the purpose of accumulating water for the supply of the canal in dry summers. This rising of the surface of the lake, by the constant currence and recurrence of the waves in stormy weather, must have abraded, and consequently reduced, the surface of the turbary, so as to bring more and more into view some scores of stumps of trees,* all, we believe, of the *deal* kind; but, whether of the *pine* or the *fir* tribe, it is difficult to ascertain. All the stumps stand in the erect position they grew; some a few inches, some more, above the spreading out of the horizontal roots, which still cling to their original bed in the subjacent soil; and, from some bark still preserved in the axillæ of the roots, the species seem to be of the *pine* rather than of the *fir* tribe. The wood of these stumps and roots is well preserved in colour and fibre; splints of it are sufficiently tough for basketwork: they freely ignite, and blaze like a match.

After thus stating the present appearances of the forest remains in and near *Llyn-Mawr*, we cannot forbear coming to the following conclusions:—That turbary water, in favorable situations, is a preserver of wood. That it preserves *oak* better than *birch*, and *deal* wood better than oak. That at some remote period the surface of the land or soil, which produced such a forest of full-grown timber trees, the remains of which we have above endeavoured to describe, was nearly level with the present surface of the lake. That, owing to some internal power, the surface of the land sunk, so as to form a cavity of the present depth of the lake. That this internal agent

* These forest remains upon the lake's margin are, at the lowest computation, between fifteen and sixteen hundred feet above Caer-sws Vale.—Editors.

at the same time diverted the courses of several strong springs, which theretofore discharged themselves elsewhere, and opened them vents into this cavity. That this subsidence of the surface dislocated the roots of the standing trees within the circumference of its vortex, and thereby laid their trunks prostrate; in which position they have at different times been found, at low water, in dry summers, and dragged out for fuel and other purposes, as before mentioned. That the trees on the verge of the cavity maintained their original erect position, with their roots covered with earth. That, when the cavity became a lake, a perennial body of water, acting upon the roots of the standing trees, hastened the decay, and destroyed vegetable life in their branches and trunks; and that in the course of years they wasted gradually from their tops downwards to within about a foot in some, or a few inches in others, of the spreading out of the lateral roots. That the decay of vegetable substances, accumulating during a long period, formed a body of peat earth, sufficient to cover the roots of the trees, at first left erect, with several feet depth of this spongy and rotten substance. That the water in combination with this peat earth, acting probably on the turpentine of the pine or fir, had the peculiar quality of preserving as much of their stumps and roots as lay within the reach of its operation. And, that the trunks of the trees out of the reach of this fluid gradually wasted away, by the blast of the storm and the natural decay of hoary age, to their present state; for they bear no marks of either the axe or the saw of the feller.

Another instance may be here recorded of the durability of *deal* wood in peat water: "A coffin of fir wood, about seven feet long, was found by cutting fuel in a turbary at Tal-y-Llyn, in *Meirionyddshire*, at the depth of about three yards, containing two skeletons, the head of the one to the feet of the other." This mode of sepulture is noticed before, in Section V. *on Antiquities.* It should have been observed, that the above account is taken from a manuscript written in the year 1698; in which it is added, that the fir-wood coffin had been discovered "about twenty-three years before." There was no importation of deals into Meirionyddshire at that time.

The foregoing observations on *fir* trees may serve to correct an erroneous opinion,—that these species of evergreens do not grow naturally in any part of Britain south of the Tweed. Let the Caledonian come to *Llyn-Mawr*, and he will change his creed.

The greatest of the twelve Cæsars, during his short stay in the island, collected all the information he was able respecting its natural produce; and, among others, the following piece of wrong intelligence: "Materia cujusque generis, ut in Gallia, est, *præter fagum atque abietem.* By *fagum* is generally understood the *beech* tree, and by *abietem* the *fir.* Whitaker, in his "Genuine History

of the Britons asserted," doubted the authority of Cæsar on this subject, especially respecting the *abies*, or fir-tree; but the learned assertor need not have doubted at all of the existence of both *fir* and *beech*. *Firs* have been proved to be natives of the island; and perhaps the trees which grew on these stumps at Llyn Mawr were

"Waving their bold heads 'mid the liberal air,"

when Cæsar was penning his Commentaries. As to *fagus* (beech), there are now tracts of land covered with beech underwood in the eastern parts of Glamorganshire, as well as in several counties of England. A detached part of Herefordshire, adjoining Brecknockshire, is called *Fawyddog* (Beechy), from its abounding in that species of wood.

In the Welsh translations of the Bible (Isaiah lx. 13, &c.) we have *fynnidwydd* a *fawydd*, fir and beech: the latter term, in old English Bibles, is rendered *elm*, but in the present version *pine*. Dr. Davies, in his Dictionary, adopts *fynnidwydd* (*abies*), but Dr. O. Pughe, in his *Geiriadur*, discards it, and applies the word *frawydd* to both *fir* and *beech*, but so ingeniously, that he derives the two terms, composed of the same elements or letters, from two different roots, *ex gratia*.

Fawydd, beechwood, from *fa*, beans, mast, and *gwydd*, wood:

"*Mal y moch am y fawydd.*"
"As eager as swine after beech mast."
Adage.

Fawydd, pines or firs, from *faw*, radiant, splendid, in allusion probably to their evergreen foliage, and the termination *ydd*; the former being *fa-wydd*, and the latter *faw-ydd*.

G. M.

LEGEND OF IOLO AP HUGH.

[IOLO AP HUGH, the fidler, in the following Legend, is said to have ventured into the Ogov, or Cave, *with an immense quantity of bread-and-cheese, and seven pounds of candles on his shoulders*, with the same persuasion, possibly, as the proprietors of the CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY, that there is a great deal in the mountains of the Cymry that deserves to be brought to light. The incident of his playing a farewell song under the church of Llan—— is, amongst some of our mountaineers, an *undoubted* fact. Though the story is so well known in the Principality, our countrymen will forgive the introduction of it, as well as the legend of Bala Lake. Our object is to afford amusement to every description of readers: they are quite new to our English friends, and we trust not devoid of interest to any.]

In the parish of Llan——, on the northern border of Cambria, there runs a long bare precipitous rugged hill, in the shadow of which the little village of Llan—— stands. In the middle of this rock there is a cave, with jaws as jagged and uneven as the hill into which it opens. The story went that it reached from Llan —— under the Morda, the Ceiriog, and a thousand other streams, under many a league of mountain, marsh, and moor, under the almost unfathomable wells, that, though now choked up, once supplied Sycharth, the fortress of Glyndwrdwy, all the way to Chirk Castle. There was a wild tradition connected with it, that awed the most fearless from a nearer approach to its brink than to the crater of a volcano: that, whoever approached within five paces of it would inevitably be lost. The origin of this belief it is impossible to state, but it was plain it had prevailed for centuries, for far round the cave the grass grew as thick and as rank as in the wilds of America, or some unapproached ledge of the Alps, and the briars grew around it undisturbed, tangling and strangling each other. The origin of the cave itself, and who were the beings who formed it, were also, in the oldest times, matters of mysterious speculation; whether a place of retreat for the Pagans of old, when their rites were banished from "llygad y dydd," (the day's eye,) or a spying glass for the astrologer Idris, or the mouth of a hearing-trumpet for the foul fiend himself to make out what was going on in this upper world, without the trouble of an excursion, is quite unknown. Certain it is, that, such were the fears entertained of this spot not only by men, but by animals, that a fox, with a pack of hounds in full cry at his tail, has been known to turn short round, in approaching it, with his hair all bristled and fretted like frostwork, with terror, and to have run into the middle of the pack, as if any thing earthly, even an earthly death, was a relief to his supernatural perturbations. But I have been informed that, as a steel rubbed with a magnet exercises at last the powers of attraction for itself, so the fox escaped by the powers of repulsion he had acquired at the cavern's mouth, for not a dog would approach him, such was the smell of assafœtida about him, and his hide was all burnished with green, yellow, and blue lights, as it were with a profusion of will o' the wisps. But the marvel of marvels was that Elias ap Evan, who happened one Fair night to stagger just upon the rim of the forbidden space, is said to have arrived at home perfectly sober, the only interval of sobriety, morning, noon, or night, Elias had been afflicted with for upwards of twenty years. It was remarked that, although Elias drank as fervently and as deeply after the event as before, Elias had become "an altered man:" although he drank as much as ever, he never could get as drunk as formerly, as he himself fantastically expressed it: "his shadow now walked steadily before him, that at one time wheeled around him, like a pointer over bog and stone."

It was the twilight of a misty Hallow-eve when an old shepherd was returning home, now straight forward, now in a wide circle, according as the love of his chimney corner, or the fear of the cave and its five paces, was uppermost. He had just arrived full opposite that land, Maelstrom of Diaboly, when suddenly a faint burst of melody seemed to be dancing up and down the rocks above the cave: now it seemed to proceed from one stone, then from another, like my grandmother's toothache, which, as fast as one of her dentals was expelled, enthroned itself in one of the survivors; and now every pebble on the summit seemed to have a voice in one fantastic and eddying chorus.

The shepherd, motionless with terror, with that painful intensity of perception that terror bestows, fancied he could count every hair on the back of his dog, that crouched and quivered between his legs, as the cold wind squealed and ploughed up first one hair and then another. The music suddenly assumed something like a locality, and moulded itself into something like a tune, though, by-the-by, it was a tune the shepherd had never heard before. But it seemed as if the tune, like mortal wights, was jolted into a fit of indigestion, by attempting to run down that shingly descent. Whenever it began a fine dignified martial flourish, every long note of which it was composed was immediately carved and frittered into a thousand clamorous unmeaning demisemiquavers, and its sweet pathetic inuendos often jumped into a fierce climax of groans and discordancy. At this very moment a figure well known to him became visible. He had a lantern strung before him, and a fiddle at his chest, and his legs were on the caper incessantly. "'Tis Iolo ap Hugh! I remember his wager that he would dance all the way down the hill, and keep up a tune with his fiddle." Scarcely had the shepherd said this, when his fears revived afresh, on seeing that Iolo had fiddled and capered himself within the fatal circle. He shouted and shouted till the very farthest mountains echoed, but Iolo seemed perfectly deaf, still tossing his head and his lantern up and down, and poussetting with all apparent complacency, when suddenly the moon shone full on the cave's yellow mouth, and he saw poor Iolo for a single moment, but it was distinctly and horribly. His face was pale as marble, and his eyes stared fixedly and deathfully, whilst his head dangled loose and unjointed on his shoulders. His arms seemed to keep his fiddlestick in motion without the least sympathy from their master. The shepherd saw him a moment on the verge of the cave, and then, still capering and fiddling, vanish like a shadow from his sight; but the old man has often been heard to say, "he seemed as it were to skate into the cave, quite different from the step of a living and a willing man, but he was dragged inwards, like the smoke up the chimney, or the mist at sunrise."

Days, years, and months, had elapsed, and all hopes and

sorrows connected with poor Iolo had not only passed away, but were nearly forgotten; the old shepherd had long lived in a parish at a considerable distance amongst the hills from Llan——. One cold December Sunday evening, he and his fellow-parishioners were shivering in their seats as the clerk was beginning to light the church, when a strange burst of music starting suddenly from beneath the aisle, threw the whole congregation into confusion, and then it passed featly along to the farther end of the church, and died gradually away, till at last it was impossible to distinguish it from the wind that was careering and wailing through almost every pillar of the old church of Llan——. The shepherd immediately recognized this to be the tune Iolo had played at the mouth of the cave, though, whatever was the cause, whether that Iolo was traversing a smoother surface, or that he now, like other spirits, wandered o'er nothing but unresisting air, certain it is that the tune, as the shepherd heard it the second time, and as the parson of the parish, a connoisseur in music, took it down from his whistling, was much less abrupt and mountainous than on the former occasion. The Rev. Mr. Ap —— presented my grandmother, of whom he was an admirer, with a copy of it, and I hope Mrs. Hemans will sometime favor us with a vocal strain worthy of this keepsake of a sonata dug from amongst the subterraneans.

*Fārwell, Ned Pugh.**

* Blayney, a minstrel of Powis land, (and one, too, as much respected as Parry, domestic harper to the late Sir Watkin, or Gryffydd Owen, of Meirion,) favored us with this specimen. The Earl of Powis has not been indifferent to his merits, and Blayney now enjoys the *otium cum dignitate* of the harper's corner at Walcot: he deserves it, for there is not a more obliging and unassuming man living.—Editors.

tr

Now what became of Iolo ap Hugh, after the infernal Orphean finale, no one knows; though many and positive have been the decisions on the subject. Some maintain that he was chosen huntsman by Gwynn ap Nudd (the Fairy King), and that every Hallow-eve night he is to be seen cheering the hounds of Annwn (the world unknown, or the world of darkness,) over the peaks of Cadair Idris, and that his fiddle was changed into a buglehorn. Some again maintain, that Iolo stumbled into a fairy ring in the middle of the cave, and that he will be kept there, curvetting and scraping, till the day of doom; and it is said that, in certain nights in leap-year, a star stands opposite the farther end of the cave, and enables you to view all through it; and to see Iolo and its other inmates. In support of this hypothesis, it is also urged, that if on Hallow-eve you will put your ear to the aperture, you may hear the tune, "Fārwell! Ned Pugh," as distinctly as you may hear the waves roar in a sea-shell. But I lean most to the opinion of Æneas Mac Doyle, an Irish serjeant, who was recruiting in the village: he thought that "Ned was only gone to spend a few thousand years in *larning* the music of the *sphares*."

Many a time have I listened, with all the wistfulness of boyhood, but never could I hear any thing but the moaning of the imprisoned gusts of wind; and I have shouted into the cave a shout that would have reached a mile on level ground, but never did I receive any other reply than the reverberation of its organ-toned echoes, like a clamorous laugh of fiendish and tumultuous scorn, at the mortal step or mortal voice that should hope to penetrate *their* dark and unfathomable abysses.

BEUNO.

MEDIOLANUM.

THE notices of the Roman stations in this island, which have descended to us, are confessedly very erroneous in many respects. The discrepancies in the iters, given in Antoninus and Richard, show that dislocations have taken place; that some stations have been transposed; and that numerous errors have occurred in the list of numerals, occasioning altogether great incongruities.

From these causes, it appears to me that the station of Mediolanum has been hitherto involved in much obscurity. Great assistance has been afforded, in the discovery of other stations, either by the antiquities discovered, or the preservation of their ancient names; and by these means some of the bordering stations on Mediolanum have been recognised: Chester as Deva Colonia; Bangor as Banchorium; Wroxeter as Urioconium; but the same clue has not succeeded in leading us to the discovery of the one under consideration.

Camden considered it to be Llanvyllin. *Methlen*, he says, among the Belgi, is synonymous with Mediolanum. Unfortunately, Methlen is his own corrupt reading of Myllin, the saint to whom the church is dedicated, and who may have been born, perchance, some centuries after Mediolanum had been in ruins. More probable conjectures have removed it to Meivod; but I think it has not yet satisfactorily been proved to have been situated there.

Sir Richard Hoare and Mr. Fenton, after a careful investigation of those places, were satisfied that neither of them was likely to have furnished the site of the Roman town; and from consideration that one of the two routes from London to Segontium led through Mediolanum, they carefully investigated the Vale of Tanat, through which the road would probably course; but no vestiges of a Roman station could be found, and they conjectured that the stream might have buried in its bosom the traces of this fortress. This result has left the subject involved in its former obscurity, and has been the inducement to collect such notices as remain of this station, which must have been one of the most important in the western division of the island.

Richard says, "Ultra hos et Silurum terminos siti ordovices, quorum urbes Mediolanum et Brannogenium." Brannogenium, in Antoninus, is called Bravinium, a station ascertained to have been situated between Ludlow and Knighton. Richard mentions a Brannogena likewise, but he places it on the left bank of the Severn, and assigns it to the Dobuni: it therefore was distinct from the Brannogenium, or Bravinium, of the Ordovices.*

The importance of this town may be inferred from its being made the subject of the tenth iter, in Antoninus, from "Glanoventa to Mediolanum." The subject of the second iter, in Antoninus, is the road from the northern wall to Richborough. This is traced to Mediolanum, and then, in a very singular manner, it diverges angularly to London. Upon a comparison of this iter with the tenth in Richard, it is probable that some error has crept into the former, and that it ought to have been continued to

* In the Anonymi Ravennatis Chorographia, there are five cities apportioned to this district, Lavobrinta, Mediomanum, Segontia, Canubia, and Mediolana. Lavobrinta and Mediomanum are found in this list alone; and their situations, I believe, have not been ascertained. Mediomanum is placed by Gale at Maentwrog, merely, I suppose, for the same reason that Camden fixed Mediolanum at Llanvyllin, some similarity in sound; and is objectionable for the same reason that militated against Camden's hypothesis. Maen Twrog, or the Stone of Twrog, obtained its name from Twrog, a saint who flourished about the seventh century. It is unlikely, also, that Mediomanum should be in the vicinity of Heriri Monte, unless identical with it. I should conjecture it to be the station at Caer Gai, an undoubted Roman work, which otherwise would want a name. The appellative Mediomanum would likewise favor the supposition. Caer Gai is as nearly as possible midway between Mediolanum and Segontium. Med answers to the Latin *medio*, and man to the concluding *manum*, and, both combined, signifies the midway station.

Exeter, and the road from Richborough to Mediolanum to have formed a distinct iter.

It may assist us here to collect the notices and distances, in the iters, of the stations in this district:

Antonini, iter ii. *Condate.*		*Ricardi, iter* i. *Virioconio.*		*Ricardi, iter* ii. *Seguntio Virioconium.*	
Deva	xx	Banchorio	xxvi	Heriri Monte	xxv
	—	Deva Colonia	x	Mediolano	xxv
Bovio	x		—	Rutunio	xii
Mediolano	xx		36	Virioconio	xi
Rutunio	xii				—
Vrioconio	xi				73
	53				

Antonini, iter x. *Condate.*		*Ricardi, iter* x. *Condate.*	
Mediolano	xvii	Mediolano	xviii

Here it appears, that the distance, according to Richard, from Wroxeter to Chester was thirty-six miles; according to Antoninus, coursing through Rutunium, Mediolanum, and Bovio, it amounted to fifty-three. These two stations being ascertained, we see the numerals in Richard must be erroneous, and the intermediate stations given in Antoninus probably omitted. The distance in Antoninus appears to be the correct one, and would be about the number of Roman miles between Wroxeter and Chester, and perhaps a tolerable direct line. We have afterwards the distance from Condate to Mediolanum, both in Antoninus and Richard, set down at eighteen miles; completely at variance with the other in Antoninus, which places them at a distance of fifty.

If we examine the iter in Richard, which gives us the route from Segontium to Wroxeter, we should be inclined to search the Vale of Tanat for Mediolanum, and place it twenty-three miles from Wroxeter, in that direction; but then it would be very incongruous to take such a line, as the direct road to Chester; and, as four iters agree in placing Mediolanum on the northern road from Wroxeter, we may conclude it could not be far removed from that direction. The Severn, liable to be swollen by floods, and at all times a formidable obstacle, would not be twice unnecessarily crossed by the Romans, on their route from Wroxeter to Chester; more particularly when it would cause an extension of the distance, and expose them to the attacks of the mountain dwellers, probably at no period completely subdued, when the object would be better attained, and the route shorter and more secure, by not crossing the Severn at all.

From these notices we may gather that Mediolanum was an intermediate station between Wroxeter and Chester; that it was the principal city of the Ordovices; and of such consequence, as to be the subject of one iter, if not of two. It is unlikely so considerable a city should have so decayed, that all traces should be obliterated, and no imperfect memorials of it descend to succeeding ages.

Many of the cities of the Romans, upon their departure, preserved their former importance, and scarcely one of their principal stations remains unoccupied in modern times; and, while Chester, in all ages, has been a place of distinction, it would seem singular that no traces of Mediolanum should exist. Upon a survey of the country likely to have been the seat of this town, we meet with no Caer, no ruins, which might, like Wroxeter, point out the spot. In all this district, we see only that remarkable, that *water-guarded spot*, which no military people would be likely to neglect, and which has been, in all ages, one of the strongest positions in the island; first occupied by the Britons, under the name of *Pengwern Powys*, and afterwards known as *Amwythig*, and by the Saxons under the name of *Scrobbesbyrig*, modernised in later times to *Shrewsbury*.

The Via Guethelinga, the Gwythelian Way, (literally the Irish road,) corrupted into Watling street, a work prior to the arrival of the Romans, crossed the island from Dover to Shrewsbury, and from thence was continued to Caernarvon. Branches lead from Shrewsbury to Chester, in one direction, and to Cardigan in another. This may have been the precursor of the Roman route, and may explain the reason why so many iters centre in Mediolanum.

In the twelfth iter, in Antoninus, we read "Leucaro, Bomio, Nido, Isca." It is evident that a transposition has here taken place, and they ought to be arranged in this order, Leucaro, Nido, Bomio, Isca. This is confirmed by the eleventh iter in Richard, which gives us Isca, Tibia amne, Bovio, Nido, Leucaro.

A similar transposition of Rutunium and Mediolanum in the iters would allow us to place Mediolanum in this peninsula; and, from the numerous inaccuracies already noticed, this might perhaps be conceded. The road from Wroxeter would not then need to cross the Severn, but enter Shrewsbury at the isthmus, a distance perhaps of eight or nine Roman miles; thence issuing from the isthmus, it would course to Rutunium; thence to Bangor; thence to Chester. Rutunium has been placed at Rowton Castle; but there are circumstances which induce me to say Ryton has the better claim,* where some remains of military works, such as frag-

* This parish is commonly called Ryton; but its entire name is Ryton *on eleven towns*. Does not this in some measure augur former importance?—Editors.

ments of walls, still exist. From the description given, the situation agrees with the sites generally selected by the Romans, being a small elevation, on the bend of a river, called in the maps Perry, and which might have been the *Trodwydd* mentioned by Llywarch. Baschurch, the place of Cynddylan's burial, is nearly opposite, on the south side of the river. I am not acquainted with the topography of the country, which prevents my ascertaining whether these remains are Roman. Ryton is ten miles from Shrewsbury, agreeing in the distance set down in the iter from *Rutonium* to *Mediolanum*, and in a very appropriate place for the diverging lines to *Deva* and *Segontium*. A high road from Shrewsbury to the Vale of Tanat leads through Ryton, without crossing the Severn, and not unlikely in the course of the Roman road to *Segontium*.

From the station at Ryton, or the neighbourhood, the Romans would have the choice of the only two accessible passes to Segontium, the Vale of Tanat, or the Vale of the Dee, and a diverging point not materially out of the line to Chester.

We will now proceed to our Welsh authorities:

After the departure of the Romans, paramount authority was reassumed by the several native reguli, though probably they retained, under the sway of Rome, some preeminence. The collision of jarring interests, arising from so many separate jurisdictions, appears to have caused the weakness which produced the advent of the Saxons. Their junction with the Lloegrwys and Belgi accelerated the subjection of the Cymry and Brython; and during these struggles we have the first notices of Shrewsbury.

Cynddylan, prince of Powys, towards the close of the sixth century was necessitated to defend himself against a horde of Saxons, Loegrians, and Francs.* In this struggle he perished;

* There are notices in Llywarch, which imply that these three nations were the assailants of Cynddylan:

"Cynddylan, cadw di y nen,
Yn i ddaw Lloegrwys drwy Dren."
"Cynddylan, guard thou the height,
Until the Lloegrians come through Tren."

"Ystavell Cynddylan ys tywyll ei nen,
Gwedi diva o Loegrwys
Cynddylan ac Elvan Powys,"
"The hall of Cynddylan is involved in gloom,
Since the Lloegrians have destroyed
Cynddylan and Elvan of Powys."

"Pan wisgai Caranmael gadbais Cynddylan,
A pheryrddiaw ei onen,
Ni çafai Franc tanc o'i ben."
"When Caranmael put on the corslet of Cynddylan,
And shook his ashen spear,
From his mouth the Franc would not get the word of peace."

and his son Caranmael was driven into the mountains of Denbighshire.* Llywarch Hen, the commemorator of these events, had been himself forced to fly from Cumbria: he found an asylum with Cynddylan during the period he was able to maintain his authority, and accompanied his friends in their flight, and finally died at Llanvor, near Bala, where his monumental stone, inscribed with his name, still remains.

The very curious and instructive notices interspersed through the Poems of Llywarch throw a gleam of light over this interesting period of our annals.

The patrimony of Cynddylan appears to have been known by the name of Tren. Llywarch says,

"Cynddylan calon iäen ganav,
A wânt Twrç trwy ei ben:
Ti á roddaist cwrwv Tren."
"Cynddylan, thy heart is like the ice of winter,
Thou wert pierced by Twrç through the head:
Thou who gavest the ale of Tren."

Again:

"Yn amwyn Tren, trev ddifaith."
"The defender of Tren, the devastated district."

"Amysgai Tren, trev ei dad."
"The defender of Tren, the patrimony of his sire."

The situation of Tren is pointed out in the following stanzas:

"Y drev wèn rhwng Tren a Throdwydd!
Oedd gnodaç ysgwyd tòn
Yn dyvod o gad noz yt yç yn eçwydd."†
"The fair domain between Tren and Trodwydd!
It was more usual to see there the broken shield
Returning from battle, than the labouring ox at eve."

* Caranmael, is said, in some stanzas, to have lost his patrimony, and to have been necessitated to take refuge on the banks of the Alwen:

"Caranmael cymhwy arnad,
Alwen dy ystle o gad:
Gnawd màn ar ràn cynniviad."
"Caranmael, when thou art prest on all sides,
Alwen is thy retreat from battle:
A scar is usual on a warrior's cheek."

See the translation of the Poems of Llywarch Hen for further notices.

† A writer in the Cambrian Register has considered the Trev Wèn (literally white ham,) to have been Whittington, with every degree of probability. My only reason for translating it "fair domain" is, that the context would rather apply to a district than to a town; and the word trev, in the old Welsh, is applied to a division of a cantrev (literally a hundred hams,) perhaps best explained by the term township. In these poems, and in the Welsh laws, Trev Tad is the term for hereditary property.

"Y drev wèn rhwng Tren a Thraval!
Oedd gnodaç y gwaed
Ar wyneb gwellt, nog eredig braenar."
"The fair domain between Tren and Traval!
It was more usual to see there the blood clots on the grass
Than the ploughed fallow."

This district of Tren took its appellation from the river Tren, now Tern, and was comprised between the Tren, the Trodwydd, and the Traval. No river similar in name to the Trodwydd appears on the maps: it must have obtained an English one, and probably is, as before remarked, the Perry. The Traval was not unlikely the stream formed by the junction of the Evyrnwy and Banwy, at Mathraval, latterly the residence of the Princes of Powys; and which signifies the place on the Traval.

The number of places that occur in Llywarch, still to be recognised, very evidently points out the patrimony of Cynddylan. He mentions "Tywarçen Ercal," the Sod of Ercal; "Eglwysau Bassa," Basechurch; "Argoed," near Oswestry;* and the "Trydonwy," most likely the river Rodon.

"Amhaval ar Avaerwy
Ydd aä Tren yn y Trydonwy,
Ac ydd aä Twrç yn Marçawy."
"In parallel windings with Avaerwy,
The Tren flows into the Trydonwy,
As the Twrç flows into the Marçawy."

"Amhaval ar Elwydden
Ydd aä Trydonwy yn Nhren,
Ac ydd aä Geirw yn Alwen."
"In parallel windings with Elwydden
The Trydonwy flows into Tren,
As the Geirw flows into Alwen."

The regal seat of Cynddylan was Pengwern, the Meadow-head, (with the cognomen of Powis often added, implying the capital of Powys,) the name by which Shrewsbury was known. Llywarch, in some pathetic stanzas, says that this palace was taken and burnt; they begin thus:

"Scvwç allan, vorwynion a syllwç werydre Cynddylan;
Llys Pengwern neud tandde!
Gwae ieuainc a eiddynt brodre!"
"Stand out, ye virgins, and behold the domain of Cynddylan;
Is not the palace of Pengwern in flames!
Woe to the youth that desire social ties!"

* We are indebted to a clever article, quoted in the preceding note, for the information that most of the places mentioned in the Poems of Llywarch, have preserved to this day the appellations by which they were known at that period.

A number of daughters of Cynddylan are stated by Llywarch to have had possessions in this district; from some expressions, we may be led to suppose this to be figuratively put for the population; as the dispositions attributed to them would be very inapposite to the sex, unless necessity obliged them to become Amazons; and especially as he also calls them his sisters, which was but an epithet of endearment.

" Mi, a Freuer, a Medlan,
Cyd vo cad yn mhob màn,
Ni'n tawr ni laddawr ein rhan."
" I, and Freuer, and Medlan,
Whilst there is a battle in every place,
Are not contented, if there are not slain our shares."

" Eryr Eli, gorthrymed heno
Dyfrynt Meisir, mygedawg
Dir Broçvael; hir rhygodded!"
" Let the eagle of Eli oppress this night
The valley of Meisir, the celebrated
Land of Brochvael; long has it been afflicted!"

" Neu'r syllais o ddiulle Wrecon,
Freuer werydre,
Hiraeth am dammorth brodyrdde!"
" I have gazed from the fortress site of Uriconium
On the domain of Freuer,
Grieved by recollection of the aid of my social friends!"

Perhaps, as these names are very descriptive of localities, and occur as appellations of places in other parts of Wales, daughters of Cynddylan might have had their portions assigned in districts from which some of them were named. Freuer, in "werydre Freuer," the district of Freuer; Meisir, in "dyfryn Meisir," the Maserfeld of the Saxon Chronicle, now Masebury, near Oswestry, where a place is still known by the name of "Llys Meisir," the Palace of Meisir; and Medlan may have obtained a portion at, and taken her name from, this very Mediolanum. We find, uniformly, that the Celtic form of Latin words retains only the radicals, rejecting the postfixes. Mediolanum, we are given to understand, signifies a place situated between river-banks; now this is the precise meaning of Medlan. *Med* appears to be the radical form of the medio, and *lan*, the radix of the lanum. The passage "I, and Freuer, and Medlan," would allude to the desire Llywarch had, conjointly with the inhabitants of Freuer and Medlan, to share in the defence of the country; and this appellation Medlan may be the original name, imposed by the Britons on the spot where Shrewsbury stands, latinized by the Romans into Mediolanum, and lost, in after ages, by the Welsh substituting Amwythig, which means *channel surrounded*, and evidently an appellative synonymous with Medlan.

ANEURIN.

THE LEGEND OF BALA LAKE.

Lake of Meirionydd! thou beautiful, thou incorruptible sepulchre of the palaces of iniquity! The king of the morning looks as joyously down upon the gambols of thy tiny billows as upon the proud ocean itself, or his heavenward mirrors on Arvon's precipices. Many a time, when the clear harvest moon is shining, has the old boatman seen towers and parapets far beneath thy waters, not in a rippling outline like the reflections of the mountains in thy margin, but sternly fixed and unwavering like the mountains themselves; and often, in the furious and harrowing blasts of December, he still perceives the spot where the highest pinnacle rises by a turbulent column of foam jutting upwards; and oft, in the intervals of the storm, you may, it is said, sometimes hear a still small voice wailing out, "Edivar! Edivar!" (repentance! repentance!)

In the far-gone ages, when the Cymry were yet lords of the Beautiful Isle, there lived in the valley where the lake now stands a prince, the richest and the proudest in all the land of Gwynedd. But it was known that his treasures, and his palaces, and his hunting-grounds, were all the wages of sin; and, as he first entered his palace-door, a voice was heard from the distant mountains, crying out, "Edivar a ddaw! Edivar a ddaw!" (repentance will come! repentance will come!) "When will repentance come?" asked the prince?" "At the third generation!" replied the voice; and a deep thunderclap broke forth from the distant mountains, that seemed to join all their echoes in one terrific acclamation of assent.

The wilful prince laughed at the voice he had heard, and still went on in his crimes,—careless of God and man,—plundering and murdering the poor peasants around him; and many a time he has been heard to burst into proud and frantic laughter, as the hymn from the distant church rose faintly upon his ear * * * * * *

An old harper, from the neighbouring mountains, was one night summoned to the palace. He heard, on his way, that they were rejoicing at the birth of the first child born to the prince's eldest son. When the harper arrived in the hall, there was such feasting, and such a number of lords and ladies, he had never seen any thing like it before. And, when he began to strike up with his harp, it was a beautiful sight to see the dance of those proud-eyed gentlemen, and those damsels with necks as white as a morning cloud, that rises blanched from the ocean. And so it went on; and the old harper was not a whit less delighted to play to them, than they to dance to his music.

It was now just midnight; there was a pause in the dance, and the old harper was left in his nook quite alone, when suddenly he

heard a little voice half whispering, half singing, in his ear, "Edivar! Edivar!" He turned round, and saw a small bird, hovering in the air, beckoning him to follow. He followed as fast as an infirm old man could. He did not at all know the meaning of this; but still he thought he must follow. At last they had got fairly out of the different windings of the palace-porticoes into the clear cold moonshine, when the old man began to hesitate; but he saw the little bird, between him and the moon's disk, beckoning him on so sorrowfully, and heard her call out again, "Edivar! Edivar!" so awfully, and yet so mournfully, that it might have been a *Christian's* voice; and he was afraid not to follow. So they went on, over bogs, and through woods and thickets; the little bird still floating before him like a cloud, always guiding him along the safest and smoothest paths; but, if ever he paused for a single minute, she again wailed out, (in a tone that reminded him of his own little Gwenhwyvar's dying shriek, when she fell into Glaslyn,* and no one could save her,) "Edivar! Edivar!"

They had now got to the top of a mountain, some distance from the palace, and the harper was faint and weary; and, once more, he ventured to pause, but he no longer heard that little warning voice hurrying him down the other side of the mountain. He listened, but he could hear nothing but the rustling of a little torrent at his feet, or the occasional tinkle of the distant sheep-bell. He began now to think what a madcap he must have been to allow his old weak brain to lead him away from the castle; and he turned back, in hopes that he might again be there in time for the next dance. But what was his amazement when, on turning round, of the castle he could see nothing; all he could see beneath him was a wide calm expanse of lake, and his harp floating on the face of the waters.

Note on the foregoing Legend.

Mr. Davies, author of the Celtic Researches, conceives this story to be a localisation of the history of the Deluge. It certainly embraces the most striking incidents of that catastrophe: the iniquity of the people, and the destruction by an overwhelming flood, and even the prominent part the bird plays. It seems, in fact, nothing more than those events adapted to the sacred associations that the Cambrians in all ages attached to the character of the bard or harper. Its universal prevalence is also remarkable. It is told of Llyn Syvaddan, in Brecknockshire; and of the Pool of Llyngclys (the Engulphed Court,) near Oswestry, in Shropshire: in short, of almost every large piece of water within the influence of Cambrian superstition. We may refer the reader to the Cambro-Briton for an account of the old bardic traditions, the bursting of the lake of floods, and the preservation of two human beings.

BEUNO.

* The Blue Lake.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE MEDALLIC HISTORY OF MARCUS AURELIUS VALERIUS CARAUSIUS, EMPEROR OF BRITAIN, BORN AT ST. DAVID'S.

To the Proprietors of "The Cambrian Quarterly."

GENTLEMEN, *Cambridge; Nov.* 17, 1828.

I HAVE read your proposals for publishing, and send you a paper extracted from the book written by Dr. Stukeley; however, I must add, that an article in the "Annual Register" of 1758 has materially assisted me. Hoping this trifle may be of some use, and wishing your spirited undertaking every possible success,

I remain,

Your very obedient servant,

A SILURIAN.*

THE Medallic History of Marcus Aurelius Valerius Carausius, Roman emperor in Britain, written by Dr. Stukeley, has often been the subject of interesting discussions. Dr. Stukeley proposed the work as a general system for knowing the dates of Roman coins by the figures on the reverse. He remarked, that the legends Abundatia, Aug. Adjutrix, Appolloni, Conf. Comes, Concordia, Felicitas, Fides, Fortuna, Hilaritas, Spes, and many others, were common to the coins of all the emperors; which he imputed, not to a poverty of invention, but to their being struck on the celebration of festivals, in the order of the Roman Calendar; which, by this clue, might be traced with much more exactness than had hitherto been done. According to Dr. Stukeley's elaborate researches, the Bigates and Quadrigates denote the shows or races which were celebrated on those festivals.

The coins with *S. C. obcives servatos*, in a civic crown, were generally struck on the 1st of January, and presented to the emperor as a New Year's offering. Coins with the triumphant car allude to the solemn cavalcade of the consuls to the Capitol, on particular festivals; and the days of the Calendar are known by the type of the divinity. Thus the 13th of January is *Jovi Statori*; the 1st of February, *Natalis Hercules*; the 17th of February, *Quirinalia*, to *Romulus*; and the 23d, to *Terminus*. In this manner the doctor proceeds through all the months; and has proved his hypothesis by examples taken from the coins of three emperors,

* We feel particularly obliged to "A Silurian;" for we cannot conceal the fact of our not having received from his division of the Principality the abundant store of information which our North Wales friends have furnished. We trust, however, the present article will prove an incentive to the future exertions of our southern literati.—EDITORS.

Galba, Otho, and Quintillius, which he selected as being most concise, their reigns being very short.

In the course of this inquiry, it appears that some festivals lasted seven days, and others fourteen; which the doctor supposes to be the remains of the Jewish Sabattic cycle.

The history of Carausius, of whom scarce any thing is recorded in the Roman history, can be obtained only from his coins; and some of the particulars which Dr. Stukeley has related of him, drawn from that source, are as follows:

He was born at St. David's, in Wales, then called Menassia, in the latter part of the third century. He served in Gaul under Caius: under Maximian he had the command of an army against the Bagandes; and was afterwards made admiral of a Roman fleet appointed to protect the Germanic, Gallic, and British coasts, from pirates. Having afterwards raised the jealousy of Maximian, he ordered the celebrated Theban legion to march against him, but they refused, out of respect to Serena, a *Christian*, the wife of Dioclesian, by whom Carausius was patronised. This legion was afterwards cut to pieces, on the 10th of October, at Collen and Bonn, by Maximian's order.

On the 7th of September, 288, Carausius was proclaimed emperor by some legions, and the whole Roman fleet; and was received in Britain with great acclamations on the 15th of October following. In September 289, he defeated Maximian's fleet in a great seafight, and obtained peace, with the title and prerogative of a Roman emperor, the tribunitial power, and the adoptive names of Aurelius from Maximian, and Valerius from Dioclesian, with whom he was copartner in the empire, as appears by a three-headed coin inscribed *Carausius et fratres sui*, on which is Dioclesian in the middle, Carausius on his right, and Maximian in the uppermost field.

Dr. Stukeley asserts, that all the coins of Carausius that have a young radiated head, conjugate with his own, represent his son, named Sylvius; and that the medal of Carausius, formerly in the cabinet of Dr. Mead, with the legend *Oriuna Aug.* was struck in memory of Oriuna, the wife of Carausius.

Carausius brought the Scots and Picts to reason, and placed a garrison between them: to maintain this garrison it was necessary that he should repair an artificial cut for an inland navigation from Peterborough to York, called the Cars dyke, for the conveyance of corn: he likewise continued this dyke from Peterborough to this university (Cambridge), and built a city there called Granta. About the same time he also built a temple, of a round form, called Arthur's Oon, in which the treaty with the Scots and Picts was ratified, and he made a road from Cambridge to Bath, called the Akeman Way. In 292, Carausius was opposed to the inha-

bitants of that part of the island now called North Wales: these sons of freedom opposed him with a desperate courage, in spite of every disadvantage; but how can barbarism compete with civilization? Ultimately the discipline and superiority of Carausius's army compelled the mountaineers to retreat to their rocks and fastnesses.

In the year 294 he is said to have brought a lion from Africa, which appears on the reverse of a medal struck on the great festival called Palilia;* and it appears from a coin inscribed *Sæculares Aug.* struck on the 21st of April, 295, that he celebrated the Roman secular games in Britain, and in the May following he was killed.

The single letters or notations on the *areas* and *exergues* of the coins of Carausius, as they are explained by Dr. Stukeley, are substituted for the following words, those in the area being always supposed to regard the persons who struck them.

B. E. *Britannicus exercitus.*
C. E. *Centuriones exercitus.*
D. X. *Decuriones.*
F. *Flamen.*
F. O. *Flaminis officinator, officialis.*
F. $\frac{o}{}$ *Flaminis questor.* Subalterns to the flamen.
On the *exergues*, betokening the cities of the mint.
CXXI. *Cataractonii collegium undeviginti*; Cateric, Yorkshire.
C. L. A. *Clausentum*, Southampton.
I. M. *Isurii Monetarium;* Alborough, Yorkshire.
M. C. *Menapiæ cusa;* St. David's, South Wales.
MXXI. *Monetarium, Londinense collegii undeviginti.*
M. S. R. *Manapiæ signator rogarum.* The officer of the emperor's donatives at St. David's.
Q. *Quæstorium Londini.* The Exchequer.
R. S. R. *Rutupii signator rogarum;* Richborough.
S. P. C. *Sorbioduni pecunia cusa;* Sarum.

* The Palilia, or birthday of Rome, was a jubilee day, anticipated, in this instance, five years. It was never celebrated by the emperors on the Continent, and Carausius was the last who celebrated it at all; and the birthday in question was held with great splendor at York. It was begun by the shepherds in honour of Pales, the Magna Pales of Virgil, who is the same, according to Dr. Stukeley, with Jubal, the antediluvian, the god of the shepherds, who were founders of Rome: it was celebrated on the 21st of April, which was the summer solstice in the Etruscan Calendar, which was the most ancient. Jabel and Jubal, says the doctor, were, in the earliest times, the lares or guardians of a house; they are pictured in the celestial constellation of Jemini, where Procyon is the shepherd's dog, and hence dogs were consecrated to the lares: the little fictile images taken out of the breasts of Egyptian mummies are, in the original idea, the guardian lares.

In the second volume :-

B. *Britannia.*
S. P. *Sacra pecunia.*
S. A. *Sacrum Æs.*
S. F. *Sacris faciundis.*
S. V. *Sacris usibus.*
B. F. *Britanniæ flamen.*
F. V. *Flaminis vicarius.*
MLXXI. *Monetarium Londinense vicesimum primum.*
XXI. The same.

Notes on the Calendar :

N. *Dies nefastus.*
F. *Dies fastus.*
F. P. *Fastus*, in the former part of the day.
F. N. *Intercisi*, holy, the middle part of the day.
N. P. *Profanus*, the former part of the day; holy, the remainder.

To the Editors of "The Cambrian Quarterly."

GENTLEMEN,

PRESUMING that such articles, in the Welsh language, as are short, and at the same time curious, may appear, with translations of them, in your work; I offer the following *Englynion*, or stanzas, to your notice, with a version nearly literal. They are extracted from a manuscript at Hengwrt, the contents of which are miscellaneous, and which was written about the commencement of the fifteenth century. The original verses never have been printed, and they are a fair specimen of the religious compositions of the bards of the fourteenth century.

The orthography of the manuscript is preserved in the Welsh, excepting as to a character used for the w, for which you have not a type.

IDRISON.

—

Dysc vi duw keli kolouyn iawnwlat nef
Naf glanbobyl ardwyat.
Diwann enw dewin enat
Diwael (rin) y dwywawl rat.

Dysc vi duw keli kolouyn kleu hoew dawn
Y haedu kyn angeu
Barthreitredyf borthyat radeu
Berthret bud tec y bod teu.

Or wen afyrlladenn ar lladin y gwnaethbwyt
Corf. mab meir mawr vrenhin
Tradygyn greu asseu iessin
Trydwll draet ae waet o win.

Pei ystyriei rei rinwedeu iessu.
Ae issie vron ae greu.
Kythrud oed dodi kethreu
Koethrat yn vy mawrdat meu.

Meu voli ytri aant trwy lun bara
'Yn bur vap duw ehun
Ar tri tradoeth koeth kyvun.
Try ef trwy nef y tri yn un.

Tri gelyn ydyn duw trindawt yssyd
Ywsudaw mywyn pechawt
Kythreul ae wyt byt budyr dlawt
Kaethrwym traws agnaws y gnawt.

Reit ym erchi ri rwyf koeth rwyd eidun
Pob ryw dyd a pheunoeth
Rin lywawdyr kofyawdyr kyuoeth
Rat im gwir dat am gwawr doeth.

Teach me, O God! the one mysterious, stay of the realm of heaven,
Creator of a holy people, and the guardian,
Of unfailing name, thou unerring judge,
The awful mystery of thy grace divine!

Teach me, O God! the one mysterious, the sure stay of active talent,
To attain, before my death,
A prudent disposition, thou support of virtues!
In a splendid course of fair reward, by thy good will.

Of the white sacred wafer has been made, with Latin rite,
The body of the Son of Mary, the great king:
Most agonizing gore did bathe the tender side
And perforated feet: and his blood was wine.

If some did but consider well of Jesu's merits,
And his bruised breast, his gore!
How dreadful thus to pierce with spikes
The sacred body of my mighty Father!

Be mine to praise the Three that enter through the form of bread,
To be the essential Son of God himself;
And they the three supremely wise, in purity combined,
Through heaven, He transforms the three to be in one.

Three enemies to man, thou triune God, there are
To sink him down in sin:

The devil; and his vice; and this a world so foul and frail;
How strait the adverse bondage blended with our flesh!
It is meet for me to pray, thou Lord! the sacred guide of free desire!
On every day and every night the same:
In private thou art the director, the recorder of the wealth
Of grace; thou, my true Father, my unerring light!

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE REBELLION IN NORTH AND SOUTH WALES, IN OLIVER CROMWELL'S TIME.*

[We have been enabled, by the kindness of a Merioneddshire friend, to present the public with the following unpublished Account of the Civil War in North and South Wales, and the borders. This paper is part of the Penbedw Collection noted in Miss Llwyds' List of Manuscripts. See the third vol. of the Cymrodorian Transactions. The original orthography has been, when practicable, followed.]

THE Lord St. Paul sent a warrant to demand the Lord Biron's contribution, being £180 on the corn, to be paid out of hand. My Lord Biron never did the like with the consent of the commanders of array.

The sheriff sent warrants for £200, being in arrear, as he alleged, of his £40 a month.

August 22, 1642.—The king pitched his standard at Nottingham.

February 16, 1643.—Colonel Mitton came over Bangor Bridge in the morning, and took Sir Gerard Eyton, Sir Robert Eyton, John Eyton, Sir John's brother, all in the house of Sir Gerard, and plundered it.

Thence he went and took Mr. Edisbury and Mr. John Jeffreys, Mr. Humphrey Dimock, of Willington; and his son, Mr. Kyffin, vicar of Bangor; and his brother, William Kyffin, of Llanfyllin, that came there to visit him.

February 18.—Prince Rupert came to Shrewsbury.

February 23, or thereabouts, the ships of the parliament, with the men of Pembroke, took the Pill† and all the king's ammunition

* The original is much confused as to dates: this copy is arranged so as to make them follow each other correctly.

† There is a place on the river Mawddach, in Merioneddshire, called Hên gwrt Pill: it is where the ships go highest up the river. This is necessary to be known by readers unversed in naval terms.

there; they took Haverfordwest and Mr. Barlowe; Bradshaw, Butler, Marschurch, and more prisoners: they took besides two of the king's ships, and the high sheriff of the county.

The prince's men got Hopton Castle, with the loss of many of the king's men at several times, amongst whom Major Vaughan, of Pant-glas, was slain.

Awhile after, Brompton Brian was taken by the parliament.

The men of Pembrockshire having got all Pembrockshire, and most of Carmarthen, to their side, took Cardigan town and castle on a Sunday, the — day of ———, and took some gentlemen prisoners; but, upon coming of some of the king's men under the conduct of Gerard, governor of those parts, they left Cardigan, and retired to their holds.

April.—The parliament was broken up by General Cromwell.

June 1, came Mr. Vavasor Powel, and eighty horsemen, in arms, to Machynlleth, to fetch Thomas Owen and his wife, and to bind him to answer in the quarter session; and took others, and sent them prisoners to Castle Coch.

December 12, came the speaker of the parliament, and one half of the parliament men, to Whitehall, to Lord Cromwell, to ask him, by force of the authority they had given him, to make laws and rule the kingdom, and said that they understood this parliament could not be serviceable in settling this kingdom. The 16th day of the same month, Lord Cromwell was proclaimed Lord Protector of the three kingdoms.

About 15th of February, Colonel Carter, Captain Veinor, and others of the parliament side, surprised on a sudden and took prisoners F. Oatley, Knight, High Sheriff of the County of Salop, Mr. Richard Fowler, of the Grange; Littleton, and others, to the number of fifteen, at Hinton, near Pontsbury.

January 26, 1644.—Sir William Myddleton sent a company of soldiers to Machynlleth, who did some harm to some men of Pennal, thence marched to Cardiganshire as far as Llanbadarn, and thence plundered Trawscoed, and many other houses.

During their abode at Llanbadarn, thirty men of the garrison of Aberystwith, thinking to surprise fifty of the parliamenteers, then at Llanbadarn, were repulsed, and some thirteen of them drowned in a mill-pond near the town, whereof Lieutenant Powel was one.

About the latter end of January, Sir William and Sir Thomas Brereton came over Dee to Wrexham.

Prince Maurice came to Shrewsbury, and thence he went to Chester. Then the townsmen of Shrewsbury betrayed the town to Colonel Mitton, who, on the 21st of February, 1644, entered and got it, without blows, taking prisoner Herbert Vaughan.

Prince Rupert came to the Marches of Wales, and, together with his brother, came near Shrewsbury, and thence to the Forest of Dean.

When the princes were gone, then the Parliamenteers came and besieged Chester and Harwardine Castle, and after came from Wooral by the fords to Flintshire, and did much harm.

The king's men took some of the plunderers about Wrexham.

Colonel Grant came suddenly upon the besiegers of Emlyn Castle, and killed and took prisoners about 500.

Those that kept Cardigan Castle burnt it and fled to Pembrock.

Garet took Haverfordwest, and quitted all Pembrockshire but the towns of Pembrock and Tenby, and obtained a rich booty.

About —— the Pembrockians took Cardigan Castle and town, and shortly after the king's men recovered the town and castle: also the besieged were relieved by Langham.

About —— Sir William Brereton kept Chester very strait, stopping all passages to the city, save only from Wales, whereupon my Lord Biron issued out with a company of horse and foot, and meeting with the Parliamenteers near the city; his horsemen fled, and he, with his foot, was compelled to retire, with some loss of men; and Colonel Worthyn, Colonel Goff Vane, and many men of note, taken prisoner.

The 17th of September, 1744, both armies met, not far from Montgomery, and fought stoutly till the cavaliers were routed: the foot, notwithstanding, fought till they were almost all slain. My Lord Biron fled, and lay at Bala. On the king's side, Colonel Broughton, Captain Morgan, Sir Thomas Tinnesley, Major Williams, and . . . . . were taken prisoners, and about 400 slain on both sides.

Sir Thomas Middleton, being left to govern the country and castle, summoned all the gentry and commonalty of Montgomeryshire to appear before him at Montgomery and New Town; and September 26, Barret Price, George Devereux, William Penrhyn Lloyd, Price Price, of Park, esqs. Morgan of Aberhavesp, and Gabriel Wynn, of Dol Arddyn, and the commons of all the country, save Cyfelliog, met at New Town, and became for the parliament.

Not long after, the Red Castle was taken by night by Sir Thomas Myddleton, and my Lord Powis taken prisoner.*

Afterwards Sir Thomas Myddleton took Ruthin, without the

* There is a castle so called in Hawkestone Park, Shropshire; and it is supposed that errors of history have occurred in consequence of two castles possessing the same name, though not as regards the history in detail.—Editors.

castle, and after that sixty of his men were slain by them of the castle: he forsook the said town and country, being warned that the country about were in arms.

About November the first sixty horsemen of Myddleton's came to Machynlleth for the contribution money, and the day following parted thence and plundered Dolgiog, and came by Mathavern, and, fearing to be overmatched, came that night and quartered at Mallwyd: the morrow after, being Sunday, the people of the country gathered themselves together, to stop the passage to Dinas, which, when they heard, some of them came to the bridge to rouse them, but were beaten with stones, and a cornet of theirs taken prisoner, and two or three of them shortly after died of their wounds.

About 22d of November, a great company of Sir Thomas's men plundered some cattle in Radnorshire, and thence went to Cardiganshire, and met 500 Pembrokians at Llanbedr, under the conduct of Colonel Bell; from thence they came to Llanbadarn, and thence to Gogerddan, where they did no harm, Sir Richard having fled to Merioneddshire.

November 27.—They marched towards Machynlleth, and not far from the town were met by some forces from Merioneddshire, under the command of Major Hookes and Sir Richard Price; but these small forces were driven through the town, over Dovy Bridge, and on the other side of the bridge made a stand, and kept off as long as their ammunition lasted, and then fled, having lost one man and some taken prisoners.

Then the Parliamenteers plundered Machynlleth without mercy, and came the —— day of November to Mathavarn, and killed two men, and burnt the house to ashes; and thence, by Llanbrynmair, marched to New Town.

About the same time, the Dolgelly drapers were robbed by Sir William Vaughan and the king's men of Sheraden Castle, to the value of £140 in money, besides commodities.

About 5th of December, Sir John Price brought some men out of Radnorshire to New Town, prisoners.

Some few days before Christmas, Sir Thomas Myddleton advanced toward Chirk Castle, and was driven to retire, being beaten off with staves and scalding water.

About the 7th day, the Parliamenteers came to Machynlleth, to the number of two or three hundred, who sent warrants to the constables of Merionedd, for a contribution of £200 monthly, besides £1000 for the five months last past. Whereof Mr. William Owen, high sheriff of the county, having notice, sent to Sir Marmaduke Langdale and his men to come to their aid, who came with

one ———; and when he remained there near a fortnight, during which time he viewed Ynys y Maengwyn, and began to fortify it. Shortly after, Sir Marmaduke and his company marched to Machynlleth by Towyn, and sent for the residue of his men, who were at Carnarvon and Anglesey.

The beginning of July, 1645, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, with —— horsemen, came from Machynlleth to Dolgelle; from whence, after he had staid two nights, he went towards Carnarvonshire.

Jan. 2.—Cardiganshire men came over to Merioneddshire, as far as Barmouth; and on Saturday night, being the 3d day, plundered that village, and so went away in their boats.

January —.—Captain Jeun* Vaughan, with a few soldiers, came in the night from Abermarchnat to Penllyn, and the confines of the same and Denbighshire; had a rich prey of clothes and money, of Mr. Price of Rhiwlas, being discovered by one whom Mr. Price had intrusted to convey those things from Denbighshire to tenants of Merioneddshire, to be privately kept.

The beginning (2d or 3d) of February, the city of Chester, after a long penury and scarcity, was yielded.

After that, General Mitton came with his forces from Chester, and laid siege to Ruthen Castle, which was manfully defended by the governor and those that were with him, until the 8th day of April following; and, for want of aid, were obliged to deliver it, &c.

April 8.—Sir William Neal, governor of Hardin Castle, went to the king, and, as is reported, was by him permitted to deliver the said castle to the Parliament.

About —— of ———, Colonel Wats, governor of Chirk Castle, forcing the country about to pay their contributions before hand, delivered the castle, well furnished with bread and beer, &c. into the hands of Sir Thomas Myddleton's daughter, for her father's use.

February 4.†—"These are to certify whom it may concern, that what inroads were by my soldiers made in Montgomery and Merionedd shires were without orders and command from me, and was done in my absence. Therefore I desire a free and usual intercourse and correspondence to be carried on between the counties of my association and the said counties of Montgomery and Merionedd; promising that if hereafter any of my men commit the

* Frequently so written in Welsh papers, and stands for *Evan*.

† The narrative is in the original much disjointed, and this certificate necessarily appears out of place.—Editors.

like offences, they shall be exactly punished according to the law of war. ROWLAND LANGHORNE.

Dated 4th February, 1645."

About the beginning of November, Cardiganshire men laid siege to Aberystwith Castle.

About the latter end of this month, the ——— of Red Castle sent for their arrears of contribution; and, after the Epiphany, we of Dolgelle and Llanfachreth sent our money, and they took after the rate of £6 on the county. They gave us their acquittance to the day of payment, and protection.

About the 8th of December, Colonel Jones of Nanteos, and about twenty soldiers, came by night to Peniarth, and there took Lewis Owen of Peniarth, and Mr. Francis Herbert of Dolgiog, (who did there sojourn for fear of the Parliamenteers,) in their beds, and carried them to Cardiganshire.

Not long after, Hereford town was taken by the Parliament.

December 31st.—About three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Edward Vaughan came with a company of soldiers and people of Montgomeryshire, and surprised Capt. John Nanney, David Lloyd, his lieutenant, in Dolgelle, with all their horse, being between thirty and forty, and some soldiers, and plundered some houses in town, and fled about sunrising: one man killed.

January 19, 1646.—Sir Richard Lloyd delivered Holt Castle to Colonel Pope, in the absence of General Mitton, by a former agreement.

About the 24th of March, the soldiers in Denbighshire did stir a mutiny, and, coming to Wrexham, they lay hold of Colonel Jones, treasurer, and others of the committee, and imprisoned them, demanding their arrears, and a just account of the money which the county had paid them. General Mitton, being that morning come to town, had some intelligence, and fled towards Holt Castle, the soldiers firing after him.

About the 25th of March a warrant from General Mitton, to demand £7. 2*s.* for four weeks, came to the Constable of Uwch Cregennan.

About March 26, High Arcol was delivered to the Parliament forces.

Colonel Wats marched from Chirk, as he pretended, towards the king, to Pool; thence to Churchstoke, where he proposed to stay that night, but was surprised by country people, and some soldiers out of both castles, and the waggons of his carriages taken.

My Lord Biron came with his army from Chester to Conway.

The latter end of March, the garrison of Holt Castle burnt

above forty houses in town, and burnt the gardens, with the firelocks the Parliamenteers kept.

The 1st of April following, they of the castle sallied out of the castle, and fell upon Major Sadler's quarters, resolving to put all in that house to the sword, which they had been like to effect, had not a guard, which was placed in a mount erected three days before, relieved them. There fell on the Parliament side five men, and fourteen wounded: of the other party, Captain Cottingham, their commander, a Papist; a lieutenant, and two more, and many wounded. There hath been never a day since but they sallied out constantly twice or thrice a day, and as constantly beaten back.

Idem. The Parliament forces went to Carnarvon, and lay before the town, and the Lord Biron, somewhat before they came, burnt the suburbs, and sent Mr. Spicer, with a company of soldiers, for provision, who robbed and took all the cattle they found, and returned, but Spicer was taken.

April 6.—Between 300 and 400 of my Lord Biron's men, horse and foot, came to Dolgelle, under the conduct of Colonel Vane.

The 9th day, in the morning, 100 of them marched to Mowddû, and robbed and plundered all their way, and returned with a rich booty by eleven o'clock. Then they received £28. 10s. being one month's contribution, falling on Uwch Cregennan, and demanded the second contribution to be paid in white cloth,* at Harlech Castle, on the 16th day of April aforesaid, which was undertaken by the inhabitants. The day following, having plundered all the town, and many places in the country, returned to Trawfynydd, and thence to Festiniog and Maenturog.

On the — of April, Colonel Whitley delivered the Castle of Aberystwith to the besiegers, and his men, about ——, or more, came to Harlech, and thence to Carnarvonshire; and they went to Llanrwst. From thence they marched to Denbigh, and, between Whitchurch and the town, some horsemen of the castle met with some of the Parliament forces, and fought with them, and hurt or killed one captain, and returned.

On the — of April, General Mitton, having intelligence that Biron's forces were at Dolgelle, that they had plundered his tenants in Mowddû,† sent a company of soldiers, under Colonel ——— to Bala; and, on Saturday morning, marched by Micenant to Festiniog and Maentwrog, thinking to overtake my Lord Biron's men; but they had knowledge of their coming, and fled over the water to Carnarvonshire. The Forlorn Hope of the Parliament quartered at Maenturog and Festiniog that night, and betimes

* We assume this to be the flannel web of the country.—Editors.

† The manor of Mowddû is possessed by the descendant of General Mitton, John Mitton, esq. of Halston, Salop.—Editors.

on Sunday morning went back to stay the army from coming forwards.

The Parliament forces went towards Llandurnog about the 17th of April.

Shortly after they lay before Denbigh, and had some loss of men several times.

In the beginning of June (4th or 5th,) the Castle of Carnarvon was delivered to General Mitton.

They came before Conway the — day of June, with whom joined the Archbishop of York,* and Barret Williams.

August 8.—The Archbishop and his adherents took the town of Conway.

August 18.—Pendenys Castle, in Cornwall, was surrendered to the Parliament.

August 19.—Beiglan Castle was surrendered to the Parliament.

September 14.—Colonel John Jones and Major Moor, with soldiers, laid siege to Harlech Castle.

Denbigh Castle was delivered the 26th of October.

About October the 28th, Mr. William Salisbury, after he had sent to the king to show in what case the country stood, and what misery they suffered by reason of the Leaguer, and also how his soldiers in the castle were infected with divers diseases, was commanded by the king to deliver the castle to Major-General Mitton.

November 13.—Conway Castle was delivered to Major-General Mitton.

About the beginning of March, 1647, the soldiers were disbanded in Merioneddshire, and we paid £300.

March 13.—The articles for the delivery of Harlech Castle were signed. The next day Mr. Robert Folks, being in the castle, died, and was buried in Llanfair. The 16th day, being Tuesday, the governor, Mr. William Owen, delivered the keys of the castle to General Mitton.

There were in the castle, of gentlemen, the governor, Sir Hugh Blayney, knight; Mr. Folks; Mr. John Edwards, of Chirk, who, being somewhat aged, died in February; Captain William Edwards, his son; Lieutenant Roger Arthur; Lieutenant Roberts; John Hanmer, son of Richard Hanmer, of Pentre Pant; William

* Dr. John Williams. The collateral descendants of this bishop possess properties in Anglesea, Carnarvon, Merionedd, and Montgomery shires. He was, undoubtedly, a great statesman, lawyer, and divine, and the last ecclesiastic created Lord Chancellor. Nothing could justify his forsaking the decayed fortunes of his unhappy king and benefactor, Charles. Commentators have, with just asperity, condemned this imperfection of character.—Editors.

Edwards, of Cefn y wern; Ancient William Williams was shot in the hand about All-hallowtide, and died 19th January; Meredith Lloyd, of Llanfair, in Caer Einion; Roger Burton; Francis Mason; Peter Simott; William Thomas; and Thomas Arthur, the governor's man.

Besides these, there were but twenty-eight common soldiers: their duty was performed as follows:

Squadron 1. The Governor and Lieutenant Arthur.
2. Captain William Edwards and John Hanmer.
3. Meredith Lloyd and William Edwards. These went the rounds by turns, and Burton went to the guard on the new wall.

Squadron 2.
1. Ancient William Williams, by himself.
2. Lieutenant John Roberts and Thomas Arthur.
3. Francis Mason and Peter Simott.
William Thomas on the new wall.

These went the rounds every other night: they were on the guard appointed.

Seven centries stood every night, wherein were fourteen soldiers: their relief was hourly, and their duty every other night.

We of Merioneddshire paid of monthly contribution £360. April, 1647, we paid the last. May following, we paid another contribution, contrary to General Mitton's promise. We paid also our part of £1200 for disbanding of soldiers, and were to give free quarters to the horse soldiers.

About the 12th of May following, the foot soldiers under Captain Callant, Pickin, and Dawson, were disbanded. We paid in Merioneddshire £360 of disbanding money.

June 22.—The Earl of Denbigh and Colonel Mitton came before Oswestry, and, without any loss on any side, got it.

Colonel Marron, with 3000, or more, as is said, beset the town of Oswestry about ———. The Earl of Denbigh came to raise the siege, and the king's men encountering with him, he gave ground, whereupon the king's men followed them, thinking they had fled indeed; but they had belayed the hedges with musketeers, who slew no small number of them: the rest fled.

The Earl of Denbigh and Colonel Mitton went before Shrewsbury, but they were beaten back, with some loss.

Sir Thomas Myddleton came to Pool, with Colonel Mitton, in the night time, and took 200 horse, and some men, Sir Thomas Dalison escaping very narrowly; and took Captain Grace prisoner.

Sir Thomas Myddleton came to Newtown, and took twenty-six barrels of powder of the prince's, and thence went to Llanidloes,

and took Sir Thomas Grace and most of his troop prisoners at Newtown.

Sir Thomas came before Montgomery Castle, and the Lord of Cherbury delivered the same unto him, without blows. A day or two after, Sir Thomas, with a company of soldiers, went to Oswestry. Colonel Broughton, with the foot forces of Shropshire, and all the power he could levy, came before the Castle of Montgomery; and Sir William Vaughan and Sir Thomas Dalison led the horse.

When Sir William Vaughan and Sir Thomas Dalison came before Montgomery Castle, then Sir Thomas Myddleton sent soldiers out of the castle to skirmish with them, between Hêndommen and the Park, while he himself got away; then the king's men beat the Castleleers into their hold, and, having intelligence that Sir Thomas was fled, they followed to Pont y Cymhere, and there took thirty-six prisoners; but Sir Thomas very narrowly escaped.

And, after him, Lord Biron, with 2000 men from Chester, came thitherwards, by Llansilin, and so to Llanfyllin, and thence to Berriew, and quartered at Vaynor: he begins to intrench himself and his men not far from Montgomery. 16th September.

Friday before the battle, he came to the Leaguer. The battle was to be Wednesday following.

The other side, Sir William Brereton, Sir Thomas Fairfax, with . . . . . , came to Watlesborough Heath.

The said Lord Biron sent to the Commissioners of Array, in Merioneddshire and the adjacent counties, commanding them to make ready the trained bands, and all able men besides, and send them to . . . , there to rest till they should hear more from him.

After All-hallowtide, a strong party of Colonel Jones's soldiers entered into Penrhyn House, wherein Humphrey Jones, sometime king's receiver, a very rich man, dwelled, and demanded £—, but the gentleman spake them fair, and caused them to be brought to the cellar to drink, and, in the meantime, the neighbours, who, to the number of forty, came there; and the soldiers and they began to jar, and at last fell to blows, but the soldiers being more in number, and better armed, killed one; but the countrymen took thirty-six of them, and sent them as prisoners to Carnarvon Castle; but Captain Glyn, that did govern the soldiers of the garrison there, did let them all go away, who went to Conway, from whence they came.

1648.—About the same time, Thomas Glynllivon, esq. governor of Carnarvon Castle, and John Bodwrda, esq. died.

Poyer, governor of Pembroke Castle, declared that he kept the

said castle to the king's use, and about Easter, or rather before, issued out, and fell on the parliament soldiers near unto him, killed some, and took forty, or thereabouts, prisoners, to whom he gave an oath never to bear arms against the king, and gave them 30*d.* a piece, and so let them go. Captain Rys Powel, governor of Tenby, declared himself likewise for the king.

The Duke of York escaped to Holland, and also did General Sacham from London to Pembroke Castle.

In the latter end of April, some 300 of the Parliamenteers, under the conduct of Captain Fleming and Captain Jones, did set on the Pembrokians, who were far greater in number, but country fellows; they brake their arrays, and were like to have routed, but that Major Rys Powel, and Captain Adish, being there, suffered their enemies to pass till they had compassed them in, then they played upon them on all sides, and killed a great many of them. At last, Captain Jones, by the swiftness of his horse, escaped hurt, and Captain Fleming, with some six score soldiers, took the church of Llandeilo fawr upon them; but the Pembrokians broke in upon them, and made, as they say, a slaughter of them; Captain Fleming, as they say, having taken an oath before Poyer not to bear arms against the king, and then shot himself with a pistol, and died.

Great scarcity there is in Pembrokeshire of all kinds of victuals.

May 8.—The Pembrokians did very fiercely set on and assail Horton and the parliament army, who had fortified themselves many days before, choosing a place fit to receive their enemy's charge, and to assail them with a great deal of advantage; but, after an hour's fighting, the Pembrokians, being on the lower ground, were feign to retire, and were warned by the General to shift every man for himself. This battle was fought at St. Fagan's parish, not far from Llandaff.

May 17.—Sir John Owen came to Dolgelle, having about 100 reformads in his company, all of them almost being commanders, amongst whom was Colonel Lloyd, of Llwyn y Maen; Colonel Scriven; Colonel Lee; Mr. Morgan Herbert, and Captain Edward Herbert, his son; Captain Blodwst; Captain Kynaston; Captain Phillips, &c. where they quartered two nights, and, at their departure, paid for their quarters, and did no man harm: from whence they went to Dyffryn Ardydwy; from whence they went to Carnarvonshire; and, on Monday following, they came back to Ardydwy. Monday, in the evening, about 100 horse of the Parliamenteers came to Dolgelle, under — Twisleton and Captain Sontley. These, having some intelligence that some foot came over Dyfy, from Sir Richard Price to Sir John Owen, took their horse, and went to Penal, and from thence to Towyn; and, at Llwyn-gwril overtook some of those footmen, who, thinking they

had been some of their own men, made no resistance, nor shift for themselves, and, therefore, about forty-eight were taken prisoners, among whom were Captain Vaughan, Henry Vaughan's son, of Golden Grove; one Captain Lloyd, of . . . , and . . . ; and returned to Dolgelle at six o'clock in the evening, Tuesday; and, when it was about midnight, they took their prisoners, and went their ways to Bala, and so towards Denbigh.

Sir John Owen, having intelligence from Bala that the Parliamenteers were marched towards Dolgelle, returned back to Ardydwy late in the evening, Monday, intending to be at their quarters at Dolgelle; but having intelligence, as it seems, that they were very vigilant, they altered their purpose, and retired back to Carnarvonshire.

In the beginning of June, a party of Sir John Owen's men scouting abroad, met William Lloyd, sheriff of Carnarvonshire, who had . . . , with carbines, in his company, where he was hurt and taken.

On Monday, the 5th of June, Sir John and his men marched towards Bangor, carrying along the sheriff in a litter; they took a messenger of the Parliamenteers, who had a letter to them that were in Carnarvon, to come on the . . . . . of Sir John, affirming that they were but few. Sir John, fearing lest if the Carnarvon men should not be able to encounter them, made haste to meet the parliament soldiers, who were, by three o'clock on Tuesday, before them, thinking those to be but few: presently they were discovered to march towards Llandegay; then Sir John carried his foot over the river, and presently met them; Sir John's forlorn hope was led by Lieutenant Colonel Scriven, who did quite beat the forlorn hope of the Parliament; the second charge, the Parliament side had the better. The foot of the cavaliers did at first prevail with good success, yet the Parliament horse kept in a close body, so that, at the end of half an hour, they began to break through the cavaliers, and routed them, taking Sir John Owen and his son, Colonel Lloyd, of Llwyn y Maen, and some fourteen gentlemen, and about forty of the foot. There died of the cavaliers Captain Sanderson, and a few more of the Parliament side.

Sir John's army was not 300 horse and foot: the Parliament had . . . .

Sir Arthur Blaeney, Lieutenant Scriven, Herbert Vaughan, and many more, escaped.

The Sheriff of Carnarvonshire, being left in his litter when they went to fight, died the day after, about the 10th of June, . . . Pembroke.

Sir William Brereton and Sir Thomas Myddleton came to

Wrexham, and got it, and shortly left it, and returned over Dee, by reason that —— Irishmen landed near Mostyn. Captain Robinson kept Holt Castle from them all the while they were in Wrexham.

Mr. Ravenscroft delivered Hardin Castle to the enemies, and shortly after fled unto them, and not long afterwards they forsook the castle.

About the latter end of June, — Dolben, and — Chambers, of Denbigh, had a design to take the same castle: they scaled it in the night, and about sixty men got into the outer ward, but they were discovered, and some of them taken: they both plundered . . . . . escaped, as is said.

Lieutenant Colonel Hughes, Captain Morgan, Captain Brynkir, and others, to the number of twelve men, kept still in a body after the battle of Bangor, which drew Captain Sontley and twenty-two soldiers more, to come into the country to scatter or take them, in the beginning of July.

Whilst Sontley and his men were in Dolgelle, in July, certain men of Anglesey, understanding that a company of Parliamenteers lodged at Bangor, came over in the night, and in the morning took of them between thirty and forty about Aber. Sontley and his men went toward Bala on Sunday morning, July 16.

The same time Dolben and Chambers, with their company, came before Denbigh Castle and Chirk Castle, and, in a bravado, discharged their pistols, and went their way.

In Carnarvonshire, the soldiers of the Parliament did plunder Clynenne, and a great many gentlemen of Nionydd and Llynn.

Shortly after, Anglesey men came over to Carnarvon, and took some men and horses about Clynnog, and hearing that General Mitton and Colonel Jones were at Pwllheli, they made that way, but those men, having intelligence of their purpose, went their way, and returned to Anglesey.

About the midst of August, Sir Harry Lingen, knight, of Herefordshire, came with horse and foot, and advanced towards North Wales, intending to join with Anglesey men, but, being narrowly watched by the troops of the counties adjacent, who gave General Horton intelligence of Lingen's design. Whilst they followed after him, Horton came from Pembroke crosswise, and met Lingen's men near Llanidloes, took Sir Harry, sore hurt, and —— prisoners. The rest fled, whereof about thirty horse, and some few foot, came to Mallwyd, 17th day, and lay there that night; the morrow they came to Dolgelle, where they rested till the morrow, being Saturday, for they were bruised; and thither came Sir Arthur Blaeney, and they went to Harlech, and so to Anglesey.

Another company of them, (or from the north,) to the number

of sixty, came to Bala, intending to go to Anglesey, but they had no sooner lighted but Colonel Jones and —— soldiers came after them, and, after some struggling, they took about fifty of Lingen's men; some few escaped: it is reported they had £300, in money and booty.

Colonel Horton followed as far as Pool, and returned, and in his return burnt Havod Uchtryd, Morgan Herbert's house, for that one of his men had been there murdered by Morgan Herbert's men, but without the privity of Morgan, who was then . . . .

September 26, at night, the Parliament forces entered Anglesey, and, with fifty or sixty boats, put over both horse and foot the 27th day.

In the month of August, King Charles and his host . . . . to England, and went to Manchester, and to Chester, and to Wem, and by Shrewsbury, and thence to *Caer Wrangen.

In the month of August there was a battle between the men of Earl Derby and Colonel Lilburn, and the Earl lost the field.

The month of September, came some men of Denbigh to Merioneddshire, namely, Captain Wynn and others, to raise horses and muskets, or £17 18 instead of the horse, and a month of pay, and £2 13 instead of . . . . , and a month of pay, to be had again in taxes beforehand.

1649.—An act for the Propagation of the Gospel in Wales.

In April, Payer was shot to death.

†Duke Hamilton and Earl Holland were beheaded, and Lord Capel; and, by the grace of God, Lord Goring and Sir John Owen were preserved.

A tax was given towards supporting the war in Ireland, and to the Lord Fairfax in England, namely £90,000 a month, to begin the 25th of March, 1649, for three months; and of this £47 7 3 fell upon Merioneddshire, and £165 a month for six months more.

About the middle of March, 1650, men were placed in Castle y waen, and Sir Thomas Myddleton went as a *sculker* to England. At the same time soldiers came to Merioneddshire, and took Rowland Vaughan, of Cae'r gau; young William Wynn, of Glyn; Mr. William Owen, of Glynnone; Colonel Mostyn Wynn, of Fod sellau; 500 volunteers, who . . . from Wales to Ireland.

In the month of December an Act came out to raise a tax on the kingdom of £120,000 for the war, to continue for four months, that is to say, a tax of £853 9 8 a month every month of these four months.

From the 25th of March, 1651, for six months more, is £120,000.

Many churches in Wales were empty, without service, and the priests without any thing to live upon.

* Worcester. † This part of the narrative is in Welsh.—Editors.

A press of fifty of the men of Merioneddshire, beginning of June, 1651, and in proportion this number through Wales and England, to go to Ireland.

The 14th of the same month there was a battle in Cardiganshire, towards *Llan Rhystyd, and twenty of the men of the country were killed.

In the month of September there was a battle between the men of Parliament, in Caer Wrangen, with the Prince, and the men of the Parliament conquered, slaying 2000, and taking 1000 of the Prince's men.

MUSIC.

We are truly gratified in being enabled to present our fair countrywomen with the subjoined "Offering" from one of themselves.

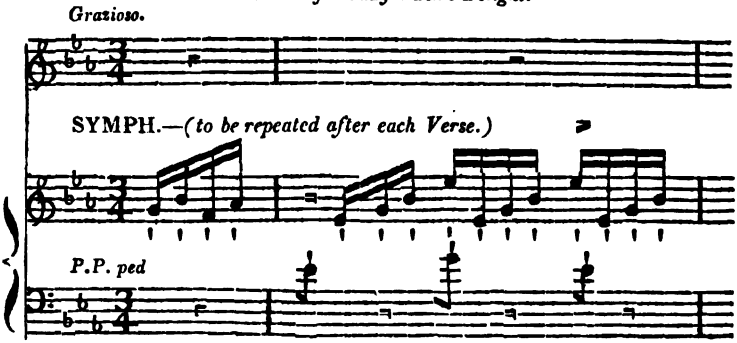
With a mixture of pride and sorrow we number Mrs. Hemans's Fairwell to her Native Land amongst the first-fruits of our literary career. It is a consolation, however, to find that her attachment to Cambria is commensurate with that regret every true Welsh heart must feel at her departure.

"Mrs. Hemans requests that the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly will favor her by accepting the enclosed little Song, which she has set to the air chosen by her sister. A subject from the history of Wales might, perhaps, have been more appropriate to their opening number, but she trusts that, as a slight offering of her attachment to the country, it may not be unacceptable."

Wavertree, near Liverpool; Dec. 8.

Farewell to Wales.

To the Air of "Lady Owen's Delight."



* Castell Rhôs, in this parish, belonged anciently to Jorwerth ap Owen; for, except this and Llanvihangel Castle, in Pengwern, the whole of Cardiganshire was taken from him by Cadell Meredydd, and Rhys, in the year 1150. Eight years afterwards it was fortified by the Earl of Clare.—Editors.

cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.

P.P.

cres - - - cen - - do.
F.

cres - - cendo.
F.F. ped.

SONG.

The voice of thy streams in my spi - -
P.
rit I bear; Fare - well! and a
piu f.
bless - ing be with thee, green land! On thy

halls, thy hearths, on thy pure mountain
P
air, On the strings of the harp and the
cres - - cen - - -
tr.
min-strel's free hand! From the love of my soul with
do.
F.

I bless thee! yet not for the beauty which dwells
In the heart of thy hills, on the waves of thy shore;
And not for the memory set deep in thy dells
Of the bard and the warrior, the mighty of yore;
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,
Green land, poet land of my home and my dead!

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat
Where'er a low hamlet smiles under thy skies;
For thy peasant hearths burning, the stranger to greet,
For the soul that looks forth from thy children's kind eyes!
May the blessing, like sunshine, around thee be spread
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!

F. H.

THE BARDS.

An Ode; by Miss M. Potter.

Dear Cambria, place of my birth,
Round the hearts of true Britons entwine;
What spot so enchanting on earth,
Fam'd for minstrels and poets divine.

Cadwalader's fame was renown'd,
Prince Llewelyn with victories bled;
The names of our heroes resound,
As warriors just mix'd with the dead.

When dying, they breath'd a request,
That Britons united would stand;
With valour like those gone to rest,
They might conquer by sea and by land.

Hoel's harp was silent thro' grief,
Modred wept for the chieftains so brave;
But nor lyre nor song gave relief,
Sorrow hastened the bards to their grave.

HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGE OF THE GAULS AND OF THE ARMORICANS;

By Dan. L. Miorcec de Kerdanet,

Docteur en Droit, Avocat à la Cour, &c.

Corresponding Member of the Royal Cambrian Institution.

Translated from the French by DAVID LEWIS, *editor of the Cymrodorion Transactions.*

THE language of the Gauls, and of part of the west, was the Celtic, or Breton. Asia is its cradle, from whence it has been spread through Europe, with the nations who have peopled that vast quarter of the world.

Moses says that, after the deluge, the children of Japhet dispersed themselves into different countries, in the islands of the nations, where each had its own language, families, and people.*

* A learned Bas-Breton, Jacques le Brigant, at the end of his *Observations on the primitive (or Breton) Tongue*, has given an engraving of the tower of Babel, with this inscription: *A hann a lampas*, it is from hence that it came.

Josephus, the historian, adds, that Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, brought with him into Europe the language of his generations, and that he transmitted it to the Gomerians, or Gauls, his descendants.*

We shall pass with rapidity through its phases, descending from century to century to the present time.

We shall mention what people have spoken that language, and, without having recourse to comparative tables to etymologies, a species of labour already executed by a number of writers, it will be in the works of ancient authors that we shall seek the proofs of our assertions. We shall then follow the order and course of centuries, and introduce in their intervals whatever of interest the volumes we have perused may have presented us with.

Such will be the history of the celto-breton language. In the first place we shall speak of

The different People of Gaul. Of the Belgians, the Aquitains, and the Celts.

Cæsar divides Gaul into three parts, one inhabited by the Belgians, and another by the Aquitains, and the third by those "who," says he, "in their language are called Celts, and whom we name Gauls."†

So far we see that Cæsar states these three people to have possessed one common language; but that language was subject to several dialects. "In reality," continues the same author, "all these people differ from each other in language, laws, and institutions." In this place, by paying the least attention to the expressions of Strabo, we shall find that the word language only means dialect. "The language of all the Gauls is the same; but it varies a little."‡

We know, moreover, that the Druids were accustomed to assemble every year in the country of Chartres, for the purpose of administering justice to the private persons of the realm, who came from all parts to consult them.§ There must then have been a general language, and that of the Druids familiar to all the Gauls; which appears still more evident, from our not finding either in Cæsar, or any other author, that they had any occasion for interpreters. What still strengthens our opinions, is, our finding

* The word Europe is from the Breton, *e-vro-pen*, the extremity of his share, viz. of the share or portion of the earth allotted to Japhet.

† Cæsar, init. "The Celts," says Pausanias, "did not name themselves Gauls or Galates until after a long space of time; for, anciently, they themselves said they were Celts. Celts and Gauls are, therefore, the same names."

‡ Eâdem non usquequaquè linguâ utuntur omnes, sed paululum variatâ. Strab iv.

§ Cæsar, vi. 13.

the proper names of the nobles of every country of Gaul with the same termination: Cingétorix amongst the Treviri, Dumnorix amongst the Æduians, Ambiorix in the country of Liege, Eporédorix in Helvetia, Vercingéorix in Auvergne, and Viridorix in Armoric.*

Tacitus also reckoned in Gaul sixty-four cities; the whole of which possessed the same language, statutes, and magistrates. That language was the pure Celtic, which the Romans designated by the appellation of Gallic.

It was spoken at Treves,† at Autun,‡ at Lyons,§ at Marseilles,‖ at Toulon,¶ in Auvergne,** in Aquitaine,†† and amongst the Armoricans, of which feeble nation we take the following short notice:

The Armoricans formed a part of the Celts, whose language they spoke.‡‡ This is proved, in the first place, by the Celtic, or Gallic words quoted by authors, and which all belong to the Breton-Armorican; in the second place, by a passage of Mela, in his Cosmography. This geographical writer informs us that, on the coasts of the Ossismians, in Armoric, was an island called the island of Sein, (*Sena*,) inhabited by priestesses consecrated to chastity; that these virgins were celebrated for the oracles they delivered, and that they were consulted from every point of Gaul; therefore, could the Gauls consult the priestesses of Sein without understanding their language? They spoke, then, the same language in Armoric, and in the island of Sein, as in Gaul.§§

Of Great Britain.

If we refer to the evidence of Cæsar, we find that those Gauls who wished to be thoroughly acquainted with the doctrine and

* In all these names, the word *rix*, or *rich*, signified, in Gallic, strong and powerful, and it is thus that Fortunat explains it, in allusion to the name of Chelperic,

"Chelperiche potens, si interpres barbarus adsit,
Adjutor fortis hoc quoque nomen habet."

This word, *Rix*, or *Rich*, is also found in the ancient name of the people of Little Brittany, *Armorici*, or *Armorichi*, as Procopus designates them. *Ar-morich*, or King's of the Sea, a name which, according to Cæsar, they were fond of giving themselves, and of which they were worthy, as they surpassed the rest of the people of Gaul in the art of navigation.—L. iii. and vi.

Cæsar gained over them a naval victory, in which combat he was merely a spectator. His fleet was commanded by the younger Brutus, to whom he was much attached, and who, afterwards, became one of his assassins.—"*Tu quoque, mi Brute!*"

† S. Hyeron. ad Galat. 3. ‖ Hyer. ibid. †† Sulp. Sev. dial. i. 20.
‡ Cæs. i. 28. ¶ Sueton. in Vitell. ‡‡ Cæs. vi. 75.
§ S. Træn. pref. ** Syd. Apoll

§§ A writer of legends pretends that there was found, in the island of Sein, a Breton MS., containing the Pagan ceremonies which were practised in that island. The Dryads of Sein possessed the power of exciting and calming storms, by the means of their mysterious songs, *carminibus*. Mela, iii. 6. It is probable that these verses, or *carmens*, were in Bas Breton.

philososhy of the Druids passed into Albion *; and, as the Druids wrote nothing, nor made use of books, they must, in order to give their lessons, have had a common language with the Gauls. Also, Tacitus assures us, that there was but a trifling difference between the two languages.† Ptolomæus, moreover, remarks that the proper names of the insular Britons, and of the Gauls, were still the same in his time; that the conformity of names extended to the cities and habitations of the two people.‡

The identity of names and of language proceeded from having the same origin. Albion was a colony of Gaul.§

"It will easily be believed," says Tacitus, "that the Gauls have occupied the neighbouring soil. You find there the same worship, founded upon the same superstitions, and nearly the same language."

The venerable Bede, the father of English history, thus expresses himself, "The Britons alone have given their name to this island. They were its first inhabitants. They came from Armoric into Albion, and took possession of the southern parts of the island. Such is the tradition."

"The Gauls," says, in his turn, William of Newbridge, "are the first inhabitants of our islands. It has long since been proved that they are of the same nation as the Bretons beyond sea, and that they have the same language."‖

After passages thus precise, we cannot reasonably doubt but that the language of the insular Britons has been the same as that of the Gauls and of the Bretons, of the continent. It was only after a long series of years, and by degrees, that the Celtic or Gallic language became confined in Armoric and in Great Britain. The invasions of the Francs have driven it to the confines of French Brittany, in the same manner as those of the Danes and of the Saxons have forced it back into the principality of Wales in England. In short, the Celtic-Breton has remained in these two regions of Great and Little Britain, where it is still spoken at this day by two millions of men.

Of the People of Italy. Of the Venetians.

Strabo considers the Venetians as descendants of the Venetes of Armoric.¶ "I believe," says he, "that these last have founded

* Cæs. vi. 13. † Sermo haud multum diversus. In Agric.

‡ Ptolem. iii. 3. Cæs. v. 12.

§ Whether Armoric was first peopled by Britons, or Albion by Bretons, is a question that has not hitherto been satisfactorily answered, we shall be glad to receive a communication on the subject.—EDITORS.

‖ Ejusdem nationis et linguæ, xi. 5. Ita Camden.

¶ The family of Badoer, one of the most illustrious of Venice, claimed their origin from the Breton Venetes. *Badoeri, clarissima Venetorum familia, quæ ex Venetis Britonibus olim fuerat. Pontic. Virunius.*

those of Adria. I believe it so much the more, as their neighbours, the Boïans, and the Senones, came from beyond the Alps.*

The Venetians of Adria," says Polybius, "nearly resemble the Gauls in their manners and costume, and only differ from them in their dialect."†

Of the Aborigines.

The language of these people, according to St. Isidore, was quite rude and coarse. "It was that which was spoken in Italy in the times of Janus and of Saturn."‡

This passage has occasioned the learned Pezron to believe that the language of the court of the good King Saturn was the same as that of Quimper Corentin; and the pious Isidore would, perhaps, not have thought it so barbarous had he heard it spoken by the young princesses of that brilliant court." "However, to set the matter at rest," says Pezron, "I have furnished proofs respecting it which can never be refuted."§

Of the Oscians.

Macrobius inclines us to think that the language of the Oscians resembled the Gallic.‖ Aulus Gellius frequently says, "This word is Ossique or Gallic," meaning that the two were much alike.¶ In the year 1760, was discovered in the ruins of Abella, in Campania, an ancient Ossique inscription, relating to an adjudication of boundaries. We find in it the Celto-Breton words, "*entre ar vein uss,*" which means "between the stones raised," and the word "*tribalad,*" which signifies "three shovelsful of earth."**

Aulus Gellius mentions that the poet Ennius surnamed himself *Tricor,* because he knew three languages, the Greek, Ossique, and Latin.†† The translators have, in vain, endeavoured to explain this word. The Abbé of Verteuil thought he had translated it, in saying that "*Ennius had three hearts, because he knew three languages;*" Noël Taillepied, that "*Ennius had three cords to his bow, forasmuch as he could speak three sorts of tongues.*" If these authors had learnt the Breton, they would have known that the word *tricor* was Ossique or Gallic, and formed of the word *tri-cor,* three languages, *trilinguis;* from whence comes the name of *Tricor,* in Latin *Tricorum.* Tréguier‡‡ (Triguer), an ancient town

* Strab. ii. and iv. † Polyb. ii.

‡ Prisca lingua est quâ vetustissimi Italiæ populi sub Jano et Saturno sunt usi, incondita. O. ix. 1.

§ Antiq. p. 188, &c. ¶ Gell. passim. †† Gell. xvii. 7.

‖ Saturn, vi. 4. ** Gebelin, Mond. prunit. ‡‡ *Trigair* in Welsh.

of Brittany, where in former times they spoke Breton, French, and Latin.*

Ennius knew the Ossique; thus we find, in his verses, some words of that language. We will cite but one, *tarantura*, which imitates so well the sound of the trumpet.

"Cum tuba terribilem sonitum *tarantura* dixit."

This word is Bas Breton, derived from *taran*, the sound of the clarion, and from which Taranis Jupiter the Thunderer, takes amongst the Greeks its modest origin.

Of the Tyrrhénians.

The Tyrrhénians, or Tuscans, according to Denis of Halicarnassus, spoke a barbarous language; and we know that by barbarians, the Gauls were especially meant, with whose language the Greeks and the Romans† were but imperfectly acquainted.

The same historian states that the ancient Latin tongue was neither entirely barbarian, nor entirely Greek, but a mixture of both, viz. of Gallic and Æolian Greek.‡

Quintilian also remarks, that the Romans have borrowed several words from the Gauls, of which they make use, he says, as of their own property.§

Aulus Gellius will shortly show us that the Tuscan and Gallic were a subject of laughter to the inhabitants of Rome.

Of the Sabines.

The Sabines spoke the language of the Oscians.‖ The Sabines, the Marsians, and the Vestians had the same idiom.¶ The Sabines were descended from the Ombrians, and the Ombrians from the Gauls.** It was amongst the Sabines that Cato passed his youth, in the country where the Latin was not so generally made use of, to which is owing that we meet with several Bas Breton words in his works.††

* Vide the Catolicon of Quoatquévéran, printed at Tréquier, in 1499. Alain Bouchard says, that St. Yves, who lived in that town in 1280, "*preached there in French or Breton language, also in Latin, according as he saw that the congregation required it.*

† The word "*barbare*" is derived from the Celto-Breton "*bara bara*," bread-bread. The frequent repetition of *barabara*, so necessary to the Gauls for the purpose of demanding their daily rations of bread, had obtained them the appellation of barbares, (barbarians,) which in the end was extended to the other nations, strangers to the Greeks and Romans.

‡ Ex utroque mixto. Dion. Hal. i.

§ Plurima gallica valuerunt Romani, suum ex alieno utroque (græco et gallico) fecerunt. Quint. i. 9.

‖ Strab. iii.

¶ Festus ad Hernie.

** Dion. Hal. Solin.

†† Vide Pors.

The language of the Sabines, according to Pezron, was the pure Celtic, to prove which we shall give some proper names, and the word *redandruo*, so conformable to the Breton. Cato comes from *cat*,* wise, prudent; Cossus, from *cos*, old, wrinkled; Dalivus, from *dall*, blind, foolish; Lucius, from *luch*, light;† Nero, from *ner* or *nerz*, strength, courage;‡ Silanus, from *sizlan*, a spigot; Tatius, from *tad*, father; Terentius, from *torri*, to break;§ Tullius, from *tull*, which was pronounced *toull*, a cavern, &c.

The Salians, priests of Mars, in that small nation, were accustomed yearly to perform farandoles, the whole art of which consisted in executing voltes in every possible manner, after dancing in circle, at the same time always keeping the most exact measure.

This dance was called *redandruo*, which, in the Sabine language, signified a circle race.‖ This *redandruo* is visibly the *redandro* of the Bretons, which, in their language, has the same signification, and is still executed in the same manner.

Of Asia Minor. Of the Phocians.

The Phocians, a people of Ionia, spoke the Gallic language, which they brought back into Europe when, under the conduct of Euxenus the younger, they came and founded the town of Marseilles, 600 years before Jesus Christ.¶

Euxenus sent deputies to Bellovèse, chief or king of the Gauls, who answered that he had inherited from his ancestors sentiments of goodwill and friendship towards the Greeks, and that he should know how to protect their infant colony from the pride of their neighbours.** It was under the protection of Bellovèse that Euxenus built that famous city destined to give a new existence to the land of the Celts, and which has since acquired the title of the Athens of Gaul.

Of the Galatians.††

The Galatians, according to Lucian, also spoke the language of the Gauls.‡‡ The national language of the Galatians, says St.

* *Call* in Welsh.

† Lucie, primâ luce orti. Varr. et Val. Max.

‡ Nero sabinum verbum est, eoque significatur virtus et fortitudo. Itaque ex Claudiis, quos à Sabinis oriundos accepimas, qui erat egregiâ atque prestanti fortitudine, *Nero* appellatus est. Gell. et Suet. in Tib.

§ *Terentinæ* nuces à *terento* quod est Sabinorum linguâ molle. Macrob. iii.

‖ *Redandruo*, id est, circumvolatio, ex *red* et *antruo*, quod antiqui utebantur pro *redeo*. Sic Lucilius poëta apud Cal. Aurel. Præsul ut amrdruat, sic vulgò redamdruat ipse.

¶ Varro ap. S. Hyeron. ad Galat. iii.

** Strabo, iv.

†† Ità Gallos sermo græcas appellat, Galatæ, Brenno duce, in Græciam irruperunt ab ultimis Oceane finibus. Pausan. x. Tit. Liv.

‡‡ Pseudom. p. 494.

Jerome, is the same as that of the Trevirians; and though it may have undergone some alteration, it is of little consequence.* This learned doctor adds, that they named the seed from which they extracted the scarlet die "*Coch.*" This word has the same meaning in Breton. Tertullian remarks, that the good King Saturn was fond of wearing a mantle of Galatian scarlet.†

In that province lived the Tolistobroges, whose name signifies driven or exiled from their country, *tolist-o-brog.*‡ We know, in fact, that the army of the Gauls retired, wandering and fugitive, into Thrace and Asia Minor, after the defeat of Brennus, under the walls of Delphos.

Of the People of Sarmatia.

The language of the Sarmatians, of the Scythians, and Cimbri; that of the Thracians, Getæ, and Dacians; the language of the Peucinians, of the Bastarnians, and of the Scordisquians, formed but one collateral of the Celtic.

The language of the Cimbrians, or Cimbri, says Macrobius, was that of the Cimmerian Scythians, established on the borders of the Palus Meotides, which they called *Môr marusa. Mor marusa vox vere cimbrica, nàm Scythæ, quibus cimbrica lingua fuit vernacula hanc vocem habuerunt. Môr marw,* in Welsh; in Breton, *Mor maro,* signify the Dead Sea: consequently, this shows the connexion between the Cimbric, the Welsh, and the Breton; but this ought not to surprise us, since the Cimmerians or the Cimbri were the same as the Gauls;§ but what is strange is, that the Welsh still call their language the Cimbric, Cymraeg; and their country Cymry, or Cymmri.

Tacitus teaches us that the Scordisquians, the Bastarnians, and the Peucinians, had one common language.‖ Now the language of the Scordisquians was the same as that of the Galatians, and the Galatians spoke Gallic.

Ovid declaims violently against the idiom of the Getæ, which was the same as that of the Thracians, Sarmatians, and Dacians.¶ He compares it to the roaring of wild beasts, "*voces ferinæ.*" Nevertheless, he learnt the Getic, and composed in it a poem in praise of Augustus:

"Nam dedici geticé, sarmaticéque loqui."

* S. Hyer. ad Galat. ii. 3. St. Jerome had dwelt at Treves, at that time the metropolis of Gaul, and of course was perfectly acquainted with the language, (Dufau.)

† Lib. de Pallio, iv.

‡ Tolistobrogæ, Galatiæ populi, qui eò commigrârunt. Strab. v.

§ Diod. Sic. v. 21. ‖ German. ¶ Strab. i. 7. Ovid.

He wrote to Carus, "Would you believe it, my dear friend, I am almost ashamed to tell you that I have just written a poem in Getic, where I have adapted barbarous words to the measure of Latin verse. Nevertheless, congratulate me, I have succeeded in pleasing the Scythians, complete barbarians as they are, and I already pass amongst them for a great poet."*

Ovid complains, in another place, that he had not been able to insert in his poem the name of Tudican, his faithful friend, amongst the Getæ. This name was Gallic, *tudic-can*, which signifies a small race, pure and without stain. "If you, my dear friend, are not mentioned in my verses, your name alone is the cause of it."

"Nominis efficitur conditione tui."†

Of the People of Germany. Of the Gothinians.

The Gothinians, according to Tacitus, spoke Gallic.‡ That author cites but a single word of their language, and this word is Breton: it is "*glas*," the name which they gave to amber.§ "*Glâs*" and "*glezni*," in Bas Breton, signifies green and verdure.

The Gothinians had followed the fortunes of Sigovesus, who established them, as well as the Boïans, along the forest of Hercynia, about 590 years before the Christian era. The Boïans were driven from those climates by Marobodu, general of the Marcomanians.

The Gothinians penetrated into Lower Silesia. The name of Marobodu is Gallic, and is translated into French by *branche noire*, i. e. black branch, dead or dried; *maro-bod-du*. Velleius Paterculus does not give the most flattering portrait of him: "*Maroboduus, genere nobilis, corpore prævalens, animo ferox, natione magis quam ratione barbarus.*"

Of the Æstyans.

Near the Gothinians was situated the powerful nation of the Æstyans, who occupied the right bank of the Vistula, from Warsovia to the sea. They made agriculture flourish. "Along the Suevian Sea," says Tacitus, "are found the Æstyans, who live and clothe themselves in the same manner as the Suevians, but whose language approaches nearer that of Britain."‖

* Pont. iv. Eleg. 13. † Eleg. 12.

‡ Gothinos gallica lingua coarguit non esse Germanos, c. 43.

§ Quod ipsi *glesum* vocant. Vide the notes of La Blett.

‖ Quibus ritus, habitusque Suevorum, lingua britannicæ propior, c. 42. This word propior, would it not indicate that the Gallic was also the language of the Sueves, but that that of the Æstyan did not bear so near a resemblance to it as to that of Britain, "Britannicæ propior."

From this passage we can once more deduce, as a consequence, that the Breton and Gallic were one and the same language, since it is demonstrated that the Æstyans descended from the Celts of the continent, and not from the insular Britons.

Such are the people who, according to authors, have spoken Gallic. We shall afterwards see what is the actual state of this language on the ancient and on the new continent. We proceed to

*The Defeat of Brennus, General of the Gauls.** 367 *years before Jesus Christ.*

Camillus, having vanquished the Gauls, pursued them to the town, far from Rome, where they had demanded that the Consuls should bring them the ransom of the Capitol.

In memory of this fortunate event, he caused the scales, which had been used to weigh the gold of the Romans, to be suspended in the principal quarters of the town, and changed the former name of the city to that of *Pezaour*, which it has kept to this day. It is the town of Pezaro, on the Adriatic Gulph. This name is formed from the Gallic *poez-aour*, which signifies scales for gold.†

Expedition of the second Brennus. 278 *years before Jesus Christ.*

With respect to this expedition into Greece, Pausanias relates that the Gauls had a corps of cavalry, which they called "*trimarkesia*;" that every cavalier of which it was composed was accompanied by two valets, well mounted, to replace him, if killed in action; to carry him off, if wounded; or to give him a fresh horse, if his own should be disabled. Pausanias adds that this word was Gallic. "In fact," says he, the Gauls call a horse *mark*."‡ The two radicals, *tri-march*, three horses, has already been again discovered in the Breton; but the final *esia*, which is that of *marcheghiez*, chivalry, has not been thought worthy of notice; *trimarheghiez*, three orders of chivalry, of which the Greek, to soften the pronunciation, have formed their *trimarkesia*.

Victory of Marius. 101 *years before Jesus Christ.*

During the combat which Marius fought with the Ambrones, near Aix, in Provence, the Ligurians, Roman auxiliaries, recog-

* Several Gallic chiefs have borne the name of Brennus, which signifies supreme chief or king: *brenin* or *brenhin*.

† Pezaourum sic dictum quòd illic aurum pensatum sit. Hoc civitati nomen dedit, hodiè Pezaro. Catull. ex Serv.

‡ Galli equestris pugnæ institutionem *trimarkesiam* appellant, patriâ voce; equum enim *mark* appellant. Phocid. 19.

nised, by the cries of the Gauls, *ombroni! ombroni!* compatriots!* that they were engaged with people who spoke their own language.† They repeated, in their turn, *ombroni! ombroni!* and, says Amyot, "so also did the captains."‡

César. 50 years before Jesus Christ.

César relates that Ariovistus, king of the Germans, had learnt the Gallic since his residence in Gaul, and that he spake it with facility.§ The young Valerius Procillus also knew that language, and that was one of the motives which induced César to send him as an envoy to the German prince.‖ Ariovistus asked him for what purpose he had come to his camp? if he was not a spy? and, without waiting for his answer, ordered him to be arrested.

It appears that the Gauls knew little else than the Celtic, that they were strangers to the Greek and Latin, since César was forced to make use of interpreters during a conference he had with Divitiacus, druid and tetrarch of the Æduans, (Autunois.)¶ On another occasion, when he wished to send intelligence to Q. Tullius Cicero, the brother of the orator, and whom the Gauls were besieging in Treves, he took the precaution of writing to him in Greek, that, if his letter was intercepted, the enemy might not become acquainted with his projects.**

César, in his Commentaries, cites several Gallic words: among others, *braccata*, which was the name of a country of Gaul, where they wore large breeches; *Gallia braccata*, breeched Gaul. With respect to this word, Suetonius relates the following fact:

When César introduced the Gauls into the senate, they sung in derision through all the streets of Rome, *the Gauls whom César has led in triumph have taken off their large breeches in full senate, to put on the laticlave.*"†† These braguettes are still fashionable in Armorica, and Martial said of them in his time,

"Veteres braccæ Britonis pauperis."

Amongst the Gallic generals whom César fought against are also remarked several whose names are Breton; such as Calvarin (Calvarinus), Castic (Casticus), Cantamanteled, Cavaric (Cavaricus), Corre (Correus), Correo, Fur (Furus), Mandubrat (Mandubratus), Teutomat (Teutomatus), Cotual (Cotualus), and Couetodon (Couetodanus).

* Word for word, our countrymen: *om-bro-ni*, the reverse of Allobroges, strangers; *all-o-brother* is their country.
† The Ligurians came from transalpine Gaul. Polyb. ii.
‡ Responderunt et ipsi vocem eorum patriam esse.—Plutarch, in Maris.
§ Cæs. i. 47.
‖ Propter fidem et propter linguæ gallicæ scientiam.—Ibid.
¶ Ibid. i. 28. ** L. 5. †† Suet. in Cæs. 80.

It was under the banner of Cotual and Couetodon that the Carnutes marched to the siege of Orleans. "The appointed day being arrived, the Carnutes (says César) chose for chiefs, Cotual, and Couetodon, two determined men; at the signal, they directed their march upon Genabis (Orleans), and massacred the Roman citizens, whom commerce had attracted there."*

These two Gallic generals might very probably be Bretons. There existed at that period an intimate union between the Armoricans and the Carnutes. In fact we read, in the eighth book of the Commentaries, that Dumnacus, general of the Andés or Angevians, beaten by Fabius, went to hide his disgrace into the heart of Armorica; and that, after his defeat, the Armoricans, yielding to the example and to the authority of the Carnutes, received and executed without delay the terms prescribed them. The word "authority" announces that these people were under the dependence of the Carnutes, and made common cause with them. We shall finish this article with an interesting passage extracted from Servius, which shows with what care Fortune protected the days of the conqueror of Gaul:

"César," says Servius, "fighting in Gaul, was taken, completely armed, by a Gaul, who tied him on his horse. On the way the Gaul met one of his comrades, who, recognising César, insulted him, and said, '*Ké, cos César;*' which in Gallic," adds Servius, "signifies *let go*; and, in fact, it happened that César was set at liberty."†

The words *Ké, cos César*, do not mean simply let go, but, more energetically, Begone from César.

It may be believed, that at the name alone of César, as on another occasion at the name of Marius, concealed in the reeds of Minturna, affright might have seized the barbarian in whose power he was, and that César triumphed even in the arms of his conqueror. "Also," says Servius, "César relates this fact in his Ephemerides,‡ in the chapter of his private good fortune."

First Century.

If we believe the writers of this age, it flayed the ears of strangers who heard the Gauls speak. The greater part of their words, particularly their proper names, were so rude that they could hardly be pronounced in other languages. It was, above all, difficult to introduce them into verse without disfiguring them.

* Cæs. vi. 3.—Transl. of Toulongeon.

† Occurrit quidam de hostibus qui eum nosset, et insultans ait; Kécos César, quod Gallorum linguâ *dimitte* significat et ita factum est ut *dimitteretur*.—Serv. Æneid, xx. v. 743.

‡ This journal is lost.

"We pronounce these Gallic words with such softness and effeminacy," says the wise Quintilian, "that we frequently change their very nature."

"It is impossible for us Romans," cries Pomponius Mela, "to articulate these barbarous words."*

"I should greatly fear," exclaims Strabo, "to wound your delicate ears in citing these names of Allotriges, Bardictes, Plectori, and other deformed words."†

"It will not be a trifling embarrassment," wrote Pliny the younger, "to insert these truly savage‡ names in your verses; but there is nothing which labour and art do not succeed in surmounting, or, at least, in rendering less difficult."

"As for us," says Martial, "who were born amongst the Celts, we do not blush to employ in an agreeable verse the flinty names of our country. Delicate reader, you laugh at these uncouth names. I permit you to laugh: for my part, I prefer these rude countries to Bitonta."§

With respect to the style of the Gauls, Diodorus Siculus remarks that it was concise, energetic, but abounding in hyperboles, which made it occasionally approach the tragic.‖ The history, the laws, the religion of the Celts, being all included in verses which they learnt from the cradle, we ought not to be astonished that their speeches, and even their familiar conversation, partook of the pompous style to which from their infancy they had been accustomed. As to their gutteral pronunciation, which Ovid and the Emperor Julian compare to the roaring of beasts, to the croaking of ravens, we must not understand it literally; a foreign language almost always appears barbarous to those who are ignorant of, or not accustomed to it. Ovid, in his exile, ridiculed the Celtic of the Getæ; and the Getæ, in their turn, did not laugh less at the language of Ovid, all Roman as it was:

> "Barbarus hic ego sum, quià non intelligor illis,
> Et rident stolidi verba latina Getæ."

A modern author, who even has never heard the Breton, has he not hazarded comparing this language and its poetry to the cataracts of the Nile, the sound of whose fall is more calculated to occasion fright than pleasure.¶ Certes we have, as yet, found nothing so ingenious in the ancients.

* Insueta illorum verba nostro ore concipi nequeunt, 3.
† Cæterique deformioris appellationis homines, 3.
‡ Barbara et fera nomina, epist. S. 4.
§ Epig. iv. 55.
‖ Diod. Sic. v. 20.
¶ Hist. Universal, translated from the English.

Besides Diodorus renders homage to the talents of the Gallic bards or poets: "The Gallic poets possess harmony and grace: they are called bards.* They enjoy such credit with these people that when, after the first discharge of arrows and darts, the soldiers are ready to charge the enemy, should it happen that one of these children of Parnassus introduces himself between the combatants, immediately entering into negociation, they lay down their arms. It is thus that in nations even the most ferocious anger submits to reason, and Mars shows his respect for the muses."

In their camps and solemn assemblies, the bards recounted the exploits of the heroes, and the triumphs of their country. They were the depositaries of the past, and the living annals of Gaul; for their religious dogmas forbad the use of writing, and the Druids, similar to Lycurgus and Socrates, transmitted verbally the laws and the secrets of science.

We read in Athenus that Luernius, king of the Auvernians, having fixed a day to regale his people, a bard met him, singing his praises, at the same time deploring his misfortune in arriving too late for the family banquet. Luernius, pleased with hearing himself praised, called for a purse of gold, which he threw to the poet, who, taking it up, again broke forth in eulogies, exclaiming that *the car directed by Luernius imprinted on the earth traces of beneficence, which made it produce gold, and every good in favor of mortals.*†

The person of the bards was sacred, and we see in the Temora of Ossian that an usurper dared not raise against them the hand he had just dyed in the blood of his king.

With the Bretons they could never seize the lyre or the songs of a bard for debts, though they could all his other effects.

Tacitus, in his Life of Agricola, speaks of the brave Galcacus, general of the British, whose name signifies the Gallic stammerer, *gal-gac*;‡ but, unfortunately for our etymology, the harangue of Galcacus to his soldiers will always be a proof that this appellation could not apply to him. It is at the end of his harangue that we read these remarkable words: "Britons, when you march to the combat, think of your ancestors and of your descendants."

* *Bard*, in Breton, signifies a poet, a singer; and *barddoneg*, a poem, a song. *Bardus gallicè cantor.* Festus.

† Luernius was father to the famous Bituitus, who, in a battle which he fought with the Romans, 122 years before Jesus Christ, fought on a chariot of silver, and changed his armour and colours three times. Such was the magnificence of this prince that the pomp of the Persian kings was nothing in comparison of his splendor. Showers of gold and silver seemed to fall from his car, as he passed through the country.

‡ He is the Colgac of Ossian.

Second Century.

We see, in Aulus Gellius, that the Gallic words excited the astonishment and laughter of the Romans. He mentions an old patron, who, making use of old law terms to ornament his pleading, made his audience laugh, "as if," says he, "he had addressed them in Tuscan or Gallic jargon."*

When any one at Rome made use of Gallic expressions, they took care to tell him "that though César had had the power of granting the right of citizenship to the Gauls, he had not given it to any word of their language."

St. Irene, bishop of Lyons, wrote to one of his friends, "Since I live amongst the Gauls, I have been forced to learn their barbarous language."

The diacre Sancte was extremely well acquainted with his language; and morever it is remarked that he answered in Latin the interrogations they made him undergo; a circumstance at that time admirable in a Gaul.‡

The orator Phavorinus also says that one thing had always astonished him, that, being born at Arles, he should have learnt Greek. As we see, the Gallic language was almost the only one then made use of in Gaul. It is to that language that the Emperor Sulpicius owed the surname of Galba, characteristic of his extreme corpulency.§ Antonius Primus, general of the armies of Vespasian, was born at Toulouse, where in his infancy he received the nickname of "becco," which, according to Suetonius, meant in Gallic *cock's beak.*‖ This word is become celebrated by what Herodotus, and after him Apuleus, says of it.

Apuleus reports that a king of Egypt, whom he does not name, but whom Herodotus calls Psammeticus, dare no longer contest with the Phrygians the honour of being the most ancient; after an infant, which had no other nurse than a she-goat, had stammered his first words in that language, "beccos, beccos," which in the Phrygian language signified *bread*, and in ours *mouth* or *beakful.* Herodotus had learnt this fact from the priests of Memphis.

Juvenal aimed one of his bitter sarcasms against the good king Arviragus, whose very name offered him an *éloge*; Arvi-rag in Breton signifies *the sincere.* "You will take prisoner some king,"

* Quasi nescio quid tusce aut gallice dixisset, universi riserunt.
† Oper. præf.
‡ Martyr. Lugd.
§ Suet. in Galb. iii. Calb. on galb, in old Breton, designates a stout man. Pelletier also derives this name from *gual-bon*, very heavy.
‖ In Vitell. xx.

says Vegenton to Domitian, "or, at least, Arviragus will fall from his British throne. The monster is a foreigner."

"Aut de temone Britanno
Excidet Arviragus, Peregrina est bellua."

Nor has the poet forgotten the ancient Gallic bar. He calls Gaul the mother-nurse of the advocates;* and teaches us that it was her who formed the British advocates:

"Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos."

Third Century.

The jurisconsult Ulpien decides that the *fidei commis* may be written in Latin, in Greek, in Punic, in Gallic, or in any other vulgar tongue,† which shows that the Gallic was in full vigour at that epoch. At the present day, a will or any other act, might be made, under the authority of the Civil Code, in Bas Breton. "No law," says a learned jurisconsult, "pronounces null, acts drawn up in another language than French." This principle might be applied in our good Lower Brittany.‡

The Emperor Caracalla owed his name to the Gallic. In that language the word *caracal* designed a capuchin, a kind of hood. This prince required that they should salute him in that costume:§ he was so tenacious of it, that it would tempt us to believe he would not have hated the Capuchins had they then existed. Ossian has sung the victories which Fingal, his father, gained in 211 over the Emperor Caracalla, whom the Caledonians called Caracul. It forms the subject of the poem of "Comala."

Lampridus relates, in his life of Alexander Severus, that this prince, passing through Gaul against the Germans, a dryade cried to him in Gallic, "*Seigneur, you may continue your route, but hope not for victory; and, above all, trust not your soldiers.*"‖ The prediction was accomplished; the emperor was assassinated by them in that expedition.

We have in our notices spoken of a Breton bard named Riwal, devoted by his contemporaries to the hatred of posterity. He fell with a wolf into a trap, and there perished.

The golden age of the bards was no more. Their malignant inclinations had extinguished that pure fire, that noble enthusiasm, which animated them in happier times. They lavished praise and blame without choice and without discernment; they raised to an

* Nutricula causidicorum.
† Leg. ii. ff. de fidei com.
‡ M. Toullier, t. v.
§ Tillemont, t. iii.
‖ Mulier druias eunti exclamavit gallico sermone *Vadas nec victoriam speres nec militi tuo credas.*

accomplished hero the petty tyrant whose name was scarcely known beyond the valley where he reigned.

And yet Ossian, the son of Fingal, had made his voice resound in the mountains and on the rocks of Caledonia.

Ossian had but one son, Oscar: he gave him, for a wife, Malvina; and after the death of this beloved son, he addressed to the widow the greater part of the poems which he composed to charm his sorrows and the solitude of his old age.

Ossian sang in the midst of the regions of ice and storms; and, as it were, of chaos. The darkness which he paints surrounds him with its horrors; he is blind. He has shared in the combats he sings; he has lost all his friends. The past, the present, overwhelm him: his harp is wet with tears; in place of sounds, sighs alone proceed from it.* "I drag myself," says he, "to the tomb of my son, to the grave of my father; I console myself in touching them with my trembling hands."

There has been a magnificent edition of the original text of Ossian published at London in 1807; in it may be seen the striking coincidence which exists between the Gallic and our Bas Breton. Also, the historian Gerard, of Cambridge, extremely skilled in the Breton language, affirms that the poems of Ossian were familiar to him.

Fourth Century.

In 312, the Emperor Constantine, going from the island of Britain to Rome, disembarked in Armorica, on the shores of the ocean, in the country of Leon, where part of his suite remained and settled, and where they found again the same language which was spoken in the island.† At this epoch, the temple of Bolianus, or Bélénus, at Nantes, was demolished.‡ This god was represented upon a globe, round which was inscribed his name, in Breton language and letters.§

The tyrant, Maximus, and Conan Mériadec, passed also into Armorica in 383, of which Conan became the first sovereign, and was the founder of the Conanigènes, who reigned over that province until the time of Pierre de Dreux, named Mauclerc.

Conan, seated on the throne, wrote to Dionot, king of the island, to ask of him his daughter Ursule in marriage, praying him at the same time *to provide his subjects with other decent*

* V. Baour-Lormian.

† Immane quantùm coaluère moribus, linguâque! Guill. Mamelsbur.

‡ Bolianus, or Belenus, amongst the Gauls, was the same as the Apollo of the Greeks and Romans, the sun and the god of medicine. The Greek and Latin poets styled him the blond Phœbus. *Melen*, or *belen*, in Breton, means blond.

§ Britonico idiomate et caractere. Alb. Legrand.

*wives who spoke Breton.** But, it appears, the result of this marriage was not fortunate; for Nennius shows us that the new comers were obliged to unite themselves to the daughters of Armorica, and that every husband was careful to cut out his wife's tongue, for fear their children should one day speak the jargon of their mothers;† a very strange expedient, since these ladies already made use of the Bas Breton.

In the remainder of Gaul the Celtic language reigned paramount. Saint Jerome makes of it the most brilliant eloge. According to him, the Gauls went from their country to Rome, in order to add to the richness and eclat of their maternal language the gravity of the Roman, "*ut ubertatem gallici, nitoremque sermonis gravitas romana condiret.*"‡

The celebrated Pacatus, the panegyrist of the great Theodosius, has not had the same respect for that language, which he bluntly describes "*incultum transalpini sermonis horrorem,*" the horrible harshness of the transalpine language.

Do we wish to be also acquainted with the music of the Gauls? this is the idea which the Emperor Julian gives us of it: he says, "I, myself, have seen with what complaisance these barbarians enjoy their savage music, of which the airs and words resemble the croaking of certain blackbirds."§

At the entry of Julian at Vienne, in Dauphiné, a good, old, and blind woman, said to him, in her dialect, (which the emperor did not understand,) that he would one day raise the temples of the great gods.

It was at the end of this century that Ulphilos, bishop of the Goths, translated the four evangelists, a precious monument of the ancient Celtic mixed with the Tudesque. The MS. of it was preserved in the library of Upsal.‖

A Bas Breton bard of the same age, named Vulturius, sang in his language the great deeds of the tyrant Maximus, whom we have already mentioned.¶

Fifth Century.

Vanquished in all parts, the Romans, abandoned by their sovereigns, in their turn abandoned them, and took refuge in the

* Lebaud Hist. de Bret. This passage clearly proves that Conan and St. Ursule spoke Breton, and that it was then the language of the court of King Dionot, and of that of Armorica.

† Ne eorum successio maternam linguam disceret; inde et nos illos vocamus in nostrâ linguâ *Lhet-rydion*, id est semi-tacentes, quoniam confusè loquantur. This pretty idea of cutting women's tongues out is frequently reproduced in fabulous history. See Hérodot. i. ii.

‡ Epist. 95.

§ Misopog. p. 336.

‖ Mascau, viii. 40.

¶ Guill. Mamelsb. in prolog.

extremities of the provinces, and particularly in Armorica. They had given to the town of *Occismor* the name of *Legio*, which was afterwards changed to that of *Leon.** The Romans did not long remain there.† It is, nevertheless, thought that their language greatly influenced that of the country, and that from that epoch the *Léonais* idiom became the Italian of the Bretons. Duclos says, "The Romans must have carried there their language, which had greatly degenerated, and which became still more corrupted by its mixture with that of the inhabitants of Armorica; and both of them, confounding themselves together, necessarily underwent a considerable alteration."

In 411, the heresiarch Pelagius, or Morgan,‡ made use of the Welsh language to spread his errors in Great and Little Britany.

> "Dogma quod Antiqui satiatum felle dracones
> Pestifero, vomuit coluber sermone Britanno."§

Towards the year 440, the insular Bretons attacked, destroyed, or dispersed by the Angles and Jutlanders, retired into the mountains of Wales, or emigrated into Little Brittany.‖ Several bishops followed their flocks and preached the gospel in Bas Breton. In the number of these fugitive pastors is reckoned the blessed Saint Coventin, apostle and patron of British Cornwall. The Father Maunoir says, "He was the first who announced, in the Armorican tongue, the kingdom of God in these last cantons of Europe."

"It has been by the most special benediction of heaven that you, O great apostle, have planted the faith in Cornwall, by the means of that language which inspires us with a particular vene-

* It is the town of Saint Pol-de Léon.

† According to Zozimus, their magistrates were driven from it in 409; and, thenceforward, that part of Armorica lived under its own laws, (lib. 6). This passage of Zozimus would incline us to think that the Roman laws had, during some time, been the code of the country of Léon.

‡ The name of *Pelagius* is only the Greco-Latin translation of the British name *Morgan*, which signifies born of the sea, *marigena*. Pelagius was born in Great Britain, not in Brittany as Danès advances. Hæres. c. 88.

§ Prosper.

‖ It is an error of some authors who pretend that, at this time, the island of Britain gave to Armorica its inhabitants and its name. Armorica bore the name of Brittany long before the fifth century, and even before England, its colony. Cesar tells us that the Armorican Venetes traded "*in Britanniam insulam.*" Why "*insulam*," if he had not feared that continental Brittany might be understood by the word *Britanniam*? Dion, the African, calls the people of Armorique "Britannicus." Strabo writes that the island of the Samnites, (near Nantes,) is over against Brittany. Martial, Pliny, and the poet Ausonius, call the Bretons "*Britones*," Gauls. The notice of the empire contains these words: "*Aletha (St. Malo) civitas maritima Britannicæ Celticæ;*" in the article Armorica we still read, "*Invicti Britones.*" Pomponius Sætus, moreover, says that it was the Bretons of Gaul who carried the name of Brittany into England, and that author has been followed by Bede and by Camden, the English Strabo. There is not the least doubt of Armorica being called Brittany before the emigration of 440.

ration for the idiom you made use of. No species of infidelity has sullied that language,* and he is yet to be born who has seen a Breton, speaking Bretonne, (*Bretonnant,*) preach any other religion than the catholic."

Saint Corentin had edified Brittany under the reign of King Grallon. This prince was fond of music and musicians, and yet, in Brittany, they were still ignorant of the use of wine.† King Grallon died about the year 445.

"Après avoir, par plus d'une victoire,
De sa valeur assuré la mémoire,
Pour egayer ses braves compagnons,
Il ordonnait de célébrer leur gloire
Par des couplets et des vers Bas Bretonne;
C'est un malheur pour toute l'Armorique,
Que l'on n'ait pas conservé ces couplets,
Stances, rondeaux, ballades, et sonnets,
On y verrait un detail historique.
De tous les fait d'un prince conquérant
Que nos aïeux ont surnommé le Grand."

"The fields he won, his deeds of fame
With glory stamp'd his deathless name,
When he, his gallant knights to cheer,
(Who throng'd around, well pleas'd to hear,)
Their valour bade his bards rehearse,
In couplets and Bas Breton verse;
Armoric mourns, but mourns in vain,
Of all their lays, not one remain,
Nor ballads, stanzas, sonnets, odes,
Are found thro' all her lone abodes.
To show his deeds, our fathers nam'd
Grallon the Great, for conquest fam'd."

The life of this hero was published in Breton verse, under the title of *Graalen Mor*, which was formerly sung in the whole of Armorica.‡

In 447, Saint Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, wrote a large Celtic work, entitled "*Canoin Phadruig*," that is to say, the Canons of Patrick.§ That holy prelate was perfectly acquainted with that language, as is observed by one of the authors of his life.‖

In 450, appeared the Breton prophecies of Guinclan, bard and divine of the country of Treguier. His animosity against the

* Without reckoning the heresy of Pelagius.

† Nesciebant omnes usum vini. Gurdestin.

‡ The catalogues of Cornwall name this price also *Gradlen maur*, i. e. Grallon the Great. D. Morice, proof 1, Col. 174.

§ Bolland, 17. mart.

‖ In Britannicâ linguâ peritus et expeditus erat. Ibid.

priests had acquired him the name or surname of Quiclaff, *Ki kldv*, i. e. mad dog. We are assured that he had predicted that a time would arrive when the ministers of our holy religion would be hunted like wild beast. It was almost announcing the misfortunes of the revolution.

Towards the year 478, the life of *Erech*, written in Breton verse. Chrestien de Troyes, an author of the twelfth century, composed his romance of *Erec* and of *Enide*,* from a Latin translation of this work.

Nevertheless, the Celtic language had lost much of its influence in the other countries of Gaul: in Auvergne, and in Aquitaine, people of fashion no longer spoke any other than the Latin.†

"It is to you, my dear Ecdice," wrote St. Sidoine, to that illustrious Auvergnat who defended his country against the Visigoths, "it is to you that the nobility will be indebted for having abandoned the rude scales of the Celtic, to speak the language of the Roman orators and poets."‡

Sulpicius Severus, in his first dialogue of the life of St. Martin, introduces an interlocutor on the stage, who says to the other, "When I reflect that I, a Gaul, am going to speak in the presence of Aquitains, I fear lest my rather rustic jargon may shock your delicate ears."§ "Speak Celtic or Gallic, as you think proper," answers Posthumanius, "provided you speak to us of Martin."‖

Sulpicius, in the second dialogue, says that the holy prelate was usually seated upon a small coarse stool, which "our rustic Gauls name *tripez*, and which those who speak more elegantly, or at least you, who come from Greece, style *trépied*."

"It appears," says D. Pelletier, "that this small seat had but three short feet, such as those used by shoemakers, countrymen, and other poor people. *Tripez* would do very well for *tri-pez*, three pieces, but the *trépied* had four; how can we reconcile that? It is probable that the Bretons and simple Gauls were not so exact;¶ still, he observes, it is proper to remark that Sulpicius

* M. de Lesser. Tabl. rond. pref.

† The Gauls having lost all hopes of recovering their liberty, and of restoring it to their country, attached themselves to Rome, as their new country. They endeavoured to be admitted into the senate, and learnt the language of their conquerors, that they might not be confounded with the conquered. The Gaul Lycius was degraded for refusing to learn the Latin.

‡ Celtici sermonis squamas depositura nobilitas. Syd. Apol.

§ Ne offendat nimium urbanas aures sermo rusticior.

‖ Tu verò celticè vel, si mavis, gallicè loquere, dummodò jàm Martinum loquaris.

¶ These small seats might very well be named *tripez*, not on account of their resemblance to the tripods, but from the union of the pieces of which they were formed, similar to our coblers' stools, of a board and two legs.

The word *tribedd* is used in Wales at the present time.—Editors.

here acknowledges that the Celtic, or the Gallic, had been preserved, at least to his time, amongst the peasants, unpolished, and other people, '*inter gurdonicos homines.*'"

Sixth Century.

At that epoch the Breton language became Christian. "At last," exclaims Gregory the Great, "the tongue of the Breton, which formerly spoke only a barbarous dialect, at present publishes the praises of the true God, in singing the Hebrew *Alleluia.*"*

The father Maunoir says, "May God be blessed in that language until the end of the world! We hope so, through the aid of the seven saints of Brittany, who, in that language, planted the knowledge of Jesus Christ† in the kingdom of Armorica."

In 577, St. Magliore, one of those pious apostles flying from the persecution of the Saxons, who were desolating the province of Wales, sought an asylum in Little Brittany, where he successfully preached in the idiom of his country, which was the same as that of Armorica.‡

The Breton language was then that of the country of Dol and of a great part of Brittany.§ It was even made some use of in the Maine, if we believe the legendary of St. Médard.‖ It was also the language of the court and bar.

Fortunat, an author then living, vaunted by turns the language, poetry, and music of the Bretons. "Let the lyre of the Greeks and of the Romans, the harp of the barbarians, and the rote of the Bretons,¶ strive to excel in celebrating your valour and justice."

The rote of the Bretons demands that we speak of the bards, who knew how to wake it to harmony. Merlin the bard,

"Qu'a bon droit on renomme
Fils d'un demon, d'un demon honnete homme."**

"Whose fame so justly through the country ran,
His sire a demon, yet an honest man,"

had predicted the great deeds of the great Arthur, the combat of the Thirty, and the exploits of Duguesclin.†† His prophecies, in Breton

* Eccè lingua britannica quæ nihil aliud noverat quam barbarum frendere, jamdudum in divinis laudibus cæpit hæbræum alleluia resonare. Moral. xxvii. xxxvi. Job.

† College of Jesus.

‡ Ad prædicandum populo ejusdem linguæ in occidente consistenti mare transfretairt. Mabill. fct. s. s.

§ Ibid.

‖ In Surius.

¶ Now mournfully replaced by the harsh *binnion* or the droning *bombarde.*

** M. de Lesser. Tabl. rond. chant. 1er.

†† Vide Lebaud, D. Morice, and Duchastelet.

verse, were translated in 1133, by Geoffry of Monmouth, a Welsh Benedictine monk.

In the Life of St. Paterne, bishop of Vannes, written about 556,* mention is made of the bard Caradoc:

"C'est Caradoc, célébre dans le monde
Preux Chevalier, qui de la table ronde
Par mille exploits a menté l'honneur."†

"The thousand deeds his warlike arm that grace
At Arthur's table justly give him place,
A loyal knight, for in the world his fame
Who knew it not, and Caradoc his name."

It is to the poems of Caradoc that we owe the charming fable of *Court Mantel*, Short Cloak.

"Ce beau Mantel, qui se raccourcissait
Selon que celle à qui l'on essayait
Ce vetement, a plus ou moins d'estime
Avait des droits: il n'allait vraiment bien
Qu'à cella la ne se reprochant rien."‡

"This mantle fine, when shorter grew,
It sadden'd many a face;
Still tighter round the jilt it drew,
And shrivell'd up apace.
But if this mantle did approach,
By chance, a maiden rare,
Whose heart was pure, without reproach,
It fitted to a hair."

At the same epoch the faithful Tristan sighed forth his "*doux lais.*"§ This bard was the son of Méliadus, petty prince of the county of Leon. He had espoused the blond Yseult, of Cornwall; and we still find in that county a small island of the same name as the gentle Tristan."‖

Tristan had taught his darling Yseult to sing his sweet lays.

"Bons lais de harpe vous appris,
Lais Bretons de notre pais."

"While o'er my Breton harp she hung,
The lays I taught my Yseult sung."

* Bolland, 15th of April.
† Tabl. rond. chant. viii.
‡ Ibid. chant. xvi.
§ The Breton *lais* were poems composed in Armorica, in the Armorican language, containing some tale of love or war. They were in verses of eight feet.
‖ Tristan was skilled in all sorts of doctrine, and even an excellent chess-player. Vide the Cômte de Tressan.

These sweet lays no longer exist: we only possess some naïve translations of them in old French, over which Tristan has shed the bloom of youth, and composed from them the charming romance of "Avec Yseult et les Amours."

Tristan and Yseult proceeded to the chateau of "La Joyeuse Garde," belonging to their friend Lancelot.* The earth was dressed in the verdant livery of spring: the mild radiance of the sun, the serenity of the air, the carols of the feathered songsters, the enamel of the meadow they were traversing, invited him to utter the sensations of his soul, which he thus sang in the following triolet:

"Avec Yseult et les amours,
Ah! que je fais un doux voyage!
Que je vais couler d'heureux jours
Avec Yseult et les amours!
Elle seule en règle le cours,
Et près d'elle ils sont sans nuage:
Avec Yseult et les amours,
Ah! que je fais un doux voyage!

"A chaque instant que je te vois,
Je te vois encore plus aimable:
Mon cœur me dit, et je l'en crois,
A chaque instant que je te vois,
Que c'est pour la premiere fois
Que ton regard m'est favorable
A chaque instant que je te vois,
Je te vois encore plus aimable.

"L'aube du jour ta vu partir,
Yseult, n'es tu pas fatiguée,
Ce gazon invite au plaisir
L'aube du jour t'a vu partir
Ah! ne fut ce que pour dormir
Descends: entrons sous la feuillée.
L'aube du jour t'a vu partir
Yseult n'es tu pas fatiguée."

"With charming Yseult, and with love,
How sweet the journey now I take;
What happy days I soon shall prove
With charming Yseult, and with love.
By her directed, swift they move,
No angry clouds above them break;
With charming Yseult, and with love,
How sweet the journey now I take.

* This chateau of Joyeuse Garde is on the road from Brest to Landernau. It is known in history under the name of *Goy-la-Forest*. It was there that was found the *Court Mantel*.

"I every moment still perceive
New beauties on thy dimpled cheek,
And, says my heart, and I believe,
I every moment still perceive,
As if the first time I receive,
Thy look of love, so pure and meek;
I every moment still perceive
New beauties on thy dimpled cheek.

"You left your home at break of day,
And, Yseult, you are tired, I fear;
This curtain'd bank invites to stay;
You left your home at break of day;
If but to sleep, come down I pray;
How cool this grove! then enter here:
You left your home at break of day,
And, Yseult, you are tired, I fear."

Rivanon, mother of St. Hervé, cultivated the music and the poetry of the Bretons. She espoused the bard Arvian, and heaven blessed their union in the birth of a son; but he was born and lived blind. He was named Hervé. Rivanon instructed her little Hervé in the first principles of her language. At seven years, he knew the cantiques, psalms, and hymns of the church service.*

A few years afterwards, in 512, Rivanon lost her husband, and, devoting herself to God, she retired into a solitude with a few companions. She had concealed the place of her retreat from her son, but the hermit Urfod discovered it to him; and when Saint Hervé knew that his tender mother approached her end, he went to receive her benediction and her last sigh.

Taliessin, poet-laureate of *Maengwn Gwynedd*, lived in 540. In one of his poems he entitles himself *Taliessin ben beirdd*, the prince of the bards.† The Welsh Antiquarians have published his poems, those of Llywarch-ben, and of Aneurin, contemporary bards, under the title of "*Heroic Elegies* of *Llywarch-ben, Taliessin, Aneurin*, &c."

Seventh Century.

The Celtic language daily degenerated in Gaul. There was at first formed in town, as well as in the country, a jargon, a mixture of the Celtic and Latin. Those persons who lived and held any rank in the towns, instead of thinking to refine this jargon, endeavoured to get rid of what they still possessed of the old tongue, in order to acquire a more complete knowledge of the Latin; but they

* Albert Legrand. † Davies' Welsh and Lat. Dict.

always retained many words and idioms of the original language, which made of their Latin a tongue so rude and gross, that Saint Sidoine renounced writing verses; and Saint Avite says he would have blushed to have written in it. "In short," says Frédégaire, who believed that he already beheld the end of time, "the world grows old: amongst us science has fell from its sublime height; there is at this day no one who can attain the manner in which the ancient orators wrote, nor does any one pretend to do it."

The Celtic language only maintained itself in some distant cantons, and was held in the greatest contempt. It was no longer any more than a rustic and low tongue; as St. Eloi, St. Isidore, and Gregory of Tours, style it.

In Brittany, at least in the western part of the province, it had undergone very little alteration; and the Welsh and Bas Bretons still understood each other, as they always had done; a sensible proof of the fixity of the language in those climates. In fact, about 690, Yon, son of Bavon, a disciple of St. Cutberth, and a native of the principality of Wales, preached in the towns and country of Armorica, where the faithful were not so well instructed in the truths of the faith and morals of the Gospel as they were in the island. He converted great numbers.*

At the beginning of this century, in the peninsula of Rhuyz,† lived the bard Tholosin, son of Onis the satyrist. By a marvellous spirit of divination, he predicted the good and evil fortunes of men. The King Juthaël consulted him on his marriage with the young Pritelle, daughter of Ausoche, of the chateau of Illi, in Bas Leon. "And the words of Tholosinus the bard were brought to the Prince Juthaël: he loved the maiden, and demanded her of her parents, with the nuptial benediction and paternal licence; and she conceived a son, who was named Judicaël, and brought up with his grandfather, where he learnt the Breton."‡ It was this good King Judicaël, who, when Dagobert invited him to dinner at Clichy, answered, that there was at court a saint (Ouën), with whom he desired and had promised to eat.

Two Celtic works appeared in the course of this century: 1st. The *Life of St. Ninnocht*, in Latin and in Breton.§ 2d. The *Life of St. Sylvin*, regionary bishop of Gaul, written by his disciple Antenor, part in Celtic, and part in bad Latin.‖

[*To be continued.*]

* Balée.

† In the province of Guerac, at a place called Gildas, says Lebaud, Hist. of Brittany, Broerec is the country of Vannes and of Rhuyz, where is situated the ancient abbey of St. Gildas.

‡ Lebaud.

§ Deric. v. 2.

‖ Bolland, 17th Febr.

ODE, WRITTEN AT A FOUNTAIN NEAR CADER-IDRIS.

By the Author of "The Italians."

The winds are hush'd, the woods are still,
And clouds around yon towering hill
In silent volumes roll:
While o'er the vale the moon serene
Throws yellow on the living green,
And wakes a harmony between
The body and the soul!

Deceitful calm! yon volumes soon,
Though gilded by the golden moon,
Will send the thunder's roar:
Gloom will succeed the glowing ray;
The storm will rage with giant sway,
And lightnings will illume its way
Along the billowy shore.

'Tis thus in life, from youth to age;
Through manhood's weary pilgrimage,
What flattering charms infest!
We little think beneath a smile,
How many a war, how many a wile,
The rich confiding heart beguile,
And rob it of its rest.

Then let me near this Fountain lie,
And let old Time in silence fly,
Stealing my youth away!
Far from the riot of the mean,
Oh! let me near this Fountain lean,
Till Death has drawn the darksome screen
That hides eternal day.

PROVINCIAL NEWS.

—

Eisteddvod, at Denbigh.

A FRIEND has suggested that it would be more suited to the character of our work if we were to confine ourselves to a report of the Eisteddvod, considered as a literary meeting. We think the suggestion a valuable one, but we must beg to call the attention of the general reader more especially to the speeches which were delivered on the occasion. We cannot but anticipate that a long detail of the prizes contended for, and the competitors, will be locally interesting merely; whilst the beautiful sentiments uttered by those gentlemen who addressed the meeting will be treasured up, not only by every Welshman, but by every man who knows what the love of "mother land" is. Indeed, we consider these bursts of eloquence as something more than a part of the mere passing pageant of an Eisteddvod: we consider them as our own best vindication; as the best vindication of all those who, in future times, shall trust fearlessly to the unassisted energies of Cambrian genius; of all those who shall venture to think the history of our country as a sublime pledge, as an unclaying romance, upon which the chainless spirit of poetry may exult in all the sanctifying confidence of truth.

This Eisteddvod, which was honoured by the presence of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, was held, like the old Bardic *Gorsedd*, of which it is supposed to be an imitation, "*yn llygad yr haul*," (in the eye of the sun.) A platform for the Harpers and reciters of the compositions was raised on a spot within the precincts of the castle, which commands a view of the beautiful Vale of Clwyd, and seats were ranged around for the nobility and gentry who attended.

Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1828.—The Eisteddvod was opened by Mr. Aneurin Owen's reading the old Druidical Proclamation:

English.

The truth against the world, &c.

Welsh.

"Y Gwir yn erbyn y byd," &c.

The President then requested the Bards to come forward, and their compositions were read.

Mr. Blackwell then addressed the meeting, for the purpose of intimating that he was requested to read letters from three hono-

rary members of the Cymmrodorion Society of Gwynedd, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Southey, and Mr. Moore, which he read.

Mr. Price, of Crickhowel, Brecknockshire, said, that as the present was an occasion on which the natives of the Principality claimed the privilege of recalling to mind the ancient usages of their nation; and as that platform had been proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, as a field upon which every lover of his country might be permitted to marshal his patriotic feelings, and pass them in review; it was with unfeigned delight he had listened to that note of preparation, and had hastened to attend the call, though he had little else to plead for his appearance than the mere privileges of the day. While some were involved in the intricacies of bardic compositions, and some, possibly, in the deep and awful mysteries of druidism, yet he, though he was neither bard nor minstrel, had still ventured within those bardic precincts, in full assurance that no other qualifications would be required, no other credentials demanded, than those of sincere and hearty wishes for the success of every national and patriotic institution; he thought that, on such an occasion, ancient prepossessions, and even prejudices, should not be subjected to too severe a reprimand, as they were not unfrequently interwoven with the very ground of patriotism.

He then took a view of ancient recollections; and observed that, in contemplating these subjects, the mind was often led into scenes of tumult and peril; but, though many of the advantages his countrymen had acquired in those perilous times remained to them at this day, it was a consolation to be assured that their evils existed only in recollection. The beacon of Moel Famau no longer cast its blazing glare over that lovely valley that was now spread before them; and the peaceful inhabitants were no longer alarmed by the shout of *Caledvryn*, nor the wail of *Morfa Rhuddlan*.

Mr. Price then adverted to the dark and mysterious ages of mythological gloom, before even the twilight of history had glimmered upon the land. In other departments of antiquarian research, there was some index to guide the judgment. The labelled window, the pointed arch, the tesselated pavement; all these stamped their particular era and their date: but the gray stones of the mountain carn, the moss-grown pillar of the Druid, set all research, and even conjecture, at defiance. Yet, nevertheless, in this period of mists and shadows there existed a style and tone of poetic feeling forming a species in itself, and entirely distinct from that to be found in any other country. And in a congress of bards, he hoped he might be excused if he alluded to a subject so intimately connected with those they professed to investigate. He then described the character of poetic imagination found in the Greek and Roman Classics, and that which succeeded to it, in the tones of chivalry: he also alluded to the tone

of feeling in Ossian,* and in the Scandinavian mythology. But he said that the character of imaginary existence, which now lay hid in the ancient British remains, was no less original and striking. Perhaps some one might ask him to point out the particular bearing of this discovery; but he would answer, that he himself had only seen the distant breakers, and had not made the shore; he had only picked up a few floating fragments of the drifting produce: it remained for some other to discover the land; some literary Columbus, who should add a new world to those already known.

Mr. Price concluded by adverting to the hope that was now entertained, that some memorial should be raised to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Owen Jones, an individual who has distinguished himself as one of the best promoters of Welsh literature.

[Mr. Llwyd has communicated to us the following tribute to the memory of Mr. Owen Jones, alias Myvyr, the collector and preserver of Welsh literature. It is taken from Mr. Llwyd's "Vision of Taliesin."]

After celebrating other votaries of the Muses, the author proceeds:

"And he, who still with liberal hand explores
The storied hoard, poetic page restores,
Unfolds the volumes to his country's view,
And bids her chiefs and sages breathe anew:
To him the Bard the kindest words addrest,
And clasp'd the generous patron to his breast;
Look'd on the cliffs he lov'd with patriot fire,
The roll of ages held—his country's lyre,
And, as the gift with parent hand was given,
Struck on its dulcet chords the strains of Heaven!"

The prize for the best *Englyn* was then awarded; it was adjudged to Mr. Robert Davies, "Bardd Nantglyn." The Bard was invested with the prize medal by Lady Harriet Wynn.

The next medal was presented to the Rev. Mr. Newcome, for his "History of the Denbighshire Castles." The Rev. Gentleman was decorated by the hands of the Hon. Miss Bagott.

Mr. Newcome expressed his grateful feeling for the distinguished honour he had received; but observed that "the merit of the production, if it possessed any, had been greatly overrated.

* It has been objected to this sentiment, that it is questionable whether these poems exist in the Gaëlic language. There is an answer to this observation in the letters of a writer signing himself "*Carnhuanawc ar yr iaith Geltaeg*," published in the "*Seren Gomer*," a South Wales Magazine: "I care not whether these poems were composed by Ossian or by Macpherson. They embody and express the mountain feeling; feelings that I, and every mountaineer like myself, have known, though before unuttered."

If, however, it was entitled to praise, it acquired that distinction from the kindness of a nobleman, whom he was happy to see present on the occasion (Lord Bagot), who had furnished him with some valuable materials, that alone stamped it as worthy of attention. Greatly as he estimated the gift, he must say he thought the honour greatly enhanced by receiving it from the hands of a lady so distinguished as her by whom it had been presented."

The prize for the best *Cywydd*, in Welsh, on "*Buddug*" (Boadicea), was adjudged to "*Merddyn Emrys.*" Upon a call for the author, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, of *Bodfari*, presented himself, and received the repeated applauses of the meeting.

Mr. Hughes said, "that in offering his grateful acknowledgments for the honour he had received, he felt it impossible to do justice to his feelings. But, called upon as he was on the present occasion, he could not, with satisfaction to himself, disobey the summons. It was unnecessary for him to enter into a history of the Eisteddfodau, it would suffice for him to say, that these meetings were designed and well calculated to cherish the poetry, music, and language of the Principality.

"That language, he was sure, was aboriginal, and, in antiquity, was exceeded by no existing language. Sir William Jones observes, that the ancient British enters into the composition of all tongues known throughout Europe, and extends itself to the distant regions of Asia; it was, therefore, worth preserving, and he knew not of any method better calculated for that purpose than such meetings as he had the honour to address. In looking also to the natural advantages of the country, there was abundant cause for thankfulness to the giver of all good. If we yield, in the riches arising from extensive traffic, to our more fortunate neighbours, they could not and would not forget that we were blessed with every comfort and convenience which could promote human happiness. The courage and heroism of their forefathers was also a subject deserving of perpetual remembrance. The Roman legions, invincible in every other part of the world, could never conquer the ancient Britons; and even the first Edward could only effectually preserve his conquests by courting the friendship and conciliating the temper of our ancestors."

Various medals were then awarded for essays and poems.

The medal for the best poem in Welsh, on Belshazzar's Feast, was awarded by the judges to "*Belteshazzar,*" (the Rev. Evan Evans, of Chester.) This composition was warmly praised by the judges, and the name of the young bard called forth acclamations of applause. In his absence, Mr. Blackwell was invested, who thus addressed the meeting:

"*I* am sorry that on this occasion I am only a representative; my academical avocations, and the task imposed upon me as one

of the adjudicators, would not allow me to aspire to any higher character; but I am glad that I now stand the representative of a schoolfellow and a friend, who, like myself, is indebted to a benevolent hand for an introduction to the light of public notice, from the obscure paths of life. I shall take care to tell him of the applause with which his name was greeted, and that, by the badge with which I have just been invested, his country has enlisted him in her service; and that, henceforth, every throb of his heart, and every faculty of his soul, is exclusively to be dedicated to the literature and the general interest of his native hills. Many things conspire to render this the happiest day of my life; I am surrounded by Beirdd and Ofyddion, whom I venerate, and by patrons to whom I owe every thing in life. I wish such a day would last a hundred years. At these meetings the patrons greet the patronised with approving smiles, and the latter, after toiling at their magazines and pamphlets, 'report progress, and ask leave to sit again.' It is a fact not generally known beyond the confines of the Principality, that our monthly press issues out no fewer than fourteen periodicals; and what is an anomaly in the history of literature to the pages of these, the peasantry are almost the only contributors. And what has been the result? Look to our cottages; there is scarcely a shelf without its magazine and its bible. Indeed, were I requested to point out the most striking feature of the Principality, I would not speak of the woody glen that echoes the sounding cataract, or the blue lake, that chequers the mountain scenery; I would mention none of nature's beauties, nor would I allude to the stupendous works of art that link our shores. I would fix my finger upon a bold, virtuous, and intelligent peasantry, who love their God, and honour their king; a peasantry with whom justice has sometimes to adjust her balance, but seldom to exercise her sword. [Three distinct rounds of applause followed this beautiful climax.]

The day concluded in peace and harmony. The Denbighshire band was stationed at the extremity of the green, and enlivened the audience in the intervals of public business.

Wednesday.—The corporation proceeded to the confines of the borough to receive his royal highness the Duke of Sussex. The recorder presented his royal highness with the freedom of the borough, and read an address conveying a sense of the honour thus conferred on the town of Denbigh. His royal highness returned a reply, in which he said that he had always delighted to be present at those meetings, which tended to keep up a spirit of liberty and national independence.*

His royal highness's carriage then proceeded to the platform beneath the castle.

* The most ancient of these was the Eisteddvod.

"God save the King," was then sung by Mr. Braham, and some *Englynion* were recited.'

Singing to the harp in the national manner then followed, and the contest for the Silver Harp.

Mr. Braham, Miss Stephens, and other celebrated vocalists, expressed themselves much pleased by the peculiar modulation of the airs.

Mr. Price then came forward, and said, "I am requested to announce that the contest for the Gold Harp will follow now, on that instrument which cheered our fathers in the days of darkness and adversity; that instrument, the sound of which continues still to arouse the hearts of our countrymen to a sympathy in glorious recollections. And can it be a matter of surprise that our native harp should have power here, under these shattered towers, still a record of the valour of our nation,—with yon valley beneath us, bounded by yon mountain, monument of a royal father's fifty years' sway of paternal beneficence.

"I have heard the sound of the guitar of the South, that seemed to belong to its blue native skies; I have heard the ruder, but not less characteristic, pibroch of the Gael, mid the mountains of Lochiel, calling to the ravens, Come to me, and I will give you blood; I have heard the stern war clang of the trumpets of England; I have listened, mid the green hills of Erin, to those melodies, of which one well calculated to judge has said, that they 'breathe tones of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency, and that, even in their wildest bursts of festivity, some momentary tone of despair, some minor third, some flat seventh, intruding, gives to gaiety sadness, and makes even mirth interesting.' But I would challenge the world to produce an instrument that, like that before me, is in the hands of the mountaineer. The sound of the harp of the Cymry is heard once more within the walls of the old castle of Denbigh; once more, in the presence of a descendant of our native princes, come to revive amongst us the memory of our Owens, our Llewelyns, and our Tudors; to remind us of all the blessings we have enjoyed under the fostering rule of the family of Brunswick. It must be no slight cause of congratulation to us that, while other parts of these realms are involved in civil commotions, that the sons of the Cymry are employed in celebrating their ancient *Eisteddvodau*, and attuning *Pennillion* to the harp."

Mr. Price concluded with this englyn:

"Plethiadau tannau tynion
Y delyn i'r dilesg veddylion
Odlau saint yw 'r adlais hon
Llais neu vawl llys nevolion."

Mr. Price, during this address, pointed to the monument of the Jubilee, erected during the reign of George the Third, on Moel Famau, a mountain opposite.

The Literary Society of Wales.

A Meeting was convened of several Gentlemen desirous of promoting Welsh Literature: the Reverend R. B. Clough in the chair.

It was resolved, on the motion of the Reverend R. Newcome, seconded by the Reverend George Strong,

That a Society should be formed, to be designated *The Literary Society of Wales*, for the purpose of raising a fund, to be exclusively appropriated in rewarding literary talent, and in aiding the publication of works of merit, connected with the Principality.

That an annual subscription of Ten Shillings should constitute a member of the society, but that smaller sums should be received.

The election of a Committee took place, for the purpose of carrying into effect the objects of the society, consisting of the following gentlemen, with power to add to their number; and any three of them should be deemed competent to act:

Sir E. Mostyn, Bart. President of the R. D. Eisteddvod.
Rev. R. B. Clough, Rector of Corwen.
Rev. C. B. Clough, Vicar of Mould.
Rev. A. B. Clough, Fellow of Jesus' College, Oxon.
Rev. T. Wynne Edwards, Vicar of Rhuddlan.
Rev. Edward Hughes, Bodfari.
R. H. Jones, esq. Ruthin.
R. P. Jones, M.D. Denbigh.
Rev. Ll. Lloyd, Nannerch.
Rev. R. Newcome, Warden of Ruthin.
Aneurin Owen, esq.
W. O. Pughe, D.C.L.

The Rev. R. Newcome, Warden of Ruthin, was appointed Treasurer, and the Rev. R. Richards, Rector of Caerwys, the Secretary of the Society.

Instructions were given to the Secretary to open a communication with the Cymmrodorion and Gwyneddigion Societies in London, the Cambrian Societies of Dyved and Gwent, the Cymmrodorion Societies of Gwynedd and Powys, and likewise with

such individuals as are well known promoters of Welsh literature, requesting them to form branch committees, for the purpose of cooperating with the society.

The Committee were requested to use their best endeavours to procure for the society the patronage and support of the public.

Subscriptions are received by the Treasurer, and at the several provincial banks in North and South Wales.

It is with pleasure that we announce the establishment of this Society; it does great credit to the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the proposition.* If some old Druid were to rise from the dead, we think that he would feel little hesitation in dubbing him as the true renovator of the Eisteddvod. No doubt a patriotic disposition has been evinced at all these meetings, and many are the instances of talents and virtues that are now a benefit and example to those classes amongst which, had it not been for the Eisteddvod, they would have remained in obscurity. But we cannot help thinking that this modern Eisteddvod has been rendered too exclusively the patroness of mere ephemeral productions. It was originally as much the conservator of the records and traditions of former ages, as the fosterer of rising genius. Indeed we should almost feel disposed to question whether the undue importance given to efforts of this description has not been pernicious to the more valuable branches of Welsh literature. We think the new Literary Society will rectify these misapplications.

It is impossible, except from the mistaking of these our literary recreations for our literary wealth, to account for the extreme apathy that prevails in many of the wealthiest, most enlightened, and, *from our own grateful experience, we may add, most liberal districts of Wales*, to the venerable poems and romances of our country. We venture to say, there is scarcely a gentleman in the districts to which we allude who does not possess a copy of the "Arabian Nights;" and yet there are few who have subscribed to the Mabinogion. The greatest number, perhaps, have not heard of them. To say nothing of the sanction that the character of the amiable and learned man who has devoted some years in preparing the "Mabinogion" for the press, must give to every object of his labours, we have an authority,† perhaps the highest in English literature on such a subject, for thinking them a treasure, the production of which would do us honour in the eyes of the world.

---

* The Rev. R. Richards, of Caerwys, in Flintshire.
† The Quarterly Review.

Discovery of a Plate of Gold.

A very attenuated plate of gold, measuring about four inches by one, was lately discovered at Llanbeblic (Caernarvon), near the Roman station of Segontium. The characters with which it is covered are, for the most part, Greek; and, as Cæsar states that Greek letters were known to the Druids, it might at first be supposed that we possess a genuine remain of the Celtic age; but, on examining the text, this pleasing vision is dispelled. The first word is ΑΔΩΝΑΙ, *Adonai*; and the Hebrew names and epithets, such as ΕΑΩΑΙ, ΙΑΩ, ΕΑΑΙΩΝ, *Eloai, Jao, Ellion,* which can be distinctly traced, show that it is a Basilidian talisman. After the inscription in Greek letters, another follows in Astral or magical characters.

Though not British, this relic of antiquity is extremely curious. According to Irenæus, the Basilidian doctrines prevailed in Gaul immediately after the Apostolic age; and the talisman, which from the shape appears to be of the second century, affords an important proof of the rapid extension of the heresy to the remotest provinces of the Roman world.

Commissions signed by the Lord Lieutenant of Merioneddshire (Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, bart.)

Robert Williames Vaughan, Edward Lloyd, Richard John Price, Athelstan Corbet, Charles Thomas Thurston, John Vaughan, William Anwyl, Hugh Reveley, John Edwards, Reginald Fowden, James Thomas Tamberlain, Thomas Hartley, Samuel Evans, Richard Richards, and Francis Parry Jones Evans, esquires, John Jones, David Maurice Lloyd, and John Morris Edwards, Clerks, to be Deputy Lieutenants.

The Bards in Gwynedd.

At the *Gorsedd* held at *Egryn*, the residence of Dr. William Owen Pughe, during the Congress at Denbigh, the following noblemen and gentlemen were, on account of their patriotism and proficiency in Welsh, admitted to the degree of *Ovydd:* The Right Honourable Lord Ashley, the Reverends R. Newcombe, G. Strong, H. Parry, T. Rice, A. B. Clough, L. Richards, D. Jones, Price Johnes, and G. Phillips, esquires, and Mr. Parry, of Chester.

Farewell Dinner of the Montgomeryshire Volunteer Cavalry.

On the 17th of October, the Montgomeryshire Volunteer Cavalry assembled at head-quarters, Welsh Pool, previous to their

final disbandment. On this occasion, the Right Honourable C. W. Williams Wynn, colonel of the regiment, gave a farewell dinner to the corps. Lord Clive (colonel of the Ludlow Yeomanry), together with the resident officers of the Montgomery Militia, honoured the assembly with their company. The long room in the Town-hall was completely filled.

In addition to the noble baron of beef of Old England, was to be seen our own native delicacies, not forgetting the *gwyniaid* and giant pike of *Llyn tegid*.

The Right Honourable Gentleman, after commanding twenty-five years, took leave of his Yeomanry in a very emphatic speech.

Improvements in Radnorshire.

It is gratifying to notice the improving state of Radnorshire, more particularly its roads. The exertions now making to increase and extend the facilities of travelling are truly praiseworthy. New lines of road are, we understand, in contemplation between Presteign and Knighton, Radnor and Buelth, and from Rhayader to Aberystwith.

These intended works, in addition to the already formed line leading to Montgomeryshire by way of Newtown, are strong proofs of the energetic spirit of the Radnorshire public.

Shipwreck on the Cefn Sidan Sands.

The dreadful catastrophe occasioned by the recent loss of *La Jeune Emma*, of Cherbourg, upon Cven Sidan sands, has been adverted to in various prints.

It appears that the captain had mistaken the Lundy lights for those on the French coast off Ushant; an error which led to the melancholy result. When she struck on the rocks, a scene of consternation and horror ensued which baffles description. The whole of the crew and passengers rushed on deck, over which the sea broke dreadfully, and before daylight thirteen souls had been swept away by the breakers, and met a watery grave. The passengers were Colonel Coquelin, of the French Marines, and his daughter, an interesting young lady, niece to Josephine, *ci-devant* Empress of France and consort of Bonaparte, and their two servants, who all perished. Six only were saved from a crew of nineteen.

The assistance rendered to the few unfortunate survivors, needs no eulogium of ours. Commiseration for the exile and the

stranger are always an honour to the nation in which they exist, particularly where it leads to a risk of life for the purpose of saving life. But what shall we say of those monsters, who, instead of succouring, robbed and ill-treated the helpless and perishing. What are we to think of wretches so dastardly as those who add cruelty and cowardice to avarice, and plunder only those whom the ocean has robbed of their strength? Do not these facts call for legislative interference? Could not some mode be devised for enforcing the operation of existing laws? This is but one instance of many!

The Hirlas Horn.

The committee for managing the *Eisteddvod*, which was held at Denbigh last September, voted Dr. Jones, the honorary secretary, a piece of plate, for his valuable services on that occasion. Mr. Ellis, of John street, Oxford street, Medallist to the Royal Cambrian Institution, was requested to execute, after his own design, a drinking goblet of an ancient form. Mr. Ellis thought of the *Hirlas Horn*, and he has completed one of the most beautiful, as it is the most unique, pieces of workmanship we ever beheld. It is an elegantly carved horn, about eighteen inches long, brilliantly polished, and richly mounted, the cover highly ornamented with chased oak leaves, and the tip adorned with an acorn; the horn resting on luxuriant branches of an oaken tree, exquisitely finished in chased silver. Around the cover is engraved the following inscription: "*Presented by the Cymrodorion in Gwynedd, to Richard Phillips Jones, M.D. for his unwearied exertions in promoting the Royal Eisteddvod held at Denbigh*, 1828." The horn (the inside of which is lined with silver,) will contain about three half-pints; and we doubt not that it will be often passed around, filled with *cwrw da*, in remembrance of the interesting event which it is intended to commemorate.

The Hirlas was, in days of yore, a most necessary appendage.

About 1160, Owain Cyveiliog, one of the most distinguished princes of Powis flourished; he was a great warrior and an eminent poet; several specimens of his writings are given in the "Archaiology of Wales." His poem called the *Hirlas Horn* (the long blue horn), is a masterpiece. It used to be the custom of the prince, when he had gained a battle, to call for the horn, filled with metheglin, and drink the contents at one draught, then sound it to show that there was no deception; each of his officers followed his example. Mrs. Hemans has given a beautiful song in Parry's second volume of Welsh Melodies, on the subject, concluding thus—

" Fill higher the Hirlas! forgetting not those
Who shared its bright draught in the days which are fled!
Tho' cold on their mountains the valiant repose,
Their lot shall be lovely, renown to the dead!
While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,
While regal Eryri* with snow shall be crown'd,
So long by the bard shall their battles be sung,
And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound;
The free winds of Cambria shall swell with their name,
And Owain's rich Hirlas be fill'd to their fame!"

Welsh Judicature.

Circulars have been issued by the clerk of the peace for the county of Anglesey, by order of the Lord Lieutenant, to each of the magistrates, to know the opinion of the country, as to the state of the Welsh Judicature. The object of these letters is, to have the sense of the magistrates and other intelligent persons resident in Wales, as to the expediency of retaining our judicature. A meeting was accordingly held at Llangevni, on Tuesday, the 2d ult. to make a specific reply to the several queries proposed in the circular. As several questions related to the practice of the Welsh courts, the greater number present, of course, not being professional gentlemen, were unable to know any thing of the usages and practice of the court. The chair was taken by John Williams, esq. chairman of the quarter sessions. He declared that the introduction of English Judges, and the including Wales in the circuits of fourteen Judges of Wales, was a measure disadvantageous to Wales, inasmuch as all actions tried in Wales are comparatively attended with small expense. The learned gentleman concluded by moving the adoption of replies to that intent. "The principal objections to our judicature arise from having the same Judges continually on one circuit; that their appointment proceeds from political interest. The proposed remedy is, that the circuits should be alternately visited by all the Welsh Judges, or, if possible, that the introduction of English Judges should be adopted, provided our Judicature be not changed."

Gwyneddigion Society, in London.

The fifty-eighth anniversary dinner of this society took place on Tuesday, Dec. 9, at the Woolpack tavern, Cornhill, Mr. Parry in the chair, and Mr. Williams, vice-president.

When the cloth was removed, "Non Nobis" was sung, which was followed by the toast of "Church and King," or rather "The King and Church," *y Brenhin ar Eglwys*, as given agreeably

* Snowdon.

to the idiom of the Welsh language, when our national anthem was sung by the whole company standing, with the following additional stanza, which was loudly applauded:

May heav'n protect the throne,
And make the cause its own
Of George our king!
From danger e'er defend
Old Cambria's prince and friend,
And blessings on him send;
Long live the king!

After "*The Principality of Wales*" was given, the chairman sung the national song of "*O let the kind minstrel,*" accompanied by his son on the harp, who performed some brilliant variations in the melody, which elicited universal plaudits, and afterwards sang "*St. David's day,*" and "*The worth of true friendship,*" in a manner that delighted the company. Mr. Collyer sang several ballads very sweetly; and Gattie gave some of Dibdin's exquisite songs in excellent style.

The chairman, in proposing the health of "*The Duke of Wellington,*" stated that his grace was a descendant of TUDOR TREVOR, and called upon his countrymen to honour the toast with three Ancient British cheers, which was heartily complied with. The same compliment was paid to Lord Kenyon.

In introducing the health of Sir W. W. Wynn, and the Royal Cambrian Institution, the president observed that it was the intention of the society to give a grand Cambrian concert early in May next, *for the benefit of the Welsh charity school,* on which occasion some of the most eminent performers of the day would be engaged, also that Richard Roberts, the blind minstrel of Carnarvon, who gained the gold harp at the Denbigh *Eisteddvod,* would be sent for, to perform the identical air, with variations, "*Sweet Richard,*" which he played on that interesting occasion; and that he would be accompanied by some Pennillon singers from Wales. It was announced that a portrait of the late Owen Jones Myvyr, founder of the *Gwyneddigion,* would be forthwith published by the society, and that their secretary was preparing for the press an historical account of the institution. Prichard, harper to the society, performed several national airs, and *Pennillion* singing was kept up with great spirit, relieved by songs, duets, glees, &c. the evening's entertainment closed with "*Ar hyd y nos.*"

Mr. Roberts, of Holyhead, has commenced a tour in Wales, for the purpose of delivering Lectures on Astronomy in the Welsh language. It is the first attempt of the kind ever made, and we sincerely hope that it will be successful.

J. and C. Adlard, Printers, Bartholomew Close.

THE

CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

AND

Celtic Repertory.

No. 2. — APRIL 1, 1829. — Vol. I.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN WALES.

Llandrindod Wells! How little did I think, when, for the first and last time, I drank the complete antithesis of "delicious poison" from those unsavoury springs, that I should ever make them the subject of an essay, and an essay too in a Welsh Magazine. And, at this distance of time, (for it is now six years ago,) it requires no small effort to recall the shadowy recollections of a blithesome period; no small portion of moral courage to make certain confessions to the public, which I am not obliged to make unless I choose it. Truth, however, against the world. Reader, though I have just quoted the most sacred adage of the bardic race, yet—I am—pshaw, this is folly! Hear then the truth! Reader, *I am not a Welshman!* Thou hast my secret.

But why the necessity of this exposure? says the compassionate reader, feeling for my situation; why not keep the thing to yourself? Aye, there's the rub. If I had not told it myself, I should have been found out before I had written a page. I could no more pass myself off for a genuine Cymro than the gross leg of a Leicestershire ram could palm itself off for a thyme-fed trotter of the Denbighshire hills. It was necessary that I should be candid. Had I boldly declared myself a true Cambrian, it would have hurt my conscience to be found out.

But the public must now be informed who I really am, for I have sundry pleasing and pathetic visions of future articles floating about my organ of imagination, which will lose half their charm unless their author be known, and kept in mind at the time of reading them. Reader, I am not very young, though somewhat frolicsome: I walk a great deal, because I like it, and because I grow fat: I am what Englishers call a jolly-looking gentleman,

turned thirty, with red cheeks, blue eyes, light hair, hardly any whiskers worth looking at, not tall but plump, and should look all the better if it were possible to *roll me out*. My reason for thus describing myself is not quite disinterested: to gratify the curiosity of the courteous reader, (his epithet time out of mind,) may be a motive of weight; but the principal and operating cause is, that a gentleman answering the above description may be treated with more than ordinary attention in his never-failing summer peripateticism in the Principality.

Well, but Llandrindod?* Ay, true, I was wandering. Then be it known, that, in the summer of one thousand eight hundred and ——, never mind dates, they tell tales, I began to grow fat. I left off malt and suppers, and took to blue pill and walking. For this purpose I set out upon a Welsh tour. I was then neither more nor less than a freshman at college, called myself *a man*, talked of *the quad*, lecture room, boat races, town and gown, and believed myself licensed and qualified to flirt with every pretty girl who would listen to trash.

Thus informed, I came to Llandrindod. The Pump House was as full as it could hold. The other (for there were but two in the place, whatever there may be now,) was, if I remember right, called the Rock House. That I understood was not so genteel, though I should opine more commodious. However, genteel I would be, so went to the first house, and they made shift, after much teazing, to erect me a bed in a sort of hayloft, clean enough, but little conducive to sleep, on account of the grinding and snorting and whinnying of the steeds below, of which there was a goodly crew. However, I outlived three winkless nights there, and was then transferred to the house, and lodged in a fayre chamber, ycleped "the Dungeon." What a murky den it was! Mercy, how young I must have been to turn into hammock there! Nathless, it was heaven to my hinnible abode; and soon after, on the departure of a fat widow of Newtown, I took possession of a snug whitewashed closet, called "the Salt Box;" and there I ended my wanderings, and was at rest.

It was the custom of the place that the last comer, if a gentleman, should place himself at the bottom of the table, and carve for the rest: if a lady, she in like manner dispensed the nectar of the teapot. I was an abominable carver; and the fates would have it that I should sit in that same carving station nearly a week: no kind Hercules arrived to ease a most unwilling atlas of his weight of duty. Ill fared the joint of sheep that was placed before me; worse fared the wights who had to wait for dinner at my hand; worst of all fared the carver himself, who never ate a comfortable meal as long as he held that unenvied preeminence. With face

* The Church of the Trinity.

as red as a turkey cock, and limbs quivering to my fingers' ends, how anxiously did I essay to cut genteel and even slices! how assiduously did I grope for the joint of a chicken's wing! how humbly and sheepishly did I apologize for the continued spurting of the gravy upon every gown and coat within the possible range of its projection! Well, I was relieved at last by a huge attorney, from Shrewsbury I think, who shamed me by cutting a fowl limb from limb at three strokes, and slicing a leg of mutton into delicate morceaux in that inconceivably brief time which Lord Duberly has aptly named "the twinkling of a bedpost."

Our company was good upon the main: we sat down twenty-three to dinner. There were two or three madcap collegians, like myself, who affected to be reading there for their degrees: there was a jolly young quaker, who made no scruple of mixing in our quadrilles in the afternoon: there were two or three middle-aged Welsh gentlemen, pleasant fellows, who loved a bottle and a joke: a funny little Welsh parson, who was raving mad on the beauties of his country's poetry; and his son, also a clergyman, who quizzed his good papa unmercifully. Two members of parliament gave us dignity; a young Irishman furnished us with fun; and a weather-beaten sea captain was not sparing of stories, or, more genteelly speaking, related wonderful things that he would not have believed had he seen them himself. Now step into the next room, if you please, (for there are but two sitting-rooms here,) and I will show you the ladies. That grave-looking matron is wife to the naval hero; and the quiet-looking soft-eyed woman beside her is her niece, a widow. I begin to grow impatient, like one who has something in his hand which he longs to show, but would fain reserve it to raise more curiosity: come, out with it: there she sits, as bewitching a creature as ever set a heart a-blazing! She was a Welsh maiden of about seventeen; an heiress, I was told; simplicity personified; but with as much native grace and polish of manner as if she had been a denizen of drawing-rooms ever since she was in long clothes. O loves and doves, how I doated on her! so did all the young bucks; and I rather think we sophisticated her a little by our attentions and raptures. Well, heigho! pass on, and let us see the rest. Those two chattering giglers in the corner are sisters of one of the Oxford blades, merry, light-hearted, thoughtless girls. Next to them is a lacadaisical wife of one of the M.P.'s; and the fat rosy dame nodding over the book in a corner is the interesting wife of my successor in office, the attorney. Beside these, there were some too insipid and uninteresting to mention, and a host of barbarians, both male and female, from whom "we quality" kept aloof. But, oh ye powers! have I forgotten my old maid? Such an old maid too! The kindest, the most conciliating, the most obliging. My dear Miss W., I shall

respect the whole generation of the singly blessed to my dying day, for your dear good-hearted never-to-be-forgotten sake.

It might puzzle the uninitiated in a Welsh inland watering-place to guess how we passed our time. "Me interpret." Most of us got up at six, drank our half-dozen tumblers of sulphur or saline fluid, according to taste, digested the same, and then proceeded to breakfast at eight. The walks where we paced up and down to give effect to our potations were a curious scene. Sometimes they would be crowded to excess: young and old, rich and poor, male and female, from far and near, walking gravely and steadily with glass or cup in hand, renewing the draught ever and anon, and inquiring of each other, with a seriousness infinitely comic, respecting the intensity and repetition of the effects. The peasantry look upon these springs as the panacea of all disorders: if the sulphureous pump fails to relieve you, try the saline; if that is not efficacious, then the point's settled, it is the chalybeate you stand in need of. Should the complaint, however, defy this last resource, "ah, then God help you, for man's help is in vain." Some of these poor creatures drank, to my knowledge, full thirty half-pint cups of saline water in a morning, in hopes of removing some stubborn and long-standing disorder. One woman, in particular, I remember astounding us all by continuing her libations, even to cups innumerable, morning after morning, when it was evident that her only disease was old age. She was expostulated with by several compassionate persons, but without effect.

Well, the breakfast bell rings. How my mouth waters at the thought of the delicious hot rolls, and the glorious large cups of glowing tea, warming and cheering the stomach, benumbed and chilled as it was by the copious streams of cold water with which it had been inundated. This meal, and indeed the whole of our eating occupation, never took up much time. Then came the consultation how were we to get through the morning. Some of the male party went fishing: the river, by the way, is very pretty, but few ever see it, because the road to it lies across an extended and most uninviting common: some preferred playing quoits; and two testy old chaps regularly squabbled over backgammon from eight till two every day: I believe in my heart that one of them took the board to bed with him, and always had it inserted between himself and the chair, lest any body else should lay hold of it, and deprive him of the opportunity of a hit. "We youth," male and female, after our kind, generally made an equestrian excursion, in a troop of about nine or ten, mounted, God wot, in rather a sorry style for the most part, upon broken-kneed or broken-winded ponies, such as could be procured from the neighbouring peasantry. But this was all the better for fun; and the attempts which some of our bolder riders made to urge their gallant chargers over a ditch a foot wide often caused what Cobbett calls "a glorious spell of laughter," especially among

the ladies. Our guide was the dear old maid already mentioned. She had been in the place pretty often before, and knew every track and sheepwalk thereabouts. There is little to be seen in the neighbourhood of Llandrindod: two or three pleasing rides, and you have done with beauty of scenery. But, mercy on us, how many, I should like to know, have any real taste and feeling for beauties of scenery out of the hundreds that pretend to it? Give them rattle and talk, good cheer, decent roads, merry company, and a fine day, and not one in a hundred will do more than cast a vague imperceptive stare over the spread of prospect which he or she came to look at; and even of those few who feel a degree of gratification from the novel or striking character of country around them, how infinitely small a portion bear away any thing like a vivid and permanent impression, transferred from the eye to the feelings, and embodied with the thinking faculties. Perhaps there never was a company better suited to each other, in this respect, than our Llandrindod party. We gabbled and laughed; the men played monkey tricks and sang comic songs for the entertainment of the fair; the fair condescended to be amused with such nonsense; and the highest good humor invariably prevailed. We never *felt* the lack of more natural beauties in the country; and I really believe the following absurd epitaph gave more general satisfaction to the party than the discovery of a majestic waterfall would have done. We found it in the churchyard of Cefnclys, or some such place: I was more than once taught how to spell it; but "omnia fert ætas, animum quoque," and it is now several years since.

Epitaph.

"As I was passing by one day, I look'd at this burial ground,
The palisade I found was gone away,
And the rest was tumbling down:
I said to myself, my ancestors dear, whom I have never seen,
Yet know, lie prostrate here.
This stone I do give, this palisade do new rear,
And may they continue to be kept in repair."

There's a specimen of native genius, uncramped by the fetters of the schools!

Well, we came home to dinner, hungry and good humored. I myself became particularly sentimental in about a week, owing to having fallen in love with the fair-haired Welsh heiress already commented upon, and therefore deemed it exceedingly proper that I should leave off eating and look sad. The latter was easy enough; but, body o' me, to lose my dinner was no joke. I pocketed two or three rolls at breakfast, and ate them while getting ready for dinner, and still came in with such an inclination to forbearance as a young tiger might have after despatching his first pound of raw liver from the hand of Mr. Wombwell. I found,

after a short time, to my infinite satisfaction, that she never observed in the slightest degree whether I ate much or little. Comfortable discovery this, and I took full advantage of it. No matter to any body but myself how the affair turned out: suffice it to say, that, even at this stage of our acquaintance, she told a friend of mine that she did not think Mr. L. so *very* fat.

After dinner I can scarcely tell what became of us. The gentlemen, for the most part, remained in the dining-room, some sipping wine that had been shaken to a sort of liquid mud by recent carriage, or which was supplied by the house, and might have been drank as a spirit. Then came the sauntering, chatting, yawning interval till tea; then a walk in the cool of the evening, love-making for those that liked such folly, politics for some men, fashions for some women; scandal for those who had common acquaintance; rational talk for those who had common sense. Afterwards came a quadrille danced to a Welsh harp; or a rubber at whist, or a round game; sometimes diversified by a little singing, once by an elopement, and once *very nearly* by a duel. A few books lay about, which were about as much attended to as the prophecies of Cassandra *were*, or as the theories of Malthus *are*. People studied human nature too much there to think of wasting time on books. We certainly were no part of that august body called "the reading public."

And now, in my humble opinion, I have given a juster idea of the place, at least a more serviceable and available one, than if I had written a scientific analysis of the waters, or a learned dissertation respecting the probable route of the Roman army, that antiquarians assert bivouacked in the vicinity; or an ingenious attempt to restore the druidical circle on the common to its primitive state. Still readers may reasonably expect some information respecting *le local*. Upon my honour, gentlemen, I am the most unfit person in the world to apply to. I regularly forget all Welsh names as soon as I learn them. There is a place called Pen-y Bont I remember well, some five miles off, whence we had letters and postchaises; and there is another place with a pretty bridge belonging to it, whose name begins with C——, I think. But I will expose my ignorance no further. To make amends, however, let me tell you how these three kinds of mineral water came to be in such close quarters: a history that few are acquainted with except myself.

Pen-grych was an earl's son, and taller by an inch than any young man who sat at his father's board: also he was allowed to have an exceedingly well-made leg; and the crisped locks from which he took his name curled over his forehead like the clustering mane on the front of a mountain bull; and Pen-grych was at the age when love shoots a sidelong glance from the desiring eye.

But there were no maidens at the hall of the earl, his father, who had a dower of beauty; so Pen-grych admired no one but himself, as he looked into some smooth lake.

One day, as he was pursuing this pleasing employment, an old woman, with a singularly long beard at each corner of her mouth, came up, and touching his elbow, which she could just reach with the tip of her finger, said, "Hath Pén-grych of the strong ankle no more manly office than to be looking at a broad red face in a fishpool?" The young man coloured up to his curly brow at this insult to his good looks, partly perhaps with a slight sense of shame at being detected behaving "so like a waiting gentlewoman." However, he tried to conceal both feelings with a broad smile, and said, "*Myn Diawl*,* good mother of the moustache, I would fain be looking at somewhat more attractive as well as substantial; but you know that, though my father's walls are thick, the beauties they enclose are but thin; otherwise I think I should really like to look upon other faces almost as well as my own." "That's particularly condescending," answered the crone, "look into the pool below." The youth cast down his eyes, and lo! instead of his own self-admired visage, a female form of O *such* loveliness! lay in the depths below; a face bright and beauteous as ever adorned a poet's dream gazed on him from the glassy surface, bending its pure blue eyes full upon his, curling its coral lip and dimpled cheek into an angelic smile, and waving its silken hair till it gleamed like a cluster of sunbeams through the water. Pen-grych gazed with dilated eyes, and mouth extended as wide as he could stretch it, at this heavenly vision. Not a breath stirred the surface of the pool; not a cloud intercepted the clear sunshine. In a few seconds, a trembling movement animated the figure: it danced with a graceful sprightliness lower and lower, becoming less and less at every step, though still vividly distinct at every stage of its *pas-seul*, until it dwindled to a small bright speck, and vanished. Pen-grych shrieked, held out his arms with the energy of despair, and tumbled headlong into the lake. The old woman held out her stick to him after he had floundered about for some time, and he thus scrambled, with some difficulty, ashore.

"And who," said he, wringing his wet cloak, "tell me, who is this most exquisite creature?" "She is my daughter," replied the old lady; and, giving her petticoats a whisk, she also disappeared, though not quite so gracefully as the preceding vision.

Pen-grych hardly noticed her departure. He was so wet, and so much enwrapped with the recollection of the youthful beauty he had just seen, that the absence of an old woman at first gave him

* A sort of oath, I believe; but I do not know exactly what: certainly swearing.

small concern. Then he bitterly reproached himself that he had not forcibly detained his aged visitant, that he might have gained possession of the treasure, or at least a clue to it. From that day he was an altered man. Like the baron in the old song, "his meat never did him no good;" the *Hirlâs* horn of mead passed him by untasted. In short, he did and suffered all that hot idle young men usually do and suffer when they cannot get what they want.

Not a day passed, however, but he paid a visit to the scene of his fascination. This excited no remark, as he had been perpetually in the habit of looking at his own sweet person in that same place: but all to no purpose. Day after day he only saw the reflected visage, which now began to be excessively disagreeable and offensive to him; more especially as the pale cheeks, lack-lustre eyes, and hair frizzled rather than curled, did not give him so good an idea of his personal attractions as did the reflection of his former self.

But, of course, he was not destined always to remain thus disconsolate: had he done so, he should never have been hero of mine. Accordingly, one morning, the old lady, beard and all, again stood beside him. "How now, Syr Pen-grych," quoth she, "wilt thou never weary of contemplating that wobegone frontispiece of thine?" The youth turned round with a jump like a deer just struck, and seizing her hand, "By all that you hold dear, and love, and cherish," he exclaimed, "show me once more that glorious vision; show me, and I will—ay, I will—tumble into the pool again." "He, he!" tittered the beldame, "and a goodly sight it would be to see thee sprawl like a drowning newt, and shake thyself like a drenched dog. But know, young man, we are of a race that do nothing for nothing. What wilt thou do for me if I will show thee, not that fleeting shadow, but the living reality; not the cold, watery, senseless reflection, but the substantial being, full of warmth, and passion, and thought, and the tenderness that is of women?" "All that you require of me," replied he; "all, at least, that human heart can dare, or mortal hand achieve." "It is well," returned she; "follow me."

She led him, by winding and entangled paths, to the top of a woody knoll, at some distance, and pointing to the plain below, showed him a druidical circle standing white above the brown herbage of the moor in which it was placed. "You have heard of yon spot?" she asked. "I have heard," he said, "certain wild tales of unearthly beings that frequent it; but I reck not of them." "Because you believe not and know not," she answered; "If you would win what you desire, you must perforce believe and know, ay, and mayhap tremble." "Let it be tried," said Pen-grych firmly.

She gazed with a fixed and ironical look full upon him, as if to

ascertain whether he was the undaunted wight his words affirmed. But he met her searching stare with an unshrinking and calm look: his eye fell not, and his cheek lost not a shade of its glow. "Know then," said she, after a minute's pause, "that it is now five hundred years since that circle of ghastly stone has been the prison of my joys, my hopes, ay, of my very soul. Nay, interrupt me not with that impatient gesture: hear, or be deaf for ever. They asked for a victim to their god, and I gave them my daughter! Ask not why: the cause it concerns thee not to know: I was in their power, and I was maddened by their arts. I saw the white-robed priests lead her in procession; I saw the crown of oak upon her brow; I saw the glittering knife; and then I heard the crash, the roar, the shrieks of despair, and the howlings of agony. I woke from my trance, and there was silence and desolation. There was none of the assembled crowd; the very stones of the temple were broken and dispersed; all save the altar whereon they laid my child. I wandered, but I met not a single known face: the very country was strange to me. Some secret influence led me every third night to the consecrated ring: I see my daughter there, happy, it seems, and blooming; dancing gaily with beings that are not of the sons of men."

"Then they did not kill her?" said Pen-grych.

"No," replied she, "the earthquake and the thunderbolt were before them. But I must reveal no more of the secrets of our destiny. Enough if you are sufficiently bold to attempt her delivery, and have her for your prize." "By the hand of my grandfather," said Pen-grych, stretching out his own manfully, "I will strive for her to the death." "Then know," said the old gentlewoman, "that this night it may perchance be done, if that brawny fist can effect aught, and if there be brains beneath that frizzled scalp." "Humph," ejaculated the young lover.

She put her hand in her right pocket, and drew forth a small bag. "To-night," she said, "you must begin your watch with the evening star." "Where?" asked he. "Hold your tongue, can't you?" she answered, rather sharply, "and don't interrupt me. Stand so far to the east of yon stony ring that you may but just see the top of the large eastern stone. Never take your eye from it, whatever may betide. Remember there is success in the cloud, and evil in the blaze. There is the moment that time will bring but once, when the eye is covered and the spell is loosed. There are three that are mighty to contend and fierce to pursue; but there be three in this pouch (giving him the bag) that will quell them at that hour. And, if thou canst read my riddle, my life is done; for the moment that frees the child lays the parent low. The word of Leebur is spoken!" She gave a singular kind of jump, and vanished like a candle snuffed out unawares.

Now Pen-grych was by no means a blockhead; but the directions of this most unintelligible of old women puzzled him a good deal. He conned them over and over; rubbed his whiskers, and bit his nails; but never got a whit the clearer idea of them. At last he bethought him of the bag, and set about to examine its contents. He pulled out first a lump of something yellow and heavyish, put it to his nose thrice, and then muttered "Brimstone by Keridwen." The next prize was a solid round lump of rock salt. "Goodly weapons," quoth he, "to quell mine enemies; and what have we here? hard, heavy, iron sure. Well, that may give a decentish thump to be sure; but, as for these, I doubt whether they would fell a sparrow from a twig. We shall see anon."

You may believe that Pen-grych failed not of his time. Before the thrush had sung her good-night carol, or the goats had returned to the fold, there was he pacing up and down, ascertaining the exact spot of observation, and looking out for some snug little nook where he could couch down, and make himself comfortable till the time of action. A weary time he thought it till the daylight faded to dusk, and the dusk darkened to gloom, and the fair evening-star shone alone in the heavens. Then he fixed his eye intently on the eastern stone that stood distinctly visible on the brown heath. After a time, a meteor, or some such thing, shot briskly across the moor, and rested on the stone. A pale light presently spread itself over the enclosed ring; it grew gradually more vivid, till it enabled him to distinguish that the circle was filled by countless figures, that moved incessantly in a rapid and complex dance. "There is evil in the blaze," thought he: "the hour is not yet come." But he approached nearer and nearer, until he could plainly distinguish the forms of the revellers, who showed themselves like figures in a troubled dream, so perpetually changing their appearance, that the identity of each was lost, varying through every variety of grotesque deformity, but every now and then wildly freaked with beauty. Unchanging and ever lovely, moved among them the form of the fair vision he had seen imaged in the lake. Her motions, though fantastic, were graceful, and spoke more of the daughters of women than of the elvish trickery of her spiritual associates. On a sudden a black strongly-defined cloud descended and hung over the spot. Three figures of strange aspect advanced, and led the beauteous nymph towards the eastern stone, first placing a crown of oak leaves on her head. They laid her, extended at length, on the flat surface. Every one threw his green mantle over his eyes, and stood still as a statue. "The cloud! the cloud!" exclaimed Pen-grych, and, springing forward, seized the maid from the altar, and dashed away like a bullet hurled from a sling. A loud elvish yell and mingled wailings pursued him; so, too, did the three officials, who had presided at the rites. Pen-grych heard

the approach of steps: he looked round, and saw a dwarfish form, of most hideous aspect, close upon his heels. There was no time to be lost; he thrust his hand into his pouch, and, pulling forth the first thing that presented itself, the lump of salt, hurled it with all his force at his pursuer, and struck him somewhere, I don't know exactly where. However, the effect was quite sufficient, though unexpected: the imp sunk upon the ground, and his form began to melt away like butter in the sun. He shook his fist furiously at his destroyer, and the water ran from it as if it contained a wet sponge. At length he disappeared, or rather dissolved entirely away, and, instead of the hideous dwarf, there lay a still pool of clear water.

Pen-grych had no time to stare at the catastrophe. His second foe was approaching, and was upon him before he had ran many yards from the place where he had got rid of the first. A queer grotesque being it was, too, with a merry cock-eye and a most irresistible twist in a singularly-wide mouth. He came hopping along in such a ridiculous fashion that the young lord could hardly keep his countenance. Recollecting, however, that he had to keep his lady, he again betook himself to the bag, and hurled the clod of sulphur with goodly force at his facetious-looking foe. Down dropped Master Merry-man, enveloped in a blue flame, through which his wry mouth and comical squint gleamed right ludicrously. Like his predecessor, he was soon liquified; and that drollest of phizzes was lost in a little well, on which the blue fire played like snapdragon on a Christmas eve.

Again the young adventurer set forward, and made considerable way, before his last enemy came up with him. Here was no deformed dwarf, strong only in elvish subtlety; no comic hobgoblin, whose dangerous qualities were far less apparent than his ridiculous ones: but a large-limbed hairy monster, whose arms were longer than his whole body, with a grin of desperate vengeance on his fiendish features, strode yelling after the fugitives. But Pen-grych was confident in the hitherto-unfailing bag. He thrust in his hand; felt nothing; searched eagerly every corner. Merciful powers, it was gone! In pulling forth the bolt for the last opponent, a spasm of laughter at the grotesque appearance had shaken the remaining missile from the pouch. What was to be done? The fiend was beside him: his shaggy hands were fastened on the fair senseless form, with a howl of triumph. He tugged, he pulled; mortal strength was giving way to the power of another order. Already those strong arms were clasping her waist; already was she half torn from the embrace of her deliverer, when the spirit of earthly combat woke in the bosom of the youth: he plucked his dagger from his girdle, and plunged it blade-deep into the monster's hairy chest. The effect was as instantaneous as unexpected and decisive. *Iron* was the fore-

doomed means of his dissolution: the moment the cold point touched the skin of the abomination he uttered a howl, oh! how different from the previous scream of exultation. His eyes became absolute water-spouts; his matted locks, a system of capillary tubes; his —— but wherefore should I stop to describe, when Pen-grych did not stop to look? In fact, he ran much faster away than there was any occasion, for no one pursued. How he expounded to the maiden the story of his love, and her rescue; how he told his tender tale; and how she, having no other resource, kindly agreed to become *Mistress* Pen-grych, may be just as well imagined as specified. It is said that the old lady, her mother, paid them a short visit before she finally "sunk in the earth or vanished in air," and, having given them a blessing, departed for ever, to the great relief of the young couple. The nymph, of course, was but a novice in this world's matters, but report says she learned the duties of a wife with wonderful facility, and conducted herself with much propriety.

The three little clear nasty-tasting pools remained for some time unnoticed; but it chanced that Pen-grych fell sick, whereupon his lady, whether apprized by some vision, or from a kind of instinct contracted in her spiritual existence, I know not, took him down to the plain, and would needs have him quaff a brimmer from one of them; which it was, this deponent saith not. He made sundry wry faces, swore, and stampt: however, he got it down, and, after reasonable time, found so much benefit from it, that he was induced to repeat the same in sundry ailments that befel him. The thing was bruited abroad: lords and peasants of every degree flocked to the charmed springs. The lady of Pen-grych got a knack of recommending the water suited to each complaint; by which skill she not only got sundry gifts of brooches and rings, but also the undeniable reputation of a *gwraig hyspys*.*

Time, that laid the honoured bodies of this illustrious couple in the dust, brought a large increase of reputation to the Waters of Healing. In course of years they were analyzed, pamphleted, and duly puffed, and are now, without any exception, the most fashionable, agreeable, and best frequented springs in Radnorshire.

* Cunning woman.

BIOGRAPHY AND LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE REV. EVAN EVANS, *Bardicé*, JEUAN BRYDYDD HÎR.

THE Rev. Evan Evans was born at Gynhawdrev, in the parish of Lledrod, in the county of Cardigan, about the year 1731. He was educated at the grammar-school of Ystrad Meirig, in the same county, under that excellent scholar and much admired poet, Mr. Richards, many years master of that school. From thence he went to Merton college, Oxford. Mr. Evans showed an early attachment to the Welsh muse, and was soon noticed by Mr. Lewis Morris, the famous bard and antiquary, who conceived a very favorable opinion of his abilities from some of his juvenile compositions, in his native language, in which he made a considerable proficiency. He published two octavo volumes of Welsh sermons; de Bardis; Specimens of Ancient Welsh Poetry; and ed the Love of our Country; in his notes on which, ce to his sermons, he expresses himself with unbe- th and undue severity on the subject of the appoint- lish prelates to superintend Welsh dioceses; which y account, in some measure, for his having died preferment. He was curate successively of Towyn lanberis and Llanllechid, in the county of Carnarvon; fair Talhaiarn, in the county of Denbigh. He spent collecting and transcribing Welsh manuscripts, and tance for that purpose into the libraries at Wynnstay, Bodysgallen, Cors y Gedol, Hengwrt, and many was, at one time, allowed a small annuity by the late ynn, bart. and also by Dr. Warren, then bishop of of which were afterwards withdrawn, for what reason . Fortunately, however, for the cause of Welsh e late Paul Panton, esq. of Plas Gwyn, near Pen- he county of Anglesey, being apprehensive lest the so ingenious a man should, upon the death of their either destroyed or dispersed, agreed to allow Mr. petent annuity for life, on condition of his being put te possession of all his manuscripts, which consisted venty volumes; and they still continue at the same the property of his son, Jones Panton, esq. at present for the county of Anglesey.

isposition Mr. Evans was very humane, benevolent, ble, and possessed of many excellent qualities. In his was tall and athletic, and of a dark complexion. He ly at Gynhawdrev, the place of his birth, in the month 1789, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and was e churchyard of Lledrod, Cardiganshire. There is no he above annuity was continued to him to the day of

his death, but, owing to indiscretion or imprudence, it is generally believed that he suffered considerable pecuniary distress in his last days; and there was a report, which was certainly unfounded, of his having died from want, and perished on a mountain; and to which the Rev. R. Williams, of Vron, near Mold, and rector of Machynlleth, and companion to Mr. Pennant in his tour through North Wales, alluded, in the following Elegy on his Death:

On Snowdon's haughty brow I stood,
And view'd afar old Menai's flood;
Caernarvon castle, eagle-crown'd,
And all the beauteous prospect round;
But soon each gay idea fled,
For Snowdon's favorite bard was dead.
Poor Bard, accept a genuine tear,
And read thy true eulogium here:
Here, in my heart, that rues the day
Which stole Eryri's* pride away.
But, lo, where seen by Fancy's eye,
His visionary form glides by:
Pale, ghastly pale, that hollow cheek
That frantic† look, does more than speak,
And tells a tale so full of woe,
My bosom swells, my eyes o'erflow.
On Snowdon's rocks, unhous'd, unfed,
The tempest howling round his head,
Far from the haunts of men, alone,
Unheard, unpitied, and unknown,
To want and to despair a prey,
He pin'd and sigh'd his soul away.
Ungrateful countrymen, your pride,
Your glory, wanted bread, and died!
Whilst ignorance and vice are fed,
Shall wit and genius droop their head?
Shall fawning sycophants be paid
For flattering fools? while thou art laid
On thy sick bed, the mountain heath,
Waiting the slow approach of death,
Beneath inhospitable skies,
Without a friend to close thine eyes?
Thus shall the chief of bards expire,
The master of the British lyre:
And shall thy hapless reliques rot,
Unwept, unhallow'd, and forgot?
No, while one grateful muse remains,
And pity dwells on Cambria's plains,
Thy mournful story shall be told,
And wept 'till time itself grows old.

* Eryri and Wyddva, the Welsh names of Snowdon.
† It was said that at one time he became deranged in his intellects.

[The following unpublished correspondence, relative to the history, literature, and antiquities of Cambria, from the original MSS. of Mr. Evans, will not, we trust, prove uninteresting.]

To Sir Roger Mostyn, of Mostyn and Gloddaith, Knight and Baronet, Member of Parliament, Custos Rotulorum, and Colonel of Militia for the County of Flint.

Worthy Sir,

As you have condescended to be a patron of a few specimens of ancient British poetry, published by me several years ago, I do not know to whom I can with more propriety dedicate the labours of my whole life, which are a collection of what I found most valuable and rare in the several libraries of our country, where they are still carefully preserved. I have compiled the History of Britain and Wales from our own ancient records, and that from the oldest copies now extant of *Brut y Brenhinoedd*, and *Brut y Tywysogion*, and *Trioedd ynys Prydain, yr amseroedd hynod o oes Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau, hyd amser Llywelyn ap Jorwerth, Achau Saint ynys Prydain.* Besides these, which are written in the ancient British language, I have, in Latin, *Gildas de Excidio Britanniæ;* Archbishop Usher's copy of Nennius, collated with several other copies, and by me compared with the neat copy of Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, esq. by the favor of Hugh Vaughan, esq. lately deceased. Of late writers who treat of our affairs, I have in my possession Sir John Wynne's History of the Gwydir Family;* A short View of the long Life of that ever wise and valiant Commander, Rhys ap Thomas, knight, constable, and lieutenant of Brecknock, chamberlain of Carmarthen and Cardigan, seneschal and chancellor of Haverfordwest, Rhos, and Buallt, justiciary of South Wales, and governor of all Wales, knight baneret and knight of the most honourable order of the garter, privy counsellor to Henry VII. and a favorite to Henry VIII. This I consider as a very curious and valuable manuscript, because it contains the history of Henry VII. and how he came to the throne; an æra that ought ever to be regarded with thanks and gratitude by the inhabitants of our Principality, as it was a means of rescuing us from the tyranny of the English, and, in the subsequent reigns, from our spiritual slavery under the Pope of Rome. The famous Lord Bacon, who wrote the life of Henry VII. has either wilfully or ignorantly omitted this interesting history, in such a shameful manner, that he calls this great general Richard Thomas, and not Sir Rhys ap Thomas; and I remember to have seen, about twenty years ago, a letter of Sir John Wynne's, of Gwydir, expostulating with the author for the injustice he did to our hero, and his countrymen, by slurring and garbling their brave actions at that period. The author of the Life of Sir Rhys ap Thomas is supposed to be

* We recommend to the reader a perusal of the new edition, published last year, of this curious work.—Editors.

Captain Powel, of Pen y Banc, near Abergwili, in Carmarthenshire, who lived in the time of Charles I. and was, I suppose, in the guards. The original copy of the History is still extant, but wants a leaf or two at the end.

"British Antiquities Revived," by Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt: this curious work was printed by the author, and dedicated to Sir Richard Wynne, of Gwydir, baronet, 1662: *Brut y Tywysogion;* or, the History of the Princes of Wales, from Cadwalader, the last British king, till Edward IV.'s time. This I copied from a very fair manuscript, which was collated with ten other old copies on vellum, by Mr. Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, and was lent me, some years ago, with many other manuscripts, by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, of Wynstay, bart. Dr. Powel, of Rhiwabon, published this History, with valuable notes, in the year 1584; and Mr. Robert Vaughan, above mentioned, proposed to print another edition about the year 1663, but was prevented by Percy Enderby's publishing his Cambria Triumphans, to the great loss of the curious, as no other person ever had, or can have, such good materials as his choice collection of manuscripts afforded. I have taken great pains to collect every thing that Mr. Vaughan left in manuscript; for which favor the public, as well as myself, are indebted to the late William Vaughan, of Cors y Gedol, esq. who had access to the Hengwrt library; and his (Mr. Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt,) labours are the best things in my collection, and throw more light upon the British history than all historians and antiquaries put together. I have myself, with great labour and pains, transcribed from the old Latin monkish historians, which I borrowed from Llanvorda library, abundance of materials for the publication of another edition of this chronicle. Dr. Powell's copy should, I think, be published as it is, and the variations of the copies marked in their proper places; and Mr. Vaughan of Hengwrt's notes, as far as they reach, by themselves. The Rev. Mr. Richard Evans, of Kingsland, in Herefordshire, has promised me the perusal of Bishop Humphreys's curious Collection of Manuscripts, who, as appears from two letters of his in my custody, seems to have taken uncommon pains to settle the chronology of our history, and to note down ecclesiastical matters. If I should be so happy as to see and make use of the bishop's manuscripts, it is my opinion that I shall have every assistance that can at this time be procured, for the publication of as perfect a history of Wales as the few materials we have left will admit. I am obliged for this great favor to Paul Panton, esq. of Plas Gwyn, Pentraeth, Anglesey, who has constantly been my friend and benefactor.

Beside these historical pieces, I have likewise a collection of the works of the ancient bards, transcribed from *Llyfr du o Gaerfyrddin, Llyfr Coch o Hergest*, and other old manuscripts. These contain the works of Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and Aneurin

Gwawdrydd, who all lived in the sixth century, and relate a great many curious particulars respecting the wars of our British ancestors with the Saxons. These venerable remains are become very scarce, as there are but few copies of them remaining, but they are certainly well worth preserving, not only on account of the language, but also on account of their throwing great light on the history of our wars with the Saxons, and containing many transactions not mentioned by any historian now extant; and they also relate many ancient customs, which show the simplicity of the age they lived in, and contain curious specimens of ancient Welsh poetry, and there are in them some admirable flights of genius, and many thoughts and ideas truly sublime.

I have also in my possession a select collection of the works of the bards who flourished from the Conquest to the death of Llewelyn, the last prince of Wales of the British line, and who was slain at Buallt. These will be found very useful for the purpose of illustrating the history of that period. Their works are the most animated pieces that I have seen in any language, and are the most valuable poetical compositions of which we can boast. There are but three copies of them now left in the kingdom. As I have taken great pains to rescue these remains of British literature from oblivion, together with many ancient tracts too numerous to insert here, I hope the gentlemen of the Principality, and the members of Jesus college, in the university of Oxford, and the members of the Cymmrodorion Society, in London, will unanimously contribute towards their publication.* As I am now advancing in years, and have been troubled with a dangerous disorder for upwards of sixteen years, and by the course of nature cannot live long in this world, I wish to be released from these pursuits, and to reap the fruits of my labours.

About four years ago I began a work which was more suitable to my function, viz. a translation of the Rev. Mr. Ostervald's Notes on the Old and New Testament into Welsh, for the benefit of such of my countrymen as do not understand the English. A bad state of health prevented my finishing this work, though it was very much my inclination, and is still, so to do. I must, however, leave that work, as well as myself, to the disposal of that good Providence that has hitherto supported me, and conducted me safe through many distresses and dangers. I hope you will excuse this plain address from a person who has no talent to write a dedication in the modern method, and believe me to be, with all respect and gratitude for all favors, your most obliged humble servant,

EVAN EVANS.

From my Study at Gynhawdrev, near Aberystwith; August 8th, 1785.

* These were published, in the respective years of 1801 and 1807, at the expense of Mr. Owen Jones, Myvyr, in the "Archaiology of Wales," a work em-

To the Reader.

A regard for my native country, and zeal for its welfare and prosperity, induced me to study its language and antiquities; and though there is, in general, no great encouragement for such pursuits in our days, yet there are some few generous persons left among us, who still continue to follow the steps of their ancestors, and are ready to assist any efforts made to preserve the few gleanings we have left of ancient British literature. We of the principality of Wales have not, as yet, the history of it printed in our language, though there are several copies of it in manuscript in the libraries of the curious. But, considering what havoc is made by time, and changes and revolutions in families, it is highly to be wished that what is really valuable be either printed, or deposited in public libraries, where it might be safely preserved, for the benefit and instruction of posterity. With this view I have, for several years past, been collecting all that I thought curious and interesting in poetry and prose, history, chronology, genealogy, music, law, customs and manners, &c. and which I propose to publish, with the assistance and under the patronage of such worthy persons as may be disposed to encourage such an undertaking. It may, perhaps, be necessary to make an apology for printing *Brut y Brenhinoedd*, or the History of the Kings of Britain, as it has lost a great deal of its credit since Camden's time, who has made use of every art, applied all his learning, and exerted all his efforts to overthrow it, in order to establish his own Britannia upon its ruins. That very learned and able antiquary, Mr. Robert Vaughan, of Hêngwrt, seems to have intended his notes upon *Trioedd ynys Prydain* (The Triads of the isle of Britain) as an answer to all that Camden has to say against the British History, and a confutation of his new system. I shall here produce Mr. Vaughan's arguments against Camden, extracted from a commonplace book written by him, and communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Lewis Owen, then curate of Llanddeiniolen, in the county of Carnarvon. "Camden, as a principal argument against Brutus, informs us that many are of opinion that one Galfridus Monemuthensis, about forty years ago, did first find out or invent that Brutus for the Britons; as no historian, as he would fain make us believe, ever mentioned Brutus before him. But surely it could not be unknown to Camden that Samuel Benlanius, Nennius, Gildas, Taliesin, and both the Myrddins', (Merlinus Sylvestris and Merlinus Ambrosius,*) yea that Gildas,

bracing, in three large octavo volumes, all the most distinguished productions of the country, from the fifth to the close of the thirteenth century —Editors.

* According to Giraldus there were two Merlins, the one called Ambrosius, who prophesied in the time of King Vortigern, begotten by a demon incubus, and found at Caermarlyn, from which circumstance that city derived its name of Caermardyn,

a man who lived in the days of Claudius Cæsar, have all testified at large of our Brutus, many hundred years before the birth of Galfridus Monemuthensis, which plainly controverts the opinion of those men; and farther betrays the jealousy and envy of Camden, and his hatred towards our nation and the History of Wales, inasmuch as he prefers, and intentionally follows, a palpable error, in opposition to the clear testimonies of these ancient men. Therefore Galfridus was not the first inventor of Brutus. But it may be objected, why do the Britons adhere to their Brutus, as a name given to this island, seeing the Scots and Danes, the Brabanders, the Goths, and the Saxons, have renounced their Scota, Danus, Gothus, and Saxus, to be authors of their nation? To this it may be answered, that truly the weakness of these objections against Brutus may serve as a strong inducement to us to adhere resolutely to him, rather than to give him up. And, besides, it is confessed by Mr. Selden, one of your own school, that Galfrid is not the first inventor of Brutus; for he saith that Nennius, 300 years before his time, doth mention Brutus. And, because the Scots, Danes, &c. have relinquished their Scota, Danus, &c. as fables and inventions, must we, on that account, abandon our Brutus as spurious or suppositious? a very weak and silly argument truly. Another objection you will say is this, that Vives, Junius, Buchanan, Polydore Virgil, Bodin, and others, all men of grave judgment, with one voice have denied that such a person as Brutus ever existed, as if nothing were true but what these men admit; but surely men of as great judgment as they have been deceived in matters of less antiquity than this. But the greatest objection that can be alleged against Brutus is this, that there is no mention of any such person being the son of Sylvius, in the Roman histories; as if those writers could not have omitted any event or memorable act transacted in Italy from the arrival of Æneas in that country to their time. Whereas in these early times there were but few learned men and fewer historians, insomuch that Livius himself complaineth very much of the ignorance of those times; neither can any one gather out of the Roman histories but that Brutus might be the son of Sylvius: and several men of our own affirm the same, among whom you cite Wethamstead, who saith that the whole story of Brutus is rather poetical than historical. His first reason is, that the Roman histories make no mention of the slaughter of his father, or his birth, nor of his banishment; secondly, that Ascanius had no son called Sylvius; thirdly, Sylvius Posthumus, mentioned by Alfrid, was the son of Æneas, by Lavinia. The first of these objections is

or the city of Merlin. The other Merlin, born in Scotland, was named Celidonus, from the Celidonian wood in which he prophesied, and Sylvester, because, when engaged in martial conflict, he discovered in the air a terrible monster, and from that time grew mad, and, taking shelter in the wood, there passed the remainder of his days.—Editors.

sufficiently answered by others; only this much I will say, that it might be, notwithstanding any thing contained in the Roman histories to the contrary. To the second: Titus Livius affirms that Ascanius had a second son called Sylvius, Brutus Consul Romanus, saith Gildas. By this is meant nothing more than a prince or nobleman of Italy, speaking in the phrase of after ages. If Gildas, out of ancient monuments, found that same affirmed Brito to be the son of one Hesichion, you cannot say that his opinion was so, denoting thereby that there was no question of Brito. And might not Brutus have come here, notwithstanding the posterity of Gomer might have inhabited here before. .That the Britons and Gauls (proceeds Mr. Robert Vaughan, in answer to Camden,) used the same religion, you prove out of Tacitus; both nations had their druids, as you prove out of Cæsar; but from whence, I pray you, had the Gauls their religion, their druids, and their discipline? Doth not Cæsar himself say that they had them from Britain, where they were first found? and doth not Cæsar say farther, that in his time those of the Gauls, who would be thoroughly instructed in that religion and discipline, went to Britain to learn the same. It is most likely, also, that from Britain the Gauls had their bards; and, from the Gauls, the Germans; so that their being of the same religion, and the bards and druids common to both nations, by no means proves that the Britons were the progeny or descendants of the Gauls, and consequently the same nation. This, therefore, appears to me to be a very weak and unfounded argument. Camden might, with more probability, have said, that the Gauls were the progeny or descendants of the Britons, because they received their druids, their discipline, bards, and religion, from them.

"Some writers assert, that our druids held that there was but one God, whom they accounted to be father, maker, and supporter of all things, and who was by them called *Duw Tad*, i. e. God the Father; and that the Gauls called him *Teutates*, whom they took to be *Mercurius*, and were persuaded by the druids that he was their father and maker. Cæsar called him *Dis Pater*, and Polydore saith, "Gildas innuit Britannos primos, insulæ inhabitatores, cognitionem habuisse Dei." And this is Camden's *Duw Taith*. I cannot believe that from this Pluto, or Dis Pater, as Cæsar saith, the Gauls were accustomed to reckon the time by the nights, and not by the day, but that they borrowed this method of calculating time from the Britons, who, having knowledge of the Supreme God, and of his wondrous works, held that custom by tradition from the beginning of mankind; for, according to Holy Writ, God made evening and morning; so that this observation of time, which was common both to the Gauls and Britons, by no means proveth them to be the same nation; for do not the English reckon the time by the night, and not by the day? and it

is well known they are a very different nation from the ancient Britons.

"In the next place, I cannot avoid noticing how unskilfully, and I might add ignorantly, Mr. Camden interprets our British tongue, translating *pythevnos*, the Welsh word for fortnight, *sedecim noctes*, and thus giving persons ignorant of the language room to suppose that the Britons reckon sixteen nights in that space of time; whereas the word signifies *pumtheg*, fifteen, *nos*, night; and, consequently, that the Welsh or British years are longer than the calculation of all the world besides, &c."

These arguments of Mr. Vaughan against Mr. Camden are further prosecuted by him in his *Notes on the Trioedd ynys Brydain*, or the Triads of the isle of Britain. I shall not, therefore, transcribe any more from his Commonplace Book, but merely make use of the conclusions and inferences he draws from them, which bespeak the candid, the ingenuous, and able antiquarian:

"Can those adversaries of the British history produce that of any other nation, Holy Writ excepted, which is not intermixed with fables? Thucydides saith that a great part of the Trojan history is fabulous. Herodotus, who by Cicero is called Historiæ Parens, is by Diodorus called Fabularum Pater. Trebellius, by Vopiscus, and Tacitus, by Tertullian, are accused of falsehood and misrepresentation. Cæsar, by Asinius Pollio, is said to have written his Commentaries with uncertain credit, as Suetonius, in Cæsar's life, affirmeth. Let these objectors examine the origin of nations in primitive times, viz. that of the Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans; and, if they find them free from fables, then let the hardiest reject and condemn ours; but if, notwithstanding some few fabulous inventions, they discover historical truths in the works of those ancient authors, who committed to writing these remarkable events, why should they not judge equally favorably of our writers, and deal with the same indulgence towards our history? Either let them embrace the ancient series of the British history, and continual succession of princes, or let some of them write a certain and true history of the times, which may not be contradicted; whereby, of necessity, our history being of all men taunted and despised, may thus vanish and disappear. And, until this be done, let it be lawful for us to receive these ancient reliques of the history of our nation, collected by studious men in their times, and preserved for so long a period from oblivion. For the reconciling our British history with the Roman and Greek authors, who wrote of British affairs, two sorts of men, who, by their importunity, would greatly hinder this reconciliation, must be excluded from this business: and, of the first kind, are those who do not scruple to affirm that the whole course of the British history is altogether feigned, and wholly fabulous; and, whatever any man shall produce, out of ancient British monuments,

to the contrary, they immediately proclaim such to be forged and counterfeited; slighting and contemning them so far, that they judge them undeserving of notice, as being unworthy of credit. Neither do they judge any thing else as being worthy to be admitted, except what is grounded on the authority of Roman writers, as if nothing else were true except what either the Romans have with their testimony confirmed, or they themselves have seen with their own eyes. The second sort, on the contrary, are those who would most unreasonably and most pertinaciously retain every vain fable, absurd miracles, and false prophecies, contained in our history, and would have them believed and assented to as solid and undoubted truths. The task and labour of purging and reforming this history must, therefore, be committed to wise and moderate men, who may be able to account for all the facts and statements in a rational manner: persons who are capable of defending their own opinions, and of answering and refuting the curious and subtile arguments of our adversaries; and thus make the truth plain and apparent. Besides all this, three things must be duly considered and weighed:

"1st. To observe a proper distinction between the rulers of the different states or commonwealths, distinguishing their names, &c.

"2dly. The historical relation of acts and monuments.

"3dly, and lastly, a perfect knowledge of the proper names of their reguli, and of the various epithets applied to them; and the cause of their invention, and of their being thus assigned to them.

"And, first, respecting the rulers of the different states, and the principal persons in each commonwealth. It must be recollected and well understood that this island, from the time of Dyvnwal Moelmud (Dunwallus Molmutius) was divided into divers petty kingdoms, which were always governed by several petty kings, who enjoyed a certain supreme authority in their different provinces, as appears evident from the authority of Cæsar, Tacitus, Dion, Suetonius, and other writers; and it further appears, from our history, that Loegria, Albania, Cornwal, Demetia, Venedotia, Deira, and Bernicia, always had their several kings, or reguli, who, although they sometimes made war one against another, yet, upon any foreign invasion, they always chose a person from one of these to be their supreme commander and leader, and whose will and orders, for the time, the rest obeyed, in order to repel the incursions, or withstand the violent assault, of any foreign enemy. When we consider this circumstance, we may easily understand how various writers might mention the names of different kings as bearing sway in several parts of this island at the same time, and yet this seeming contradiction be easily reconciled with the truth of history; and thus one writer might mention such a person as being king of Britain at a certain period, and another author record a different monarch as possessing the throne at the same

time, as there were many contemporary rulers or reguli in different parts at the same period; and, in addition to this, great attention must be paid to their names, as the same person was frequently distinguished by different epithets or cognomens; for it was a very common practice among the Britons to give the same man different names; and, for want of knowing this, and paying proper regard to this peculiarity, great mistakes have been committed, and many persons have thus been tempted to doubt the truth of our history.

"Secondly, in the relation of acts and monuments, (i.e. in relating different transactions.) A man may observe, in all authors, a certain inclination of the mind towards their own countrymen, or towards those whose acts they endeavour to advance and dignify in their writings, whereby they do, with great vehemence and energy, both extol the praise and merits of the acts by them performed, and also endeavour wholly to suppress and extenuate the villainy of their infamous deeds. All writers, for the most part, are troubled with this disease, of which Cæsar himself, in the relation of the acts of this island, is not free, as by Lucan, Tacitus, Dion, and Plutarch, is very manifest; and St. Augustine doth observe the like of Titus Livius. In doubtful matters, we ought to endeavour to divest ourselves of partiality, and examine minutely every circumstance, and weigh and compare the various events together; and, if we must lean to either side, we ought to give the preference to that author whose credit is best known to us, and thus endeavour to judge impartially of the subject which is discussed and treated by the writer; and whether the circumstance that is related is supported by such facts as may tend to render it credible or otherwise. And, in order to sift out and discover the truth, we ought to divest our minds of all envy and jealousy and prejudice, and not be biassed by any undue partiality towards one nation, or one side of the question, more than another.

"Thirdly, with regard to the proper names of eminent men, or different individuals, and also those of various regions, cities, rivers, mountains, and other circumstances. Care must be taken that we perfectly understand for what reason those names were at first imposed, and from what language they are derived; and whether they are British or Roman names; and whether the individuals or places still retain the old names, or others similar unto them. And, for this purpose, both a perfect acquaintance with Roman and British customs and manners is necessary, as well as a thorough and familiar knowledge of the British tongue; for the Roman writers, having converted the British names to the form of the Latin speech, have thus greatly disfigured and disguised them; and it may be supposed, on the other side, that the Britons greatly corrupted and mispronounced the Roman names; so that, without a proper knowledge of these things, many transactions can

scarcely be understood, or the names be restored to their original purity, and their genuine and correct orthography. However, provided these rules be observed, and a person be thus properly qualified for these studies, by being possessed of these preliminary and necessary qualifications, I consider it no very difficult matter to determine these various particulars, provided they be diligent and accurate investigators of antiquities, and endued with a sharp and accurate judgment.

"The British history, though it may to some appear fabulous and fictious, yet hath been for many years generally admitted and received as, for the most part, genuine and authentic; and it is confirmed, in many particulars, by Roman writers, such as Cæsar and others, with regard to what is related of Cassibelaunus, *Caswallawn;* and also by the testimonies of Dion and Suetonius, in what is related respecting Cunobeline, *Cynvelyn;* and Juvenal mentions Arviragus. The British history is also further confirmed by many other writers of great credit and antiquity, such as the History of King Lucius, and his receiving the Christian faith; viz. by Beda, &c.; in the office of the king and the rights of the crown of Britain; by St. Edward, in his laws; and by Giraldus, in many places; of Severus, Bassianus, and Geta, by Herodian and all the Roman writers; Carausius, Alectus, and Asclepiodotus, mentioned by Eutropius, lib. ix. Of the persecution of the Christians, mention is made by Bede and Gildas; of the emigration of the Britons to Armorica, with Maximus the tyrant, notice is taken by Nennius, Beda, Gildas, and William of Malmsbury; Aurelius Ambrosius, is commemorated by P. Diaconus, Gildas, and Beda. The siege of Bannesdown is noticed by Gildas and Beda; Vortigern is mentioned by Beda; and Vortimer by Nennius; Uther Pendragon's coin of gold is extant; Arthur, noticed by Nennius; and Constantine, Vortipor, and Maelgwn (Maglocunus), by Gildas; Brochwel Ysgithrog, King of Powys, by Beda."

Thus far Mr. Robert Vaughan. I shall beg leave here to add a few arguments more, which make the ancient British history probable, though I own they do not amount to demonstration. And, first, I do not know how to account for the many Greek words that we have still in our language, except that the colony of Celtæ, who came to Britain with Brutus, had borrowed them of the Greeks, by being in their neighbourhood. The learned and sagacious Joseph Mede has fixed the habitations of the sons of Gomer, our common ancestor, in this country; and I shall here beg leave to quote his own words: "The other, whose sons are named by Moses, is Gomer, and to him, therefore, we must allot the next regions most accessible, and fit to have commerce and traffic with Palestine, and these will be those parts of Asia which lie upon the Ægean sea and Hellespont, northward; and this

agrees well with Ezekiel, who calls Gomer and Togarmah inhabitants of the sides of the north: and it is manifest that the Jews called Lesser Asia the north, and the kings thereof, in Daniel, the kings of the north. We may, therefore, assign to these Gomerians all the north-east part of this Asia, containing Phrygia, Pontus, Bithynia, and a great part of Galatia; and this will be a portion answerable to that of Javan. And this Josephus will not deny us, who affirms the Galatians to have been Gomeræi; and Herodotus will tell us, that a people called Cimmeri dwelt in this tract, who sent a colony to Palus Meotis, and gave name to Cimmerius Bosphorus; and Pliny (lib. v. c. 30,) speaks of a town in Troas, a part of Phrygia, called Cimmeris, which all have their name from Gomer."

This is the testimony of the learned Joseph Mede. Mr. Camden makes use of the similarity of language to prove that the Britons were of the same origin with the Gauls; and this will likewise prove that the ancient Britons, a branch of the Celtæ, were, in some very distant period, neighbours of the Greeks, and borrowed many words from their language: not that they were a Greek colony, for it remains yet to be proved that the Trojans were Grecians, though Homer, as a poet, introduceth them as speaking in that language; yet it doth not argue them to be Grecians, no more than that the Carthaginians and Romans were the same nation, or used the same language, as represented by Virgil.

[*To be continued.*]

ON A MOUNTAIN TUMULUS.

Peace to the shades of them that sleep
Beneath yon tarn's old rugged steep,
  For nobler is their tomb
Than all the pomp that waits the great,
The bard's lament, the robe of state,
  Wrapt in funeral gloom:
The urn's bright characters decay,
And worthless is the sweetest bay,
  The venal poet's moan!
But fresher blooms this artless mound,
And ev'ry stone that rises round
  By Sorrow's hand was thrown.
Alas, if ev'ry grave were reft
Of all except what love has left,
  How fast would melt in air
The pond'rous tomb, the sculptured bust,
And leave the kings', the warriors' dust,
  A melancholy lair.

RODERIC'S LAMENT.

[THE last stand made by the Welsh against Edward I. appears to have been in a narrow defile among the then thickly-wooded hills of Snowdon, where, for a considerable time, they bade defiance to his victorious arms. Against this stubborn band of patriots, Edward, however, dispatched the Earl of Warwick, with a strong detachment of horse and archers, who, falling upon the Welsh by night, threw them into confusion, and then, by the superiority of their numbers and military tactics, succeeded in completely overpowering them, "bearing them down," says Wynne, "with so great a slaughter as they had never received before."* The signally-gallant and devoted stand which the Welsh made upon this occasion has obtained for the scene of their heroic achievements the name of the Cambrian Thermopylæ. The following Lament is supposed to have been spoken, on the eve of this last conflict, by one of the Cambrian chiefs, when about to desert his countrymen for the purpose of joining his wife and daughter, in order to escape the impending ruin.]

"Farewell every mountain
To memory dear,
Each streamlet and fountain
Pelucid and clear;
Glad halls of my father,
From banquets ne'er freed,
Where chieftains would gather
To quaff the bright mead;
Each valley and wildwood,
Whose coverts I knew;
Lov'd haunts of my childhood,
For ever adieu!

"The mountain is blasted,
And burnt the greenwood,
The fountain untasted
Flows crimson'd with blood;
The halls are deserted,
Their glory appears
Like dreams of departed
And desolate years:
The wildwood, the valley,
The covert, the glade,
Are reft of their beauty,
Invaded! betrayed!

"Farewell, hoary minstrel,
Gay infancy's friend,
What roof will protect thee?
What chieftain defend?

* History of Wales, p. 108, 9.

Alas for the number
And sweets of thy song!
Soon, soon they must slumber
The mountains among:
The breathings of pleasure
No more will aspire,
For changed is the measure
Of Liberty's lyre!

"Adieu to the greeting
Of damsel and dame,
When home from the beating
Of foemen we came:
If Edward the daughters
Of Wallia should spare,
He dooms them the fetters
Of vassals to wear;
To hear the war-rattle,
To see the land burn,
While *foes* from the battle
In triumph return.

"Farewell, and for ever,
Dear land of my birth,
Again we shall never
Know revel or mirth;
Thou cloud-mantled castle,
My ancestors' pride,
The pleasure and wassail
In rapture allied:
The preludes of danger
Approach thee from far,
The spears of the stranger,
The beacons of war.

"Farewell to the glory
I dreamt of in vain;
Behold on the story
A blood-tinctured stain!
Nor this the sole token
The record can boast,
Our lances are broken,
Our trophies are lost;
The children of freedom,
The princely, the brave,
Have none to succeed them,
Their country to save.

"Yet still there are foemen
The tyrant to meet,
Will laugh at each omen
Of death and defeat;

Despise every warning
His mandates may bring,
The promises scorning
Of Loegria's king:
Who seek not to vary
Their purpose, or change,
But, firm as Eryri,
Are fixed for revenge.

"Between the rude barriers
Of yonder dark hill,
A few gallant warriors
Are lingering still;
While Fate pours her phial,
Unmoved they remain,
Resolved on the trial
Of battle again;
Resolved for their honour,
Which yet they can boast,
To rescue the banner
We yesterday lost.

"Shall Roderic then tremble,
And cowardly leave
The faithful assemble,
To fight for a grave,
Regardless of breaking
The patriot's law;
His country forsaking,
And basely withdraw
From liberty's quarrel,
Forgetting his vow,
And tarnish the laurel
That circles his brow?

"But art thou not, Helen,
Reproving this stay,
While fair sails are swelling
To bear us away?
And must we then sever,
My country, my home?
Thus part, and for ever
Submit to our doom?
Ah! let me not linger
Thus long by the way,
Lest memory's finger
Unman me for aye!

"Hark! hark, yonder bugle!
'Tis Gwalchmai's shrill blast,
Exclaiming, 'One struggle,
Then all will be past!'

Another! another!
It peals the same note
As erst when together
Delighted we fought:
But then it rebounded
With victory's swell,
While now it hath sounded
Life, liberty's knell!

"Adieu then, my daughter,
Loved Helen adieu,
The summons to slaughter
Is pealing anew:
Yet can I thus leave you
Defenseless and lorn,
No home to receive you,
A byeword and scorn?
'Tis useless reflection,
All soon will be o'er,
Heaven grant you protection
When Roderic's no more!"

Cease, Saxons, your scorning,
Prepare for the war;
Lo, Roderic's returning
To battle once more!
The vulture and raven
Are tracking his breath;
For Fate hath engraven
A record of death.
They mark on his weapon,
From many a breast,
A stream that might deepen
The crimsonest crest!

While darkness benighting
Engirdled the zone,
The chieftain was fighting
His way to renown;
But, ere morn had risen
In purple and gold,
The heart's blood was frozen
Of Roderic the bold!
The foemen lay scattered
In heaps round his grave;
His buckler was batter'd,
And broke was his glaive!

And Fame, the fair daughter
Of Victory, came,
And loud, 'mid the slaughter,
Was heard to proclaim

"A hero has fallen!
A warrior's at rest!
The banner of Gwynedd
Enshrouding his breast!
His name shall inherit
The conqueror's prize,
His purified spirit
Ascend to the skies!"

H. D.

SIEGE OF CHESTER.

[For the following unpublished documents, chiefly correspondence, relating to the Siege of Chester during the civil war in 1645, we are indebted to the liberality of HENRY JADIS, esq. of Bryanstone square, London. The originals form part of that gentleman's valuable collection of manuscripts.]

Jan 7, 1645.— Throwne over the walls.

To all Commanders, Officers, and Souldiers, together w^th^ the Maior, Aldermen, and Cityzens of his Majesties loyall City of Chester: a well wisher of theirs desires earnestly that this, upon receipt, may be presented from the suburbs.

Gentlemen,

You are renouned throughout this kingdome for your fidelity, valour, and patience; those on this side testifie noe lesse; ingenuously confessing y^t^ they have not met wth a more gallant enemy in any part whatsoever. Go on and prosper, for I doe assure you y^t^ this long and tedious winter siege is ready now to make a suddaine rupture amongst us: much adoe wee have to hold togather, and if you doe but once more bring provision into the city, you need noe other friend to raise the siege, for they are much troubled at the former businesse, and a second one will make them mad. You have releife comming to you, to prevent w^ch^ forces are drawing hence, and of w^ch^ you make use as you shall see occasion, for we have here a number of rawe ignorant country fellows w^ch^ I am confident will not endure a charge. The God of heaven blesse you all, and that most loyall city, w^ch^ will be famous to all posterity; so prayeth a well wisher of y^e^ same, who hereafter may be better known to you.

For the Maior of Chester and the Lord Byron.

Experience tells you on what foundation your hopes of relieſe were grounded, but that you may see my tender care of the preservation of the city, and the lives and estates of the inhabitants,

once more I summon you to deliver the city, castle, and fort, into my hands, for the use of king and parliament. Expectinge your speedy answer, I rest

Your servant,

WILL. BRERETON.

Chester suburbs; Jan. 7, 1645.

To S^r. W^m. Brereton, baronett.

Wee are not convinced by experience of the groundless foundation of our hopes of releife, neither (God be thanked) is our condition such as to precipitate us to a preiudiciall treaty: however, if within twelve dayes wee bee not assured of our reliefe by a gentleman and cityzen, whom we shall send for y^t purpose with a trumpet of ours, and a passe from you, wee shall then be contented to enter into a treatie for the deliury of the city, castle, and fort, upon honourable and soldierly conditions; remayning,

Your servants,

JOHN BYRON,
CHARLES WALLEY, *Maior,*
For himselfe and his bretheren.

Chester, Jan. 12, 1645.

For the Maior of Chester and the Lord Byron.

The writinge sent by the drume is not satisfactorye answere to the summon, neyther will I assent to your desires in any part of it. If you returne me not a positive answer before ten of the clocke tomorrow morninge, expect no further treatie.

Your servant,

WILL. BRERETON.

Foregate strete, Jan. 12, 1645.

I perceive my desire to preserve the city encourageth to great obstinacy, as though you expected as good conditions when you can hould out noe longer as if you had treated when you had receiued the last summons, w^ch proceedeth from my feare of disturbance, for I cannot but believe you are hopelesse of releife; but to prevent further misery and the ruine of the city, w^ch will bee remedylesse unlesse speedyly surrendered, therefore you are to expect no further treatie if your answer be not returned by three of the clocke this afternoone.

Your servant,

WILL. BRERETON.

Foregate strete; Jan. 1645.

S^r^.

At the entreaty of the maior, noblemen, gentlemen, aldermen, and cityzens of Chester, the Lord Biron, our gouernour, (in whom the sole power of treaty rests,) is pleased to give way to a treaty upon honourable conditions, to w^ch^, (if you assent,) commissioners to that purpose may be agreed upon by both sides. Expectinge your answer, wee rest

Your servants.

S^r^.

Wee the maior and aldermen of this city, having seene your summons, the Lord Byron's answere, and your replye concerninge this city, haue, w^th^ the noblemen and gentlemen therein, unanimously accorded to defende the same w^th^ our utmost blood, unlesse upon hounourable termes wee may acquit ourselves; and therefore to save the great effusion of blood probable to be spilt on both sides (w^ch^ you seem so much to tender), wee haue gotten his l^dpe^ leave (in whom the sole power of treaty is), to know whether you intend a treatie upon hounourable tearmes, and we will then addresse our further endeavours therein.

For the Mayor of Chester and Robert Tatton, esq.

When I haue so long considered of an answere to your letter as you, the mayor, and the Lord Byron, took time to answere to my summons, you shall heare from me by a messenger of my owne. In the meane time I rest

Your servant,

Wm. Brereton.

Chester suburbs; Jan. 15, 1645.

For the Mayor of Chester and Robert Tatton, esq.

Gentlemen,

We have prevailed w^th^ S^r^. W^m^ Brereton to giue us leave to returne this answere to your last letter, that notwithstandinge your former reiections of fayre and hounourable conditions, and the expence of tyme and blood, (w^ch^ hath beene occasioned by your obstinacy,) might justly provoke him to refuse any further treatie, yet that it may appeare that he retaines his wonted desires of the preservation of the citty, and the liues and estates of the inhabitants, if your gouernour (in whom you say lyes the full power to treate,) send out reasonable proposition betwixt this and Monday noone, hee will take them into consideration, and returne such answere as may stand with hounour and justice, and may prevent

the destruction of this ancient citty, w^ch^ is desired by your servants,

ROBT. DUCKENFIELD.
JAMES LOUTHIANE.

Chester suberbs; Jan. 17, 1645.

To Collonell Duckenfield and Agitant Generall Louthaine.

Gentlemen,

Wee have acquainted the Lord Byron w^th^ your letter to us directed, who is pleased to promise that within the tyme therein limited a full answere shall be thereunto returned. We remayne,

Your servants,

CHARLES WALLEY, *Mayor.*
ROBT. TATTON, *Vice Comes Cestrie.*

Jan. 17, 1645.

To Sir William Brereton, baronet.

I have beene made acquainted w^th^ a letter sent by some officers under your commande to Mr. Mayor and Mr. Sherife Tatton, intimating your intentions to enter into a treatie, and requiringe that propositions might be sent this day by noone, whereto at their request, in behalfe of y^e^ gentry and cittizins, I have consented: but for that the propositions doe concerne persons of severall capacities, as soldiers, gentry, citizins, and clergie, and their being onely yesterday (a day designed for a more sacred use,) betweene that letter and the time of answering, I finde it impossible that propositions should bee by that time ready, wherew^th^, at their further entreatie, I held it fitte to acquainte you, and to assure you I shall take an effectual course for their preservation, and doubt not to send them early tomorrow morninge by commissioners for that purpose appointed, a list of whose names are herewith sent, and for whom I desire a passe and saffe conduct be sent to meete w^th^ such as you shall appointe either at Eccleston or Dodleston, (places at such a distance where they may return at night,) duringe w^ch^ treatie I shall not admitte any cessation of armes or hostility, and remayne your servant,

JOHN BYRON.

Chester, Jan. 19, 1645.

Commissioners:

Sr. Edmund Verney.
Lt. Col. Robinson.
Lt. Col. Leigh.
Lt. Col. Griffith.
Sert. Major Throp.
Mr. Thos. Cholmely.
Mr. Joh. Warden.
Mr. Alderman Blease.
Alderman Juce, junior.
Mr. Joh. Johnson, merchant.
Dr. Worton.
Mr. Bridge.

For the Lord Byron these.

My lord,

I shall expect your proposition here tomorrow morninge by a trumpet, and when I have taken them into consideration I shall grant a safe conduct for commissioners, or returne you a reasonable answere, and rest

Your servant,

WILLIAM BRERETON.

Jan. 19, 1645.

To Sr. Wm. Brereton, barronet.

Sr.

I have received yours, wherein you desire the propositions of treatie should bee sent you by a trumpet, wch having seriously considered of, I find to be of soe high concernment both to his majestie's service and the preservation of this citty, wherewith I am entrusted, that I conceiue it altogether inconvenient to committe a matter of soe greate consequence to such a messenger. It may be you think our condition farre worse then (God be thanked) it is, and therefore enforced to entertaine conditions upon any tearmes; but you may be confident that nothing can necessitate mee to treate uppon other then honourable conditions; and that of all us here (as well inhabitants as others) are unanimously resolued rather to suffer the worst of all extremities then any thinge that may blemish our actions in point of hounour and the preservation of this citty, (as you have formerly professed) you will not deny to treate by commissioners, wch if you accept of, and send your engagement for their safe goeing and returne, they shall bee ready upon your answere to come wth such propositions as I conceive to bee both just and hounourable for both sides. The reason why I admitte of noe cessation of armes during the treatie is to keepe every one at his distance, not knowing how things may take effect, and soe I rest

Your servant,

JOHN BYRON.

Chester, Jan. 20, 1645.

I did this day deliver unto Sr. Edmund Varney and Major Throp conditions wherein I tendred to all the Welsh souldiers and officers liberty to goe live at their own homes; to the rest that have not taken part with the rebells liberty to returne into Irelande, or to march to any of the king's garrisons; to the cittizins, (who are not commissioners of array, nor members of parliament, and have not bourne armes,) liberty of their persons, the enjoyment of their estates, and freedome of trade, as other townes and citties vnder the parliament's power and protection, taking onely the nationall

couenant, w^ch^ should have beene performed, but they would not receive them as was desired by

WILL. BRERETON.

Chester suberbs; Jan. 24, 1645.

To Sr. William Brereton, barronet, Commander in Chiefe in the Foregate streete.

S^r^.

Wee are tould by Sr. Edmund Varney and Major Throp, imployed from the Lord Byron our gouernor w^th^ propositions, that you intended to finde some by a trumpet of your owne, the bringinge thereof being contrary to theire instructions,) wee haue since seen papers under your hand throwne ouer the walls, (one whereof we send enclosed,) and desire to know whether those bee the conditions yo^w^ offered to their conveyance, w^ch^, if they bee not, wee wish those may bee sent yo^w^ tendered to them, and remaine

Your servants,

CHARLES WALLEY, *Maior.*
ROBT. TATTON, *Vice Comes Cestris.*

Chester, Jan. 24, 1645.

For the Lord Byron theese.

My Lord and Gentlemen,

I cannot now send you such propositions as haue beene formerly receited, every day producinge loss of blood and expence of treasure; neither will I trouble myselfe w^th^ answeringe the particulars of your unparrelled demands, to w^ch^ if I should suite myne, I could require noe lesse then yourselfe and all the officers and commanders to bee prisoners, and the rest submitted to mercy; yet, to witnesse my desire of the preservation of the citty, I have, upon serious consideration and debate, thought it fit to tender these enclosed conditions, for the perfectinge whereof I am content commissioners meete concerninge them, and such further particulars as may bee conceived conduceible to y^e^ welfare of the citty and countyes adjacent, and haue given commission to these gentlemen to receive your answers in writings to these propositions of myne herewith sent, touchinge w^ch^ I shall not bee soe scrupilous as to demande theire returne, not valuinge to what view they may bee exposed: therefore they are to be left with you (if you please,) and I remayne

Your servant,

WILLIAM BRERETON.

Foregate streete; Jan. 26, 1645.

Propositions sent by Sr. William Brereton.

That the citty, castle, and fort, w^thout^ any sleightinge or defaceinge thereof, w^th^ all the ordinance, armes, ammunition, and other furniture and provisions of warre therein whatsoeuer (except what is allowed to be carried away, and is hereafter mentioned,) with the countie palatine's seale, sword, and all the records in the castle and citty, w^thout^ dimminution, imbesillinge, or defaceinge, to be deliuered up to mee, or such as I shall appoint, for the use of the kinge and parliament, uppon Weddesday, Jan. 28th of this instant, by twelve a cloke.

2. That the gouvernour, and all officers and souldiers under his command, and all noblemen, gentlemen, and cittyzens, (except those that haue beene members of this present parliament, and haue deserted the same, and such Irish as are borne of Irish parents, and haue taken parts w^th^ the rebells,) shall haue liberty to march out of the citty to such places, and bee accommodated in such manner as shall be agreed uppon by commissioners on both sides.

3. That none of the commanders, officers, or souldiers, or any other, at or before theire marchinge away, do iniure or plunder the person or goods of any within the citty, nor carrie any thinge away but what is allowed.

4. That such officers and soldiers as shall bee left sicke or wounded in the citty or castle, shall haue liberty to stay untill their recouery, and then haue safe conduct to goe to BRIDGENORTH, LUDLOWE, or such places as by commissioners may bee agreed on, and in the meane tyme shall be protected.

5. That upon signinge of these articles, all prisoners in the citty and castle that have beene in armes for y^e^ parliament, or imprisoned for adheringe thereunto, shall immediately be set at liberty.

6. That such a sume of munney as shall be concluded uppon by commissioners on both sides be raysed and payd for satisfaction of y^e^ souldierey, to prevent the plunder and spoile of y^e^ citty.

7. That all cittyzens and others now residinge w^th^ the citty shall be saved and secured in theire goods and persons, and estates kept and preserued from the plunder and violence of the soldiers, and haue the like freedome of trade as other towns and citties under the parliament's protection haue.

8. That all the Welsh officers and soldiers shall haue liberty to goe to their own homes, and that the Irish (who haue not taken parte with the Irish rebells, and who are not borne of Irish parents,) shall haue licence to returne to Ireland, or to march to any of the kinge's garrisons that shall bee concluded on by commissioners.

9. That sufficient hostages, such as shall be approved of, be giuen upon concludinge of the articles.

To Sr. Wm. Brereton this.

Sir,

These demands of myne, which you tearme unparalleld, haue beene heretofore granted (by farre greater commanders then yourselfe, noe desparagement to you,) to places in farre worse condition then (God be thenked) this yet is: witness the Buffe Breda, Mastricke, and as many other townes as haue been besieged either by the Spaniard or Hollander, or, to come nearer home, Yorke and Carlile, and, nearest of all, Beeston castle, and therefore you must excuse mee if upon the authority of soe many noble examples I haue not only propounded, but thinke fit to insist uppon them as the sense of all manner of people in the citty. As for your conceite in the demandinge of myselfe and the rest of the commanders and officers to bee your prisoners, I would haue you know that wee value our honours soe farre aboue our liues, that no extremity whatsoeuer can put soe meane thoughts into the meanest of us all, and if to submitte unto your mercy is by us reckoned amongst these things, wee intend never to make use of. I am neverthelesse still content that commissioners (whose names I formerly tendered unto you,) meete with such as you shall appoint, in any indifferent place, to treate uppon hounourable conditions, and desire you to assure yourselfe that noe other will euer be assented unto by

Your servant,

JOHN BYRON.

January 27, 1645.

For the Lord Byron these.

My Lord,

I cannot beeleiue that you conceiue the warre betwixt the Hollander and the Spaniard is to be made a president for us, neither can I beeleive that such conditions as you demanded were granted to Buffe, Bryda, Mastreche. Sure I am none such were giuen to Yorke, Carlile, or Beeston, though some of them were maintained by as great commanders as yourselfe, and noe desparagement to you, I shall therefore offer unto your consideration the examples of Leuerpoole, Bazinge, and Lathome,* who, by their refusall of hounourable tearmes, when they were propounded, were not long after subiected to captiuity and the sworde. You may therefore doe right to all those many innocents under your command to tender theire safety and the preseruation of the citty, for which end I haue sent you fayre and hounourable conditions, such as

* A valuable account of the siege of Latham-house was some years ago published in the "Liverpool Kaleidescope," one of the best conducted weekly prints in the kingdom.

are the sense of all the officers and soldiers w^th^ mee, w^ch^, being reiected, you may expect worse from

Your servant,

WILLIAM BRERETON.

Chester suberbs; January 27, 1645.

For Sr. William Brereton this.

Sr.

My Lord Byron havinge acquainted us w^th^ a letter w^ch^ hee received from you the last night in answere to his sent by y^e^ same drummer, by w^ch^ we conceiue you apprehend a reiection of your propositions, w^ch^ wee much wonder at, well knowinge that my lord writte unto you to appointe an indifferent place where our and your commissioners might meete to treate upon the propositions on both sides, w^ch^ is apprehended by us to bee your sence alsoe, your owne propositions implyinge soe much, and your hauinge soe often by letter expressed your tender care of the cittye's preservation, and prevention of the effusion of innocent blood, our desire therefore is, that you will nomminate your commissioners, w^th^ the tyme and place, that ours and yours may meete to debate and treate upon the propositions tendred on both sides, w^thout^ which theire can be noe hopes of a conclusion; soe, expectinge your answere, we rest

Your servants,

CHARLES WALLEY, *Maior.*
ROB. TATTON, *Vis. Cest.*

January 28, 1645.

[The correspondence is here, in the original, interrupted, and the following short narrative introduced.]

September y^e^ 30th, being Saturday, about 4 of the clocke in the morninge, 200 of the parliament garrison at Tarvin, under the conduct of ——, surprised the suberbs of Chester. On Monday following, (after they had encreased theire forces by drawing them out of all theire garrisons in Cheshire, Shropshire, and some out of Lancashire,) they made a battery w^th^ two pieces of cannon close by Newgate, where they knew the wall was very weake and slender, and about eight of the clocke at night fell on w^th^ a very fierce storme both at the breach and about Phœnix tower, but were beaten of w^th^ losse of good store of men.

After this attempt fayled, they were more remisse; and our men w^thin^ lined the wall w^th^ earth from Phœnix tower to Newgate, where they had made their breach w^th^ line was most subject to battery, and weakest for resistance of cannon; but, upon Wednesday, the 8th of October following, they planted 4 cannons in

the suberbs of y^e^ Newgate streete, one cannon on the Welsh side, upon the banke aboue the riuer, at a certaine place called the Brewer's Hall; and two cannons more in the suberbs towards St. John's church; but, before they made the batteryes, they shot certaine papers, lapt about arrowes, into the towne, w^ch^ was done to poyson the soldires in their fidelity, and to make a mutiny amonge them, or at least, upon their assault, to ioyne w^th^ them, one of w^ch^ papers, *the very originall itselfe*, (for they were all to one effect and purpose,) is hereunto annexed.

Endorsement upon the back of it.

One of the papers w^ch^ was shot into y^e^ city of Chester out of y^e^ suberbs, in y^e^ time of the siege, as it was found (lapped and tyed upon an arrow,) at y^e^ backe of Mr. Aldersey's house, in Fleshmonger lane, Octob. 8, 1645, w^ch^ was the day before they desperately stormed the walls, thinkinge hereby to have enclined our souldiers to their party.

[The inside is beautifully written, and reads as follows:]

Whosoeuer thou art that readest these ensuinge lynes, I beliene if thou be a Christian thou wilt seriously consider of y^m^, both for thy own good and the presyruing of the famous citty of Chest^r^, wherein thou art. And that thou mayst understand y^e^ meaninge, I haue reduced it into seuerall heads.

Imp^e^. Thou mayst know that this army y^t^ hath besieged thee w^th^ thy fellow soldiers is raysed and employed for y^e^ defence of the true protestant religion, y^e^ kinge and parliament, and for the bringinge knowne offenders of the ancient lawes of this kingdome unto a iust tryall and punishm^t^, those beinge the persons that haue seduced and deuided his mai^ty^ from his parliam^t^, and knowinge themselues offend^re^ haue fledd from iustice, and soe haue pressed the occacõn of this unnaturall warre.

2dly. Consider (if thou will not believe w^ht^ I have already s^d^,) how destitute of releife thou art. The kinge's army (w^ch^, in the veiwe of y^e^ citty walls) being totally routed, most of the great comm^re^ kild and taken, all your soldiers scattered, and noe hopes of any considerable recrewte. The beseigeers, incouraged w^th^ this victory, and hauinge possession of the suberbs, receiue as good accomodation as can bee in any garrison, and, besides this, the forces of seuerall neighbouringe countryes comminge daily for theire assistance, and wh^t^ hopes of mercy canst thou haue if thou hould out to y^e^ laste.

3dly. Consid^r^ the hazard that thou runs. If the citty bee forcte, thy liffe is att y^e^ mercy of inraged soldiers; thy family, if thou hast one, undone; and thou bee guilty of the spolinge and ransakinge soe famous and ancient a citty, as alsoe the sheddinge of soe much Christian blood.

4hly. Consider how thou hast beene preserued by those y^t^ thou esteemest thy best friends, how they haue been masters of thy estate, how quartered soldiers upon thee, and giuen thee nothinge in recompence butharsh language, haue made thee a slaue to receiue all abuses, and knowest no remedy. Add to this the losse of tradinge, w^th^out w^ch^ thou canst not longe subsist, and how thou art a partner w^th^ y^e^ rebells of Ireland in destroyinge and seekinge y^e^ blood of godly and conscientious protestants.

5thly. Consider how thy comm^rs^ daily delude thee with hopes of releefe from Scotlande, from Montrosse, when, if thou wilt belieue a Christian, the army theire is absolutely defeated, and most of y^e^ lords, knights, gents, and commd^rs^ that sided w^th^ him taken prisoners and slayne; and, since this great ouerthrow, Montrosse himselfe, w^th^ those y^t^ escaped, are taken by L^t^. Gen^l^. David Lesly, in Douglas castle. And to this the gallant condicon the citty of Bristow is new in, hauing the enioym^t^ of its ancient libertyes of tradinge, both by sea and lande, w^th^ many other towns and cittyes in the like condicon, that thou knowest are reduced to y^e^ obedience of kinge and parliament. And the citty of Chest^r^ almost beggered w^th^ oppression, and, if God prevent not, likely to suffer the violence of fire and sworde.

6hly. Consider the many religious good men, with their wiues and familyes, that haue been turned out of the citty, and their estates in an unlawful manner seized, and what seuerall unwarrantable oathes haue beene pressed upoon theire consciences for that ende; and let thyselfe be iudge whether the aduice of him (that seekes thy welfare) bee reasonable. * * * * Soldiers, and consider y^t^ to use y^re^ utmost endeauour for y^e^ surren^dr^ of the city upon honble condicons. That the miserable effecte w^ch^ is likely to passe may be preuented, and that hereafter thou mayst bee lefte inexcusable if thou takest not this tymely warninge and advertise-m^t^ from

Thy faythfull wellwisher,

[The correspondence in the original is here resumed.]

To the Maior, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the city of Chester, these.

Gentlemen,

Such is our tender care of the preseruation of this city from spoyling, and to prevent the effusion of Christian blood, that we haue sent a second summons to y^r^ commander in cheife for the deliuery of it for the use of kinge and parliament, and that you may see our real wish herein, wee signifie to you (that w^ch^ is obvious to all men) your desperate condition, now hopelesse of releife, for as much as the king is beaten in the field, fled far from you, not able to gather any considerable recreute, also that God

hath encouraged us w^th^ a late glorious victorye, and a potent army. Our batteryes are fixt, and nothing wanting for an immediate prosecution of this designe. By the blessinge of God wee desire you to ponder the premises, and to endeavour the summons may fynd acceptance w^ch^ if despised as the former, wee stand clear of, before God and the world, of all such sad effects as necessarily will follow by an hotte storme of enraged souldiers, of w^ch^ you have a sufficient premonition by

Your servants,

MIC. JONES.
JAMES LOUTHIANE.

The Answere.

Gentlemen,

Before I could acquainte the aldermen and cittyzens of this city of Chester with your summons the shootinge of your ordinance did prevent. * * * *

Your servant,

CHARLES WALLEY.

For the Lord Byron.

Sir,

Although our condition bee such that wee need not court you and notwithstandinge the scorneful reiection of former summons to cleare our innocency before God and men of desiringe the effusion of Christian blood, or the ruine of that ancient citty, wee once more demand the same, w^th^ the castle and fort, for the use of the kinge and parliament, uppon such conditions as may bee hounourable to both parties, w^ch^ offeringe not embraced, and the acceptance thereof not signified to us within this houre, what misery shall ensue by fire, sworde, and spoile, from enraged soldiers, let be charged vpon your head, and let the worlde witnesse our vnwillingnesse to use extremityes if you constraine not.

Your servants,

SEDENHAM POYNTS.
MICH. JONES.
JAMES LOUTHIANE.

Foregate street; Oct. 8, 1645.

The Answere.

Gentlemen,

Your letter of summons intimatinge a former letter sent to the same purpose, (which never came to either of our hands or knowledge,) wee haue received, and must thereto returne this answere, that wee neither apprehend your condition to bee soe high, nor

our's (God be thanked) to bee soe low, as to be threatened out of this city, and that wee haue received his maiestie's expresse commands for keepinge thereof, and cannot wthout his maiestie's knowledge breake soe great a trust layd vpon vs, and therefore must require libertie of 14 dayes to giue his maiestie an account of your demands, and to receiue his future pleasure, to w^ch^ purpose wee shall appoint a gentleman and a cityzen, for whom we shall expect to haue a free passe forthwith to travail to his maiestie and to returne to us w^th^out any lett or interruption, and to haue the conduct of a trumpet of yours; at the expiration of w^ch^ tyme we shall hearken to a treaty upon hounourable conditions for the citty, castle, and fort, if his maiestie do not releive us, and in the meane tyme shall expect that a cessation of armes and workeinge be presently upon hounour vndertaken and observed on both sides. If you shall refuse this customary and souldierly proceedinge, wee doe then declare, in the names of the noblemen, gentlemen, cittyzens, and souldiers, within this garrison, that wee defy the fury of your enraged souldiers, and doubt not, w^th^ God's blessinge, to defend and maintayne this citty for his maiestie and ourselves (as it now is) against any assault that shall bee made w^th^ as much resolution and courage as formerly, and remayne

Your servants,

JOHN BYRON.
CHARLES WALLEY, *Mayor.*

Chester; Oct. 8, 1645.

For the Right Hounourable the Lord Byron.

My lord,

Accordinge to your desire the cessation shall be continued untill wee returne an answere to your's and the mayor's letter, and in the meane shall giue orders that noe hostile act bee committed on our part, and remayne

Your servants,

SEDENHAM POYNTS.
MIC. JONES.
JAMES LOUTHIANE.

Oct. 8, 1645.

For the Maior and Aldermen of Chester and the Lord Byron.

Gentlemen,

Yours we haue receiued, but cannot condescend to any of your requests therein: if you will not treate upon any other conditions, you must expect what you defy, the fury of enraged soldiers. An

answere to this, our last intended you, wee expect within halfe an houre at furthest.

Your servants,

MIC. JONES.
JAMES LOUTHIANE.

Oct. 9, 1645.

The Answere.

Gentlemen,

Your refusall of our reasonable offer wee haue receiued, w^ch^ auguers you intended not that you pretended, w^ch^ was the sparing of the effusion of Christian blood. Wee are therefore ready to defende ourselves against the vttermost of your rage, not doubting God's blessinge and protection upon vs, resting

Your servants,

JOHN BYRON.
CHARLES WALLEY.

Chester; Oct. 9, 1645.

For the Lord Byron, Maior, and Aldermen.

My lord and gentlemen,

When I call to mynde those ancient and hounourable priuiledges and immunityes w^ch^ the citizens and freemen of the citty Chester haue purchased by their faithfull service to this kingdome, I cannot but attempt all fayre means on my parte that may prevente the losse of these, the destruction of soe famous a citty, and the effusion of blood, w^ch^ must needs ensue vpon your continuance in that way you are in against the parliament and kingdome, and therefore, notwithstanding your rejection of former summons (by others,) I doe now send to demand (for the vse of kinge and parliament,) the city, castle, and fort; and to that end doe make offer of treaty betwixt commissioners on both partyes for the concludinge, vpon hounourable conditions, as (vpon your speedy surrender thereof,) shall bee condescended, w^ch^ hereafter must not be expected, if you remaine obstinate; but, that it may appeare to all y^t^ I desire to reduce, not ruine, that citty, and that these may witness to those many (inhabitants) now under your power, and to their posteritie after them, that (if you bearken not herevnto) yourselves are the proper causes of the myseries of fyre, famine, and sword, w^ch^ must iustly and vnavoidably fall upon you, w^ch^ I shall as much as is possible endeavour to prevent: whereunto expectinge your speedy answere, it is left to your choice whether there shall

be a cessation of armes vntill your answere be returned or not from the leager before Chester.

I rest, your servant,

WILLIAM BRERETON.

Novem. 18, 1645.

For the Lord Byron, Maior, and Aldermen.

Yesterday I sent vnto you a summons (by my trumpet) for the surrender of the city, castle, and fort of Chester, upon hounourable conditions, to w^ch^, as yet, noe answere is returned. I doe expect it by this drume, and rest

Your servant,

WILL. BRERETON.

Chester suberbs; Novem. 19, 1645.

To Sir William Brereton, knight and baronet, in the Foregate-street.

S^r^.

When wee call to mynd those ancient and hounourable priuileges and immunities granted heretofore to the cittyzens and freemen of the citty of Chester, for theire loyalty to the crowne, wee cannot but consider at your impertinency in vrginge that as an argument to withdraw us from our allegience, whereby (if all other respects were forgotten) wee are most obliged vnto it, even in point of gratitude, as well as conscience. The care you have professed to preserve this citty, and to avoid the effusion of blood, is soe much contradicted by your actions, that you must excuse us if wee giue credit rather to your deeds then words. As for the fire, sword, and famine you threaten vs w^th^ all vpon refusall of your vnjust demands, we must tell you that (blessed be God) wee haue little cause to feare them more then when you first sate downe before this citty; and doubt not of the continuance of his diuine protection in the defence of this iust cause, wherein our libertyes, religion, and allegiance to our soverainge (whose service is unseparable from that of the kingdome,) are so deeply engaged. This is all the answer wee thinke fit to returne you for the present, and soe rest

Your servants,

JOHN BYRON.
CHARLES WALLEY.

Chester; Novem. 19, 1645.

To the Maior and his brethren, and the pretended Lord Byron.

Sir,

Your rebellion and obstinacy is not the way to preserue the ancient priuiledges graunted vnto that city: I know not what actions of ours contradicts my willingnesse to saue the effusion of blood, and preseruation of that city; but it matters not what those people (who are giuen over to destruction, and make lies their refuge,) write and pretend, by the tender of hounourable conditions, I haue discharged my duty and conscience. Your blood bee on your owne heads, and not on

Your servant,

WILLIAM BRERETON.

Chester suberbs; Novem. 19, 1645.

[The correspondence, in the original, ends here. The following protestations are bound with the rest of the manuscript.]

I, * * * doe vow and protest, in the presence of Almighty God, that I beleive in my heart that the Earle of Essex, Sr. William Brereton, Sr. Tho. Middleton, and Mr. Thomas Milton, and all theire party and adherents, are in actual rebellion against the kinge, and that I will, with my life and fortune, and to the utmoste of my power, mayntaine and defende his ma^ties^ cause against the sayd rebels, and all others who are now in armes in any of his ma^ties^ dominions, without his ma^ties^ expresse consent and command, and that I will not give, or by my privity or consent, suffer to be given, any ayd, assistance, or intelligence, to the aforesayd rebells, or any of theire party, in prejudice of the safety of this city of Chester, to the betrayinge of it, or any forces, castles, garrisons, or forts vnder his ma^ties^ expresse command and government, in any of his dominions, unto the sayd rebells hands and power: and I do likewise, from my soule, abhorre the workinge of the damnable and late invented covenant, commonly called the nationall covenant, pressed by the rebells uppon many of his ma^ties^ subjects, and to all that I haue professed I call God to witnesse, beleevinge that I cannot be absolved or freed by any power, mental reservation, or equivocation, from this my vow and protestation, so helpe me God, and the contents of this booke.

MAURICE.*

I * * * * do vow and protest, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will not giue, nor suffer to be given, any ayde or intelligence to Sir William Brereton, or any forces under his command, of the parliament or their adherents, in preiudice of his ma^ties^ armyes,

* The signature of Prince Maurice.

or to the preiudice or betrayinge of this city of Chester, or the forces therein, and that I will discover any plot, designe, or practice, which shall be intended against the sayd city of Chester, or the designe or practice which shall bee intended against the sayd city, or forces therein, that shall come to my knowledge, to the governour, or, in his absence, to the lieutenant governor of the city for the tyme beinge, so helpe me God, and the contents of this booke.

I doe very well approve of the protestation aboue written, and desire that it may be administered to the weomeñ of this city, who, by order of the councell of warre, shall be brought before you. Given this 21st of April, 1645.

JOHN BYRON.

To the Commissioners authorized to administer the Protestation.

[Upon the corner of the paper is written]

But it was never taken by the weomen.

SELECTIONS FROM DAVYDD AP GWILYM.

Pedigrêe of the Owl.

DAVYDD TO THE OWL.

"Wand'rer of a world of gloom!
Princess of the dusky plume!
Feathery dwarf of cheerless tone,
Like the infant woodcat's moan;
Monster birth of glen remote,
Face of frown, and grief of note;
Sorrowing bird of features sage,
Flutt'ring mimickry of age."

OWL TO DAVYDD.

"Son of poets, I have been
Loveliest of the festive scene,
Pride of lordly Meichron's* hall."

DAVYDD.

"Maid of beauty, like the dawn,
Chain'd by what enchanter's thrall?"

OWL.

"Gwydion, Gwynaw's son, has drawn,
By his rod of fearful sway,
My varied charms away.

---

* A Cymbrian prince, who lived about the beginning of the fifth century.

Gwy dion, sprung of Garan Hir,
Changed me to this thing of fear;
All night to cold and anguish given,
At dawn a sport to all the birds of heav'n;
And to the fierce sun's fiery eyes above
The meed of fearless hearts and changeless love!

MAELOG.

The MABINOGION, when published, will, perhaps, be the most effectual commentary upon the difficulties of Shakespeare, Jonson, Massinger, Wycherley, and other old dramatic writers. Many of their allusions have been found intelligible by usages prevalent only in Ireland, and very remote parts of England; and the only mode of accounting for it is, that the Anglo-Saxons derived many traditions common to the Irish and British from the renegade Britons, who, we are informed by the Triads, coalesced with them. The greatest number of these traditions most likely descended to periods when these old play-writers lived, for there was nothing in the spirit of those ages, in which the profoundest intellects were influenced by the empiricisms of astrology, that tended to curtail the superstitions of earlier times; and it was not till long after that they ceased to prevail even in the most populous districts of England.

In the scene before Ophelia's death, in which the Bard of Avon so pathetically depicts the estrangement of a pure and innocent mind, Ophelia uses an expression which Dr. Johnson and Bishop Warburton have both thought worthy of explanation. "They say the owl was a baker's daughter." The former has referred it to a legend he had read, that the owl was a baker's daughter, transformed for some offence. The same tale is still a matter of tradition in many parts of Wales, and, from the notion of the transmigration of souls conveyed in it, it seems plainly of druidical origin, and nothing more than the story contained in the poetry of Davydd. Its strange mixture of mirth and melancholy furnishes fit materials for the incoherent wanderings of the broken-hearted Ophelia.

COLUMNAR ROCKS, IN THE ARENNIG MOUNTAINS.

As the editors of the CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE have signified a disposition to notice communications upon subjects of interest connected with the Principality, and as the science of Geology is among those particularized in the advertisement, the present article is submitted to their consideration, presuming that its ultimate object will supply some apology for its scantiness of matter upon the subject of which it treats, as it is designed rather for the purpose of eliciting further information than of imparting any that can be in the least satisfactory, in hopes that some scientific correspondent will favour the public with an explanation of the phenomena here adverted to.

As the geological structure of the Principality affords so great a variety of formations, and as the face of the country presents so many obstacles to a complete investigation of its contents, notwithstanding the numerous persevering and intelligent geologists, who have, from time to time, been occupied in exploring its recesses, still it may be presumed that there lie concealed, among the seclusions of the mountains, many curious appearances which

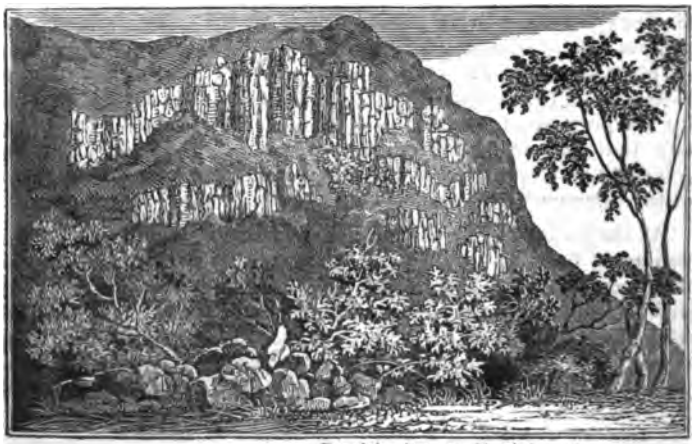
have hitherto escaped observation: and, amongst the number of such, may be placed the columnar formations on the side of the ARENNIG, of which, most probably, no description has hitherto been given.

In the county of Merioneth, about eight miles from Bala, at the distance of about fifty paces from the south side of the road leading to Festiniog, may be seen a rock, which presents a range of columns, to all appearance of basaltic formation. The columns seem to be about a foot in diameter, and six or eight feet in height, and the fragments on the road side possess all that angular appearance so characteristic of basalt; and, though they cannot bear any comparison with the celebrated columns on the south-west of Staffa, yet they seem to be full as regular as those of several cliffs on the other side of that island, as well as on the coast of Mull. But the pillars of Staffa, from being continually washed by the spray of that stormy sea, exhibit such a deep and sooty black, that their appearance would be singularly striking, even in point of colour alone; whereas those in the Arennig, being grey, and covered with lichen, may easily remain unnoticed among the ordinary rocks of the mountain.

When the above rocks were accidentally observed, circumstances did not admit of a more accurate examination of their structure; and, as another visit was contemplated for that purpose, at a future opportunity, not even a single fragment was brought away as a specimen. That opportunity has never since occurred, and possibly never may; but, should these remarks give rise to a complete and scientific description of the rocks alluded to, it will afford satisfaction to many readers besides

TRAMWYWR TRUMIAU.

P. S. Should any geologist wish to examine those rocks, the following sketch, hastily made upon the spot, may assist in directing him to their situation.



Road leading to Festiniog ☞

MY FATHER-LAND.

Land of the Cymry! thou art still,
In rock and valley, stream and hill,
As wild and grand;
As thou hast been in days of yore,
As thou hast ever been before,
As thou shalt be for evermore,
My Father-land!

Where are the bards, like thine, who've sung
The warrior's praise? the harp hath strung,
With mighty hand?
Made chords of magic sound arise,
That flung their echoes through the skies,
And gained the fame that never dies,
My Father-land?

And where are warriors like thine own,
Who in the battle's front have shown
So firm a stand?
Who fought against the Romans' skill,
"The conquerors of the world," until
They found thou wert "invincible,"
My Father-land?.

And where are hills like thine, or where
Are vales so sweet, or scenes so fair,
Such praise command?
There towering Snowdon, first in height,
Or Cader Idris, dreary sight,
And lonely Clwyd? Oh! how bright,
My Father-land!

Oh! how I love thee, though I mourn
That cold neglect should on thee turn,
Thy name to brand;
And oft the scalding tear will start,
Raining its dew-drops from the heart,
To think how far we are apart,
My Father-land.

And when my days are almost done,
And, faltering on, I've nearly run
Life's dreary sand;
Still, still my fainting breath shall be
Bestowed upon thy memory,
My soul shall wing its way to thee,
My Father-land!

THE MABINOGION were mythological tales for the instruction of youth in the principles of Bardism. They contain traditions of remote times, when Druidism had many private and some avowed friends; and they are found to coincide with the most authentic documents which we have upon the subject of British superstition, and with the researches of our best antiquaries. From this source may be traced those romantic narratives, which, for a series of ages, constituted the favorite reading of Europe.

THE MABINOGI;

Or, Romance of Math ab Mathonwy.*

Literally translated by IDRISON.

MATH, the son of Mathonwy, was sovereign over Gwynedd when Pryderi, the son of Pwyll, governed the twenty-one cantrevs of the south, which were the seven cantrevs of Dyved, the seven cantrevs of Morganwg, the four cantrevs of Ceredigion, and the three cantrevs of the vale of Tywi.

It was inherent in Math, the son of Mathonwy, that he could only live by having both his feet in the bend of a damsel's lap, unless the tumult of war called him forth.† The damsel who thus attended him was Goewin, the daughter of Pebin, of the dale of Pebin, in Arvon; and she was the fairest damsel of all that were known there in her time.

It was at Caer Dathl, in Arvon, that Math had his residence. He was not able to go the circuit of his country; therefore

MABINOGI;

Math ab Mathonwy.

MATH vab Mathonwy oedd arglwydd àr Wynedd; a Phryderi vab Pwyll oedd arglwydd àr un-cantrev-àrugaint yn y Deheu: sev oedd y rhai hyny, saith cantrev Dyved, a saith cantrev Morganwg, pedwar cantrev Ceredigion, a thri chantrev Ystrad Tywi.

Cynneddv oedd i Vath vab Mathonwy na byddai vyw, namyn tra byddai ei ddeudroed yn mhlyg croth morwyn, anid cynnhwrv rhyval ei llesteiriai. Jev ydd oedd yn vorwyn ygyd ag ev Goewin verch Pebin, o Ddol Pebin yn Arvon: a hòno tecav morwyn oedd yn ei hoes or à wyddiad yno.

Yntau Math, yn nghaer Dathl yn Arvon ydd oedd ei wastadrwydd. Ac ni allai gylchu ei wlad; namyn Gilvathwy vab

* Math is a mighty operator with the magic wand. The time he is made to flourish in this romance appears to be about the end of the fifth century. But we refrain from being diffuse in explanations here, as the *Mabinogion* are to be shortly published.

† In the court of the Welsh princes there was an officer called a footholder, whose duty at banquets was similar to this.

Gilvathwy ab Don, and Evaid ab Don, his nephews, the sons of his sister, along with the family, made the progress of his dominion for him.

Don, ac Evaidd vab Don, ei neiaint, meibon ei chwaer, ac y teulu gyd ag wy, à gylchynt y wlad drosto.

Thus the damsel was with Math continually: hence Gilvathwy, the son of Don, fixed his mind upon her; and he came to love her so as to be unconscious of what he did on her account; and, in that plight, his complexion, his form, and his constitution, came to be observed to fall away, because of the love of her, and it became difficult to recognize him.

Ac y vorwyn oedd gyda Math yn wastad; ac yntau Gilvathwy vab Don á ddodes ei vryd àr y vorwyn, ac ei carai hyd na wyddiad ba á wnai amdanei; ac yn hyny nycha ei liw a'i wedd a'i ansawdd yn adveiliaw o'i chariad, hyd nad oedd hawdd ei adnabod.

So Gwydion,* his brother, noticed him on a certain day particularly. "Ha, young man," said he, "what has happened to thee?"

Sev á wnai Gwydion ei vrawd synied ddyddgwaith arno yn graf: "Ha was!" ebai eve, "pa deryw iti?"

"Wherefore?" replied the other, "what dost thou see in me?"

"Paham?" ebai yntau, "pa á weli di arnavi?"

"I see in thee that thou art losing thy aspect and complexion," said Gwydion; "and what has happened to thee?"

"Gwelav arnat colli o honot dy bryd a'th liw," atebai Gwydion, "a pha deryw iti?"

"My lord brother," said he, "what has happened to me it will not avail me to confess to any one."

"Arglwydd vrawd," ebai eve, "yr hyn à deryw imi, ni frwytha im ei addev i neb."

"What is it, my soul?" Gwydion inquired.

"Pa yw hyny, enaid?" govynai Gwydion.

"Thou knowest," said the other, "the faculty of Math, the son of Mathonwy: what whisper soever, though it should be but the smallest possible, between persons, if caught by the wind, he would know it."

"Ti á wddost," ebai yntau, "cynneddv Math vab Mathonwy, pa hustyng bynag, er ei vychaned, à vo rhwng dynion, ov y cyvarvo y gwynt ag e, eve ei gwybydd."

"Well," said Gwydion, "be

"Je," ebai Gwydion, "taw

* Gwydion ab Don. Mercury or Hermes mentioned in the fragment of Sanchoniathon.—Editors.

thou silent further: I know thy mind: thou art in love with Goewin."

di bellach; mi á wn dy veddwl di: caru Goewin ydd wyt ti."

So then the other, on learning that his brother had discovered his thought, uttered a most agonizing sigh.

Sev á wnai yntau yna, pan wybu eve adnabod o'i vrawd ei veddwl, dodi ochenaid dromav yn y byd.

"Be silent with thy sighs, my soul," said Gwydion; "success will not ensue from that. Since it cannot be done without, I will cause the rising of Gwynedd, and Powys, and the southern country, in arms, so as to obtain the maid. So be thou comforted, and I will accomplish it for thee."

"Taw, enaid, â yth ocheneidau!" ebai Gwydion, "hid o hyny y gorvyddir. Minnau á barav, càn ni ellir heb hyny, dygyvori Gwynedd a Powys a Deheubarth, i geisaw y vorwyn. A bydd lawen di, a mi ei parav it."

And thereupon they came to Math, the son of Mathonwy.

Ac àr hyny at Vath vab Mathonwy y doynt wy.

"My lord," said Gwydion, "I have heard of there having come to the south some kind of animals, which have never appeared in this island before."

"Arglwydd," ebai Gwydion, "mi a glywais dawed i'r Deheu y rhyw bryved ni daethant i'r ynys hon erioed."

"What may be their name?" said Math.

"Pwy eu henw hwy?" ebai Math.

"Pigs, my lord."

"Hobau, arglwydd."

"What sort of animals are those?"

"Pa ryw aniveilaid ynt y rhai hyny?"

"Small animals, whose flesh is better than the flesh of a bullock."

"Aniveilaid bychain gwell ed rig no chig eidon."

"Small ones, are they then?"

"Bychain ynt wyntau?"

"Yes; and they are changing their names: they are now called swine."

"Je; ac y maent yn symudaw enwau: moch y gelwir weithon."

"Who is the owner of them?"

"Pwy pieu wyntwy?"

"Pryderi,* the son of Pwyll, to whom they were sent from

"Pryderi vab Pwyll, y danvoned iddo o Anwn, y gàn

* Pryderi, the son of Pwyll, was a mystical swineherd. The following triad alludes to this character: "The first of the mighty swineherds of the island of Britain was *Pryderi*, the son of *Pwyll*, chief of *Annwn*, who kept the swine of his foster-father, Pendaran Dyved, in the vale of Cwch, in Emlyn, whilst his own father, Pwyll, was in Annwn."—Editors.

the world unknown by Arawn, king of the world unknown. And still do they preserve that name: half a swine, half a pig."

Arawn brenin Anwn. Ac etwa ydd ys yn cadw o'r enw hwnw: hanner hwch, hanner hob."

"Well," said Math, "by what means can they be obtained from him?"

"Je," ebai Math, "pa furv y cefir wy y ganto?"

"I will go, with eleven companions, in the guise of bards, my lord, to solicit the swine as a gift."

"Mi av àr vy neuddegved, yn rhith beirdd, arlwydd, i erchi y moch."

"He may possibly refuse you," said Math.

"Eve á eill eich nacâu," ebai Math.

"My journey will not be in vain, my lord," said Gwydion: "I will not return without the swine."

"Ni bydd drwg vy nhrosglwydd i, arlwydd," ebai Gwydion, "ni ddeuav vi heb y moch."

"Joyfully go thy way," said Math.

"Yn llawen cerdda rhagot," ebai Math.

He went with Gilvathwy, and ten men along with them, as far as Ceredigion, to the place called Rhuddlan Teivi at this time, where there was a court belonging to Pryderi.

"Eve á elai â Gilvathwy, a dengwyr gyd ag wynt, hyd yn Ngheredigion, idd y lle à elwir Rhuddlan Teivi yr awr hon, yn y lle ydd oedd llys i Bryderi.

In the guise of bards they entered; and joy was expressed towards them.

Yn rhith beirdd y doynt i mewn; a llawen vuid wrthynt.

On the right hand of Pryderi was Gwydion placed that night.

Ar neill law Pryderi y gosodid Gwydion y nos hòno.

"Well," said Pryderi, "it would gratify us to have a narrative by one of the young men yonder."

"Je," ebai Pryderi, "da oedd genym ni cael cyvarwyddyd gàn rai o'r gwyreini rhaco."

"It is an etiquette with us, my lord," said Gwydion, "on the first night of coming to a great man, for the chief of song to speak: I will deliver a narrative with pleasure."

"Moes yw genym ni, arglwydd," ebai Gwydion, "y nos gyntav y deler at wr mawr, dywedyd o'r pencerdd: mi á ddywedav gyvarwyddyd yn llawen."

Then Gwydion was the best narrator in the world.

Yntau Gwydion goreu cyvarwydd yn y byd oedd.

During that night he amused the court with entertaining

Ac y nos hòno dyddanu y llys á wnai àr ymddyddanau digriv

discourses and narrative, so that all who heard were delighted, and Pryderi was pleased at conversing with him.

a chyvarwyddyd, yni oedd hof gàn bawb o'r llys, ac yn hyvryd gàn Bryderi ymddyddan ag ev.

At the conclusion of that, "My lord," said Gwydion, "can any one better execute my errand to thee than myself?"

Ac àr ddiwedd hyny, "Arglwydd," ebai Gwydion, "ai gwell y gwna neb vy neges i wrthyt ti no myvi vy hun?"

"None better," replied the other; "a tongue fully competent is that of thine."

"Na well," atebai yntau, "tavawd llawndda yw y tau di."

"Behold my errand then, my lord," said he: "it is to importune with thee as to the animals which were sent to thee from the bottomless deep."

"Llyma vy neges innau, arlwydd," ebai eve, "ymadolwyn â thydi am yr aniveilaid à anvoned it o annwvn."

"Truly," said the other, "the easiest thing in the world that would be, if there were not a covenant between me and my country concerning them. Thus it is, that they should not go from my possession until they shall have produced double their number in the country."

"Je," ebai yntau, "hawsav yn y byd oedd hyny, pe ni bai ammod yrhyngov a'm gwlad amdanynt. Hyny iw, nad elont y genyv yni onid hiliont eu dau cymaint yn y wlad."

"My lord," said Gwydion, "then I can liberate thee from those words; and this the way I can accomplish it: do not give me the swine to-night, and refuse me not the having them tomorrow. I will then show thee an equivalent for them."

"Arglwydd," ebai Gwydion, "minnau á allav dy ryddâu dithau o'r geiriau hyny; sev vàl y gallav: na ddyro im y moch heno; ac na nacâa vi o honynt evory; minnau á ddangosav gynewid amdanynt wy."

And that night Gwydion and his companions, in their lodgings, had recourse to their consultation.

Ac y nos hòno y doynt Gwydion a'i gydymdeithon yn y lletty àr eu cynghor.

"O friends!" said he, "we shall not obtain the swine by suing for them."

"A wyr!" ebai eve, "ni chawn ni y moch oc eu herchi."

"Well," said the others then, "by what means can they be obtained?"

"Je," ebynt wyntau, "o ba drawsglwydd y cair wyntau?"

"I will cause that they shall be had," said Gwydion.

"Mi á barav eu cael," ebai Gwydion.

And then he had recourse to his arts, and so began to show his illusion. Thus he made twelve steeds to appear, and twelve black greyhounds, each of them with a white breast, having twelve collars, with twelve leashes to them, and which, whoever saw them could not know but they might be of gold; and twelve saddles upon the horses, and about every part where iron ought to be upon them, there seemed to be gold altogether; and the bridles were of similar work. With the horses and with the dogs he came to Pryderi.

Ac yna ydd ai eve yn, ei gelvyddydan, ac y dechreuai dangaws ei hud; ac ydd hudwys deuddeg emys, a deuddeg milgi bronwyn du pob un o honynt, a deuddeg torch â deuddeg cynllyvan arnynt; a neb or eu gwelai ni wyddiad na beynt aur; a deuddeg cyvrwy àr y meirch, ac am bob lle oc y dylyai haiarn vod arnynt y byddai aur o gwbl; ac y frwynau yn un waith â hyny. Ag y meirch ac â'r cwn y dawai eve at Bryderi.

"Good day to thee, my lord," said Gwydion.

"Dydd da it, arlwydd," ebai Gwydion.

"May heaven bestow good upon thee!" the other replied, "and be thou welcome."

"Nev á roddo da it!" atebai yntau, "a groesaw wrthyt!"

"Sir," said Gwydion, "behold the liberation for thee from the word which thou didst speak last night concerning the swine, that thou wouldst not give, and wouldst not sell Thou canst then exchange for what may be better. Now I will give these twelve horses, as they appear complete, with their saddles and their bridles; also the twelve greyhounds, with their collars and their leashes, as thou seest; and the twelve golden shields, which thou beholdest yonder."

"Arglwydd," ebai Gwydion, "llyma ryddid iti am y gair à ddywedaist neithywr am y moch, nas rhoddit, ai nas gwerthit. Wyntau Cyvnewjdia ti, ain hyny ac vydd gwell: minnau á roddav y deuddeg meirch hyn, màl y maent yn gywair, ag eu cyvrwyan, ac eu frwynau, ac y deuddeg milgi, ag au torchau, ac eu rynllyvanau, mal y gweli; ac y deuddeg tarian euraid à welidirhaco."

Those he had caused to appear from so many mushrooms.

Y rhai hyng á rithasai eve o gyniver madalch.

"Well," said Pryderi, "we will take counsel."

"Well," ebai Pryderi, "ni á gymerwn gynghor."

So they concluded in their council to give the swine to Gwydion, and to take the horses, and the dogs, and the shields from him.

Sev y cefynt yn eu cynghor roddi y moch i Gwydion, a chymeryd y meirch, ac y cwn ac y tarianau y ganto yntau.

And then the others took leave, and so they began journeying with the swine.

Ac yna y cymerynt hwythau genad, ac y dechreuynt gerdded ag y moch.

"O travellers!" said Gwydion, "it is necessary for us to walk in haste: the illusion will not continue but from the hour to its next return."

"A geimaid!" ebai Gwydion, "rhaid yw in gerdded yn brysur: ac ni phara yr hud namyn o'r pryd i gilydd."

So that night they walked to the higher region of Ceredigion; and the place is still called Swinetown* from that circumstance. And the next morning they took their course, and passed over Maelenydd; and that night they tarried between Ceri and Arwystli, in the hamlet, which is also called, from that circumstance, Swinetown. And from thence they proceeded forward, and that night they came to a township in Powys, which from that idea, is also called Swinebrook,† and there they tarried for that night. And from thence they proceeded as far as the cantrev of Rhos, and there they rested during that night in a hamlet that is yet called Swinetown.

Ac y nos hòno y cerddynt hyd yn ngwarthav Ceredigion: ac y lle á elwir etwa o'r achaws hwnw, Mochdrev. A thranoeth y cymerynt eu hynt, a thros Maelenydd y doynt; ac y nos hòno y buynt rhwng Ceri ac Arwystli, yn y drev à elwir hevyd, o'r achaws hwnw, Mochdrev. Ac oddyna y cerddynt rhagddynt; ac y nos hòno y doynt hyd yn nghymwd yn Mhowys, à elwir o'r ystyr hwnw hevyd, Mochnant; ac yno y buynt y nos hòno. Ac oddyna y cerddynt hyd yn nghantrev Rhos; ac yno y buynt y nos hòno mewn y drev à elwir etwa Mochdrev.

"Ha, friends," said Gwydion, "let us repair to the fastness of Gwynedd with these animals. There is a rising in arms in pursuit of us."

"Ha wyr!" ebai Gwydion, "ni â gyrchwn gadernid Gwynedd ag yr aniveilaid hyn: ydd ys yn lluyddaw yn ein hol."

Thereupon they hastened to the highest hamlet of Arleçwedd, and there they made a

Sev y cyrchynt y drev uchav o Arllechwedd ac yno y gwnelynt graw i'r moch: ac o'r

* Moçdrev. † Moçnant. ‡ Crewyrion.

sty for the swine, and from that circumstance the appellation of Swine-men-ham‡ was imposed on the hamlet.

achaws hwnw y doded y cyvenw Crewyrion àr y drev.

And then, after making a sty for the swine, they repaired to Math, the son of Mathonwy, at Caer Dathl.* On their arrival there, the assembling of the country was going on.

Ac yno, gwedi gwneuthur craw i'r moch, y cyrchynt at Math vab Mathonwy, hyd yn Nghaer Dathl. A phan ddoynt yno ydd oeddid yn dygyvori y wlad."

"What news is there?" said Gwydion.

"Pa chwedlau y sydd yma?" ebai Gwydion.

"Pryderi is assembling one-and-twenty cantrevs in pursuit of you," they replied. "Strange is it that so dilatorily you have travelled."

"Dygyvor y mae Pryderi yn ych ol chwi un-cantrev-ar-ugaint," atebynt wy. "Rhyvedd vu hwyred y cerddysawch chwi.

"Where are the animals which you went in search of?" said Math.

"Mae yr anweilaid ydd aethawch yn eu hwysg?" ebai Math.

"They have had a sty made for them in the next district below," replied Gwydion.

"Y maent gwedi gwneuthur craw iddynt yn y cantrev arall isod," atebai Gwydion.

Upon that, lo, they could hear the trumpets, with signals of hostility, in the country. Then they arrayed likewise, and proceeded until they might be about Penardd, in Arvon.

Ar hyny, llyma y clywynt yr utgyrn ag y dygyvor yn y wlad. Yna gwisgaw á wnaynt wyntau, a cherdded yni vyddant yn Mhenardd yn Arvon.

And, on that same night, Gwydion, the son of Don, and Gilvathwy, his brother, returned to the fortress of Dathl; and not in a manner that Math, the son of Mothonwy, could perceive.

Ac y nos hòno ydd ymchoelas Gwydion vab Don, a Gilvathwy ei vrawd, hyd i gaer Dathl: ac nid mewn modd y gwelai Math vab Mathonwy.

Gilvathwy and Goewin were put together to sleep; and the other damsels were disrespectfully forced out: so she was slept with, against her consent, on that night.

Dodi Gilvathwy a Goewin ygyd i gysgu á wnelid, a chymhell y morwynion ereill allan yn anmharchus; a chysgu genti o'i hanvodd y nos hòno.

When Gwydion and Gilvathwy perceived the dawn of the

Pan sylwynt Gwydion a Gilvathwy y dydd dranoeth, cyr-

* This fort crowns the summit of an eminence above Lanbedr, below Llanrwst. It is peculiar for having large stones set upright to guard its entrance.

following morning, they repaired to the place where Math, the son of Mathonwy, was with his army; and, when they were come, those men were going to take counsel on what side they should wait for Pryderi and the men of the south; and into the council they also came. So it was settled, in their council, to remain in the fastness of Gwynedd, in Arvon. And in the centre of the two manors was their station taken: the manor of Penardd, and the manor of Alun Wood.

chynt lle ydd oedd Math vab Mathonwy a'i lu. A phan ddaethynt, ydd oedd y gwyr hyny yn myned i gymeryd cynghor, pa du ydd arôynt Bryderi a gwyr y Deheu; ac àr y cynghor y doynt wyntau. Sev y cefynt yn eu cynghor, araws yn nghadernid Gwynedd, yn Arvon. Ac yn nghymhervedd y ddwy vaenawr ydd arôed: maenawr Penardd a maenawr Coed Alun.

Pryderi attacked them there, and it was there the engagement was; and a great slaughter was made on both sides; and the men of the south found it necessary to retreat: this the place to which they retreated; to the place still called Off-brook.* As far as there they were pursued, and a carnage was there of immense extent. Then they retreated to a place called Dolbenman; and there they came out to parley and sue for peace. Pryderi pledged on the pacification: thus he pledged Gwestra, with twenty-three other sons of gentlemen. And, after that, they marching under the guarantee of peace to the Traeth Mawr, and coming together to Melenryd, the infantry could not be checked from mutually shouting: Pryderi dispatched messengers, ordering his tribe to refrain, and ordering it to be left between himself and Gwydion, the son of Don, as he had been the cause of the war; and a messenger came to Math, the son of Mathonwy.

Pryderi eu cyrchwys yno wynt; ac yno y bu y cyvrane, ac y llas lladdva vawr o bobparth; ac y bu raid i wyr y Deheu encil; sev lle ydd encilynt, hyd y lle à elwir etwa Nant Call. A hyd yno ydd ymlidid; ac yna y bu yr aerva divesur ei maint. Yna y cilynt hyd y lle a elwir Dol Benman: ac yna clymu á wnaynt, a cheisaw tangneveddu. A gwystlai Pryderi àr y dangnevedd; sev y gwystlwys Gwastra àr ei bedwerydd-àr-ugaint o veibon gwyrda.

A gwedi hyny cerdded o honynt yn eu tangnevedd hyd y Traeth Mawr; ac vàl ygyd ag y doynt hyd i Velenryd, y peddyd, ni ellid eu rheoli o ymsaethu. Gyru cenadau o Bryderi, i erchi gwanardd ei deulu, ac erchi gadu y rhyngto ev a Gwydion vab Don, canys eve á barysai hyny. At Vath vab Mathonwy y dawai gènad.

* Nantcall.

"Well," said Math, "between me and heaven! if it seem good to Gwydion, the son of Don, I will permit it gladly. I will likewise not insist upon any one's going to fight, though we might also act to the extent of our power."

"Je," ebai Math, "y rhov vi a nev! os da gan Wydion vab Don, mi ei gadav yn llawen. Ni chymhellav innau àr neb vyned i ymladd, tros wneuthur o honam ninnau an gallu."

"Undoubtedly," said the messengers, "Pryderi says, it is for the man who has committed this injury to him to place his body against his body, and permit his tribe to stand still."

"Dioer," ebynt y cenadau, "teg, medd Pryderi, oedd i'r gwr à wnaeth hyn o gam iddo ddodi ei gorf yn erbyn ei gorf yntau, a gadu ei deulu yn segur."

"I bear to heaven my confession!" said Gwydion, "I shall require the men of Gwynedd to fight for me; and I myself, having to fight with Pryderi, I will place my body in opposition to his with pleasure."

"Dygav i nev vy nghyfes!" ebai Gwydion, "nad archav vi i wyr Gwynedd ymladd drosovi; a minnau vy hun yn cael ymladd â Phryderi, myvi á ddodav vy nghorf yn erbyn ei eiddo yn llawen."

And that was communicated to Pryderi.

A hyny á anvoned i Bryderi.

"Well," said Pryderi, "then I shall not require any one to demand my right but myself."

"Je," ebai Pryderi, "nid archav innau i neb ovyn vy iawn, namyn vy hun."

Those chiefs were separated from their armies, and preparation was made by arranging them in due order.

Y gwyr hyny á neilltuid o'u lluoedd, a dechreuid o wisgaw amdanynt.

Then they fought; and, by the means of strength, and ardency, and illusion, and magic, Gwydion overcame, and Pryderi was slain.

Yna yr ymladdynt; ac o nerth grym ac angerdd a hud a lledrith, Gwydion a orvu, a Phryderi á las.

In Maen Tyriawg, above the Melenryd, Pryderi was buried, and there his grave remains.*

Yn Maen Tyriawg, uch y Velenryd, y claddid Pryderi; ac yno y mae ei vedd.

[*To be continued.*]

* This is down by the river, about a mile below Festiniog; and Melenryd, or the Yellow-ford river, is a little lower. The grave of Pryderi is thus recorded in "The Graves of the Warriors of the isle of Britain:"

"Yn Aber Genoli y mae bedd Pryderi,
Yn y tery tònau tir."

"In Aber Genoli there is the grave of Pryderi,
Where the waves assail the land."

SELECTION FROM LLYWARCH HEN.

[When this translation was made, the writer did not know that the task had been undertaken before.]

Llywarch Hen's Lament on Cynddylan.

Cynddylan's hearth is dark tonight,
  Cynddylan's halls are lone;
War's fire has revell'd o'er their might,
  And still'd their minstrel's tone;
And I am left to chant apart
One murmur of a broken heart!

Pengwern's blue spears are gleamless now,
  Her revelry is still;
The sword has blanched his chieftain brow,
  Her fearless sons are chill:
And foemen feet to dust have trod
The blue-robed messengers of God.*

Cynddylan's shield, Cynddylan's pride,
  The wandering snows are shading,
One palace pillar stands to guide
  The woodbine's verdant braiding;
And I am left, from all apart,
The minstrel of the broken heart!

MAELOG.

This translation is an attempt to convey to the reader a few of the beautiful images of the venerable Llywarch in an English dress. The learned article by ANEURI, in our first number, has already made him in some measure known.

It was a favorite theory of Idrison's, that the Cymry were the descendants of one of the lost tribes of Israel. Whatever may be the affinity of our nation with the children of Jacob, there is enough in the writings of Idrison to show "gwlad† yr hav" (the land of summer,) to have been the original dwelling-place of our fathers. There is indeed much in the character and history of our race to remind us of the children of Abraham: the same vehemence of feeling, the same misfortunes, and the same inflexibility in mis-

---

* The bards.

† The migration of the Cymry from the "summer country" to the isle of Britain does not rest on the evidence of Idrison, but on that of the following triad: "The first of three chieftains who established the colony of Britain was HU the mighty, who conducted the original settlers. They came from the summer country, which is called Deffrobani." To claim any consanguinity with the Israelites subsequent to the confusion of tongues is, in our opinion, an hypothesis totally unsupported by either record, triad, or tradition.—EDITORS.

fortunes. But the similarity ends not here: the Jewish history furnishes us with a prototype of the royal Cumbrian: Salathiel was present in all those scenes of blasphemy, of famine, and of phrensied hope, that preceded the destruction of Jerusalem; nor did he perish in her remains: he saw and felt all the degradation of his countrymen in the rude deserts of the north, where they have been the mockery and the slaves of barbarian kings; and such, in the annals of the Cymry, is Llywarch Hen. Born prince of the magnificent hills and shores of Cumberland, a single battle left him desolate and an exile: wherever he went, adversity followed his footsteps; no sooner had he found an asylum in the palace of Cynddylan, prince of Powis, than the Saxons made an incursion into the territories of his benefactor, and bereft him both of his kingdom and his life, which catastrophe drew from the pen of Llywarch "The Lament." His existence was prolonged far beyond the usual lot of mankind, and he lived to see the destruction of his twenty-four sons, all of whom after having won golden torques by their valour, fell in the defence of their country. So desolate is his feeling, that the most beautiful things in nature seem but to serve as the key to some deep-rooted association of mental suffering.

MIA DOLCE AMICA.

Where'er I roam, on land or sea,
My thoughts, sweet girl, are fixed on thee;
The world's no other charm for me,
Mia dolce amica.

Where'er I rest, in every place,
Still I behold thy heavenly face,
Thy form, and thy bewitching grace,
Mia dolce amica.

Methinks I see thee from afar,
Glittering like a silvery star,
Brighter than those in heaven are,
Mia dolce amica.

And mayst thou seem with light divine
For ever thus unchanging shine;
Oh, would that I could call thee mine,
Mia dolce amica.

Excursion to Tal-y-llyn.

SINCE I was a boy, nothing has given me more pleasure than my occasional visits to the woods and mountains of *Sir Verionydd.* I left Wales so young, that my memory will scarcely retrograde so far; and, consequently, every succeeding visit was fraught with additional interest. Never shall I forget the glad thrill which ran through my nerves, when, mounted on the Barmouth coach, young Matthews,—now "mine host" of "The Crown" at Welshpool,—whipped up his horses in a style and with a spirit worthy of the most accomplished charioteer. But old Time, *certes* the most relentless of all potentates, while he scatters joy and pleasure in the paths of some, places despondency and sorrow in the way of others; and many a year has now passed since my heart expanded with such delight on my return to my "native land." Still my visits are as regular as before, but times are altered; and, instead of spending my time in the mansions of hospitable friends, I am wandering about the country, communing with the spirit of the waste and the wilderness. In some of these wanderings, thou, reader, shalt accompany me; and, as an introduction, we will go first on a little fishing excursion to Tal-y-llyn, and round back again by way of Towyn to Dolgelly. We will first pay a visit to "Betty the Barber," over against "The Angel," and nigh unto the market-place. Here we will supply ourselves with a straw-hat, made probably at Llanelltyd, and costing as much as one sterling shilling. I cannot think of leaving Betty without a formal introduction: Betty, as her cognomen indicates, is the wife of a knight of the pole; and report says that she shaves much closer than her husband, Griffith. Of this, however, we will not seriously avouch; but, when beards are scarce, she will shear sheep, or sell fruit or fish, or any thing else, so as to turn the penny. Indeed, Betty's situation is no sinecure; and she wants only the opportunity of displaying as many accomplishments as old Peggy Evans, of Llanberis, who, at the age of seventy, was the best wrestler, fox-hunter, shoe-maker, boat-builder, and heaven knows what beside, in the whole district. Bidding her farewell, and bearing with us her fervent prayers for luck, we set off to Tal-y-llyn.

We are going for about a week, and we must arrange accordingly. While one of us carries the fishing-basket, containing a modicum or so of good whisky or brandy, the other must sling across his shoulders the bag with the linen, and such other matters as may be necessary. Our dress must be duly considered, too: our nether man must be enveloped in loose Russia-duck trowsers, stout shoes, (boots are out of the question,) and strong cotton or very fine woollen stockings; while the upper garments ought to consist of a jacket and waistcoat of jean, with pockets suffi-

ciently capacious to contain all those miscellaneous articles which an angler might want, and with which he ought in all excursions of this kind to supply himself.

Izaak Walton has given a formidable catalogue of requisites for the angler's tackle-bag, but the fly-fisher has no necessity to encumber himself with one quarter of the articles mentioned. A book well filled with choice flies, as many coiled lines as he pleases, a good quantity of gut, some single hairs, waxed thread and silk, a good multiplying reel, a spare top or two for his rod in case of accident, a pair of scissors, a knife, with a landing net and basket, are, with his rod, all that are necessary, and quite enough to take care of.

The turnpike road to Tal-y-llyn pursues a very circuitous route, round the base of that chain of hills which, rising to the south of Cader Idris, stretches towards the north-east, and occupies a considerable portion of the country. To avoid this circuitous track, I will conduct you over the hills, by which we shall save two or three miles of the road. We will cross the Avan, therefore, by a ford of stepping-stones, and, bearing towards the eastern point of Cader Idris, pursue our course along the Wenallt, having the river last mentioned rushing and thundering over the rocks beneath us. The scenery now becomes exceedingly grand and bold. The impetuous Avan rushes along many yards beneath us, its foaming waters flashing in numerous cascades through the dark foliage of the trees which clothe its banks, while their roar falls upon the ear like the rushing of an advancing legion. After about an hour's climbing, along a rocky ascent, we reach the southern extremity of this rugged defile, which is called by the peasants *Bwlch-coch*, and find ourselves on the summit of a range of hills, presenting the appearance of a vast moor, interspersed with rocks, brooks, and turberries. These uplands, which constitute so great a portion of the Welsh highlands, bleak, barren, and uncultivated as they appear, are of some value, notwithstanding, to the landholder. In the more mountainous parts of North Wales, the income of the proprietor, not depending upon corn, or any other article of cultivation, is made up by timber; which produces oak-bark, (of which large quantities are annually exported to Ireland,) cord-wood for fuel, and poles for mines. The turf, also, is valuable, as is the land itself, as a sheepwalk, and as pasturage for horses and cattle.

The view from the summit of *Bwlch-coch* is bold, magnificent, and extensive. Cader lifts up its lofty head to heaven, immediately above us; the road over *Bwlch oerdrws* is that small, thin, strip of a path, which you see to the east, stretching between those green mountains. That house in the hollow with a few fir-trees about it is Gwanas, and a little nearer Dolgelly you may see the woods about Caerynwch, the favorite residence of the late Chief

Baron Richards.* The road just beneath us is that to Machynlleth, and the point to which we must now make. To the north, in the hollow between these hills and those opposite, is Dolgelly, and you may trace its river, the Gwynion; westward along the vale it joins the Mawddach at Llanelltyd; and that smooth, distant, glistening body is the Mawddach, its capacious bed now filled by the morning-tide. Just above Caerynwch are the woods of Nannau and Garthmaelan, part of the property of Sir Robert Vaughan, of whom more anon. And now let us descend into the road.

Here, you see, are a number of oblong *tumuli*, covered with the green sward of the hill-side, and arranged very regularly, their largest diameter being from east to west. Now these *tumuli*, or *carneddau*, are, without doubt, the rude monuments of some mountain warriors, whose bones have been mouldering for centuries in the earth which covers them; and, if I mistake not, Pennant alludes in his Tours to a battle which had been fought here between two British chieftains. I should like to excavate one of these *tumuli*; for, as the British warriors were generally buried with their arms and accoutrements, some interesting discoveries might be made. A gentleman of Dolgelly found, about five years ago, a very beautiful *torç*, or *torques*,† in a turberry on the other or north side of Cader; and the value of the gold was, if I remember right, upwards of twenty-five guineas. Similar relics might be found in this spot; at all events, a little labour would produce some interesting result.

Striking now into the high road, we enter a very bold pass, bounded on the south by a ridge of stupendous rocks, and on the north by the precipitous declivities of Cader Idris, down whose rugged sides small rivulets from the lakes and springs on the mountain pour forth their waters in a series of narrow, but vehement cascades. The scene grows bolder and more beautiful the farther we advance; and no sound disturbs its loneliness, save the echo of our own footfalls, the croaking of the rock-raven, or

* The late Chief Baron, "the lawyer and the gentleman," was an example of persevering exertion and well-directed talent rewarded by honour and advancement; he was liberally educated by his father, and chose the law as his profession. By unwearied industry, assiduous application, and no ordinary share of talent, the young Welshman obtained notice among his fellows; and, in process of time, arrived at those high judicial honours which he eventually enjoyed. Mr. "Counsellor Richards," the title by which he was designated by his countrymen, while at the bar, was respected and beloved; as "my Lord Baron," he was revered and regarded as a man who had raised himself so high by his own merit, integrity, and ability. He died, at an advanced age, of a disease of the heart, under which he had suffered for many years. "Requiescat in pace."

† The golden *torç* alluded to above is now in the possession of DAVID JONES, esq. of Millbank row, Westminster.—EDITORS.

the bleating of a stray sheep, which, affrighted at our approach, fled swiftly up into the mountains. In a short time we reach a small pool (*Llyn-bach**), close to the road on our left, the water of which is of a dull muddy colour, but of great depth. It contains no fish, but, as it is rather a remarkable object in the landscape, I have thus minutely pointed it out.

Just beyond Llyn-bach we reach the brow of an eminence in the road, where we obtain the first view of Tal-y-llyn, and of the lake called *Llyn Mwyngil*. The scene is one of great beauty and tranquillity. There is the white church, and the little hostelry, with its smoke ascending calmly into the quiet heaven; and Dolfanog, with its fir-trees, and luxuriant corn-fields; and Ty-yn-y Comel, the curate's cottage; and the *Llyn* itself, "expanding its lone bosom to the sky," and spreading its silvery bosom before heaven, fit emblem of the candour and ingenuousness of mortality. After the wild grandeur through which we had passed, the sight of this quiet valley was delightfully refreshing; and the signs of human animation and industry, which now became perceptible to us, conveyed a feeling of gladness to our souls, after the awful stillness of the hills.

> "We view the green earth with a loving look,
> Like us rejoicing in the gracious sky;
> A voice comes to us from the running brook,
> That seems to breathe a grateful melody.
> Then all things seem imbued with life and sense,
> And, as from dreams, with kindly smiles, to waking,
> Happy in beauty and innocence."

We now descend towards the lake, and, with all an anxious angler's feeling, are desirous to ascertain the state of the breeze; but, before we approach sufficiently near to learn this important particular, we make a discovery, which is always considered an unerring indication of sport,—*there is mist on Craig-coch* (the Red-rock). This rock is situated at the south-east corner of the lake, and is easily perceptible long before we reach the lake itself, its highest peak being often crowned with a floating wreath of mist. We now ascertain that the lake is ruffled by a steady breeze from the west, a point which every angler knows how to appreciate. We next discover that the boat belonging to the lake is disengaged; so, with every prospect of a glorious evening before us, we walk briskly on towards the little inn at the farthest extremity of the lake, where we arrive quite ready for rest and refreshment.†

* It is also called Llyn-y-Trigraenwyn, from three large masses of rock which lie by its side, and which tradition informs us were cast out of the shoes of the giant Idris one morning, as he was walking round the mountain.

† Tal-y-llyn is the property of Colonel Vaughan, of Hengwrt and Rûg, who purchased it for no other purpose than that of affording his friends the

That William Roberts, "mine host," and Betty his wife, will be glad to see us, there can be no doubt; indeed, they always receive me with the unfeigned delight of old acquaintance, and every thing that the house affords is always placed before us. Let me just mention, *par parenthèse*, that William's brandy and rum are excellent; his *Cwrw*, generally speaking, is sad trash; but his spirits, with which he is supplied by that famous angler, Philip Hughes, of *Mwythig*, are always capital; and I do not know what more, in the drinking way, at all events, an angler would want than a good jorum of rum-punch or of brandy-toddy.

It was necessary that, after our toilsome walk, we should have some dinner; and a dinner we had that would have satisfied old Izaak Walton, and called forth the sincere praises of that prince of piscators. Some prime trout, red and full of roe, a couple of roasted ducks, with stewed mushrooms, French beans and new potatoes, and a glorious custard-pudding, constituted fare that an alderman would not have disregarded; and which, washed down with some very decent punch, enabled us to pursue our sport with all the energy that was requisite for success. The mist on *Craig-coch* proved no false prophet; for our flies were fatally successful, and we were soon amply occupied in filling our basket with some of the choicest productions of the lake.

The Lake of Tal-y-llyn, or rather of Llyn Mwyrgil, is small but beautiful; its widest breadth is not more than half a mile, and its length from east to west does not exceed two miles. Its northern boundaries consist of rich pasture-land, while on the south a high green hill, covered only with short herbage, a mere sheep-walk, in fact, rears itself to the clouds, and extends the whole length of the lake. At the eastern end is the farm of Dôl-fanog, and at the other are the little inn, the church, two or three huts near it, and the river of Maes-y-Pandy, which joins the Dysynwy a few miles below. It is about eight miles from Dolgelly, and about twelve from Machynlleth. Its only piscatory productions are trout and eels; the latter attaining a good size, and finding a safe protection in the deep coat of moss which covers the bottom, and abundance of food in the aquatic insects and grubs that inhabit it. Of the trout there are two species, the large lake-trout (*salmo lacustris*), and the common river-trout (*salmo fario*), the latter finding its way into the lake by two or three streams, which feed it, from the hills; these never attain any considerable magnitude, but the others, being indigenous to the pool, grow to a good size. The finest which

enjoyment of angling therein. The stranger who has never heard of this generous-hearted Welshman is equally welcome to participate in the sport, without the trouble and annoyance of begging a day's fishing, or even of intimating his intention to the proprietor. The colonel has also provided a boat for those who visit the lake, which may always be had, if disengaged, by application at the inn.

are caught with a fly vary from a pound to between three and four pounds; one weighing more than twelve pounds was found, a few winters ago, frozen under the ice.

I have said that Tal-y-llyn is a sweet place: but who can describe the calm and quiet beauty of that secluded valley; the holy simplicity of that little church, with its white grave-stones stretching down to the water-side; the towering magnificence of those lofty mountains; the good and cheap accommodations of that unpretending hostelry; and, though last, not least in our sweet love, the beauty of the lovely lake, which reposes in quiet joy under the blue summer sky? In truth, Tal-y-llyn is a beautiful spot, embosomed among green hills, and affording to the weary spirit that serene, sequestered happiness, which it can never find amidst the din and clamour of the world. From this sweet vale, at least, all the cares and turmoils of busy life are excluded. Here,—to use the words of one whose gifted soul could feel the soothing power of such a scene, and whose wounded heart could imbibe balm from its beauty,—

"Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortunes lightened steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man."

BURNS.

Every "brother of the angle" would have participated in the pleasure which is to be derived from fishing for three days, with excellent success, in this little paradise; and not a few would have welcomed, as I have often done, the "seventh day," that they might pause even from their pleasures. Reader! hast thou ever spent a "Sabbath among the mountains," amidst the awful stillness and solitude of the eternal hills? If thou hast, well canst thou appreciate the holy simplicity of that holiday, by reflections thus engendered. Even the unhappy may find the purest consolation.

"Low as we are, we blend our fate
With things so beautifully great;
And though oppress with heaviest grief
From Nature's bliss we draw relief,
Assured that God's most gracious eye
Beholds us in our misery,
And sends mild sound and lovely sight
To change that misery to delight."

WILSON.

We hold that there cannot exist, consistently with one's knowledge of human nature, a truly irreligious fisher. Who can resist the freshness and the purity, and the promise and the glad up-

rising of the morning dew? Who can resist the elevation and the buoyancy of spirit, which every ascending step on the mountain imparts or supports? Who can resist the intercommunings of solitude, the inner feeling and outward impression of that close and elevating intercourse, which the spirit of Nature holds with the heart.

It is only in such lonely wanderings as these that the mind drinks deep but quiet draughts of inspiration; and becomes, as Geoffrey Crayon observes, intensely sensible of the beauty and majesty of Nature. The imagination kindles into rapture; vague, but exquisite images and ideas keep breaking in upon it, and we revel in mute and almost inconceivable luxury of thought.

"And thus, whene'er
Man feels as man, the Earth is beautiful.
His blessings sanctify even senseless things,
And the wide world, in cheerful loneliness,
Returns to him its joy. The summer air,
Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his soul,
Stirs with its own delight. The verdant Earth,
Like beauty waking from a happy dream,
Lies smiling. Each fair cloud to him appears
A pilgrim travelling to his shrine of peace,
And the wild wave that wantons on the sea,
A gay, tho' homeless stranger. Ever blest
The man, who thus beholds the golden chain
Linking his soul to outward nature fair,
Full of the LIVING GOD."

WILSON.

After rambling about nearly all the morning, we returned to dinner; and, as we sat at the latticed window of the little inn, which commands a view of the church and one end of the lake, we descried a funeral procession, advancing along the side of the opposite mountain, preceded by the minister in his surplice. There were about thirty individuals following the coffin, although that coffin contained the remains of a mere mountain-youth, who was scarcely a degree more elevated in station than the ordinary day-labourer in England: but, then, Morgan Williams, as we afterwards learnt, was an object of no trifling regard in the estimation of the simple and secluded peasants among whom he dwelt. His father had been a small upland farmer, among the mountains above Tal-y-llyn; but he had died while Morgan was yet a mere child, leaving the poor widow to carry on the little farm as best she could without him.

Morgan was a sickly babe, and he grew up a sickly boy; but, blighted as the blossom was, it was still the mother's hope, and that mother loved her child tenderly, dearly; piously loved him. Amidst all the privations of hard labour, and harder poverty; amidst all the bitterness of her desolate and needy condition;

amidst all the sorrows of disappointment and want, Morgan was the first and fondest consideration; and her morning and evening devotions always concluded with a humble but fervent prayer for the preservation of her darling. This prayer was not supplicated in vain: the child grew, and gathered strength, till it passed the bounds of childhood, and became, not indeed a robust youth, but still sufficiently strong and hearty to contribute considerably to the care and management of "the farm."

The English reader will smile when he is told that this "farm" consisted of about a dozen acres of rough mountain-land, affording growth to some potatoes, a few bushels of oats, and still fewer of barley; with enough fodder for one cow, a pony, and three or four pigs: but, limited and lowly as their establishment was, it afforded ample occupation for both the mother and her son. The mother managed all within doors, and many of the more laborious occupations of the upland farmer's life fell to her share. She assisted Morgan in getting in the potatoes for the winter, and in the formation of their little turf-stack in autumn, carrying with her own hands a large portion of this useful fuel from the moor on the summit of the nearest mountain. The care of the cow and the pigs was exclusively her's; and so good was her management of their diminutive dairy, that, after providing enough butter for their own consumption, she even contrived, when Brindle's milk was more than usually abundant, to take a pound or two to the market at Dolgelly, which was *only* nine miles distant over the mountains, and to which she walked in the morning, and returned again in the evening, in time to join her son in the nocturnal thanksgiving, which was regularly offered up to heaven before they indulged in a temporary respite from their daily toil.

Morgan's occupation was not less laborious or unremitting. All the out-door labour was done by him alone, or in conjunction with his mother. He ploughed the land, sowed the grain, reaped, thrashed, and went to Towyn market to sell it. Their little flock of sheep, which grazed on a sheepwalk two miles from the house, was under Morgan's especial care, aided, I should say, by his dog Pincher, a rough and ugly cur to all appearance, but possessing all the virtues of the mountain sheep-dog, that is, he was faithful and fond, sagacious, bold, hardy, and enticing; and it was only necessary to send him out upon the mountains to ensure the safe and speedy infolding of the flock. He knew every sheep and lamb belonging to his master, and they knew him; so that, whenever they heard his not-unfriendly bark, they knew it was time to leave their pastures.

Thus were the mother and son occupied; and we, who live in populous towns and cities, know little of the miseries and privations, and patient endurance, of the far-distant and secluded population of Britain. We dream not of their exposure to the

storms and inclemencies of winter, nor to the fierce heat and tempests of summer; and, above all, of their (often) uncomplaining submission to the combined evils of poverty and sickness. Recreation, or indulgence in pleasure, of even an ordinary character, is a stranger to them; and they toil on, day after day, and year after year, without the expectation or the hope of any greater happiness than barely to exist, and, when dead, to be buried in the same grave which covers the mouldering remains of their forefathers.

Yet, notwithstanding this life of continual labour and constant exertion, Morgan was contented, and repined not; and, strange as it may appear, his mind was moulded for the reception of some of the higher attributes of humanity, had it been cultivated by proper management. Even under every disadvantage, it emitted many proofs of the fertile soil within; and, amidst all the toil and lowliness of his calling, he contrived to collect a mass of knowledge far, very far, above his fellows. His principal bias was towards calculation; and he had made some progress in the Elements of Euclid. He was a very expert arithmetician; and his neighbours never failed to avail themselves of his acquirements in this respect whenever their accounts exceeded five or six lines of addition. Morgan was a poet too, that is, a Welsh poet; and often, as he wandered, lonely and late, over the hills, returning homeward from some distant fair, has his soul been lifted up to heaven, and given vent to his feelings in a burst of pious and grateful inspiration. Not altogether "mute," therefore, was this "inglorious Milton;" and his poor mother would often smile at the rhapsodies of her son, as he rehearsed to her, of an evening, his last effort of poesy. Under some circumstances, perhaps, this predilection might have rendered him the scorn, if not the envy, of his fellow-peasants; but Morgan Williams, with all his oddities, *was kind to his widowed mother;* and, among those secluded hills, where filial piety is always admired and reverenced, this virtue would have counterbalanced vices far more heinous than an occasional flirtation with the muses. As it was, he was much respected by every one; and, as far as the enjoyment of the goodwill of others was concerned, Morgan was a happy man. But Morgan was not happy. Contented we have said he was, but he was not happy. He knew, by that sacred and mysterious foreboding peculiar to those who are tainted with the seeds of an hereditary and fatal malady, that he should not live to comfort the declining years of his poor mother. Every winter made fresh and more terrible inroads upon his constitution, till his hollow cough and sunken haggard eye gave visible token of the mischief that was insidiously working within. Yet even now, enfeebled and worn out as he was, he continued to exert himself about the farm, and most miserable would his mother have been had she witnessed one half of his sufferings when exposed to the cold on the mountains. Yet he

complained not, murmured not, but battled with his weakness as well as he could, till one morning he was alarmed at a gush of blood from his throat. He now gave up, took to his bed, and laid himself down to die.

It was now that the pious and peaceful tenor of his life became a source of soothing consolation; cheered him through this season of sorrow; and enabled him to contemplate the desolation of his mother with more resolution. He knew that she could not linger long behind, and the hope of meeting "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest" conveyed a pensive joy to his heart.

In such a case, the grave is as a bed of down, "soft as the breath of even," where we may rest undisturbed by the wants and woes, and bitter humiliations, of poor mortality.

Some green and grassy mound shall cover
The mouldering corpse from human eye;
Around the spot shall Pity hover,
Above shall shine the bright blue sky.

Although, in life, the heart in sadness
Wore out its brief existence here,
The grave, where now 'tis laid, in gladness
Shall smile, though watered with a tear!

Under such circumstances, death is but the calm soft ebbing of the gentle tide of life, to flow no more on the troubled strand of existence.

Such was the death of this poor mountaineer. As a proof of the affection with which he was regarded, he was followed to the grave by upwards of thirty persons, very few of whom were connected with him by kindred; and we have since ascertained that the widow, now a childless one, has lost nothing, in point of subsistence, by the death of her son, her friendly neighbours having assisted her to work the farm, and contributed in other respects to her humble and unobtrusive necessities.

MERVINIUS.

METHEGLIN.

J. H. T. C. Salutem et annum Platonicum.

Non vitis sed apis succum tibi mitto bibendum
Quem legimus BARDOS olim potasse BRITANNOS
Qualibet in bacca VITIS MŒRA latescit
Qualibet in gutta MELIS AGLAIA ninet.

The juice of bees, not Bacchus, here behold,
Which British bards were wont to quaff of old;
The *berries* of the grape with *furies* swell,
But in the HONEY-COMB the *graces* dwell.

THE PASSENGERS.

THE desire of going abroad on continental tours has produced in England, from feelings of mere curiosity, the same effect that superstition and zeal formerly did among the crusaders. In both cases, a large proportion of the higher classes and their dependants have left their native land, while the natives of those countries where they went have never dreamed of returning the visit. Foreigners, indeed, when they see us during our journey-fever, say among themselves, "What a horrid place that England must be, when all who can afford it leave it on the first opportunity!" But we need not undeceive them. A regular importation of them into England, led by the same curiosity which leads us abroad, would be as great a nuisance as can well be imagined. It is quite sufficient that we should ourselves be well aware of the varied scenery contained in the British isles.

Nor indeed have the beauties of our native landscape failed in obtaining due regard. Our exhibitions are replenished with materials drawn almost exclusively from the stores of the United Kingdom. Turner goes along the coast; Copley Fielding down to Brighton; Robson into the Western Highlands; Varley to Killarney; Gastineau to North Wales; Constable into the adjoining wheatfield. The foreign supplies, even after years of peace, are not worth noticing. The fact is, our own scenery has merit enough to attract and employ a greater number of artists in water colours and oil than all the rest of Europe put together. It was, no doubt, a consideration of the truths above mentioned that occasioned the adventures which we are going to relate.

On a fine summer morning in the latter end of July, 182*, three outside passengers left Oswestry by one of the morning coaches for Capel Cerig, about half past seven o'clock, upon a tour through North Wales.

As an ex-parte statement is not in general to be depended upon, and we are somewhat prejudiced in favour of these three passengers, we cannot perhaps do better than refer to a conversation respecting them which took place between one of the coachmen and the guard while they were stopping at a public-house. "I say, Charley, where's your way-bill?" Charley, whose mouth was full of bread and cheese, grunted in reply, and produced the required paper. "Larndon, Allansley, and Clanvoy," said the coachman, reading the names of his passengers. "Clanvoy; that's he as comes up this way twice or thrice every summer. Charley, those three gentlemen's tongues go like as many steam-engines." "Well," said Charley, "you'll be all the wiser."

"Not I," said the coachman, "I minds my horses, and they doesn't talk to me."

The only way in which we can improve upon the worthy coachman's description of his passengers will be by passing from the form of narrative to that of dialogue, which we shall beg leave to do whenever it may suit our purpose.

Allansley. How many miles did you say it was to Capel Cerig?

Clanvoy. About fifty, I believe; and five more to the foot of Snowdon.

Larndon. Is all the road interesting?

Clanvoy. All except about five miles on this side of Cenniogge.

Larndon. That then will be the time for yielding to the soporific influence of the coach. But I depend upon you, Clanvoy, to point out every thing worth notice, that I may not have the trouble of searching for it, but merely the pleasure of consenting to admire.

Clanvoy. There spoke the true spirit of the foreign tourist! The man certainly fancies himself in a travelling carriage; the sun broiling the sky to a cinder; the *voiturier* going at the rate of about four miles an hour; the road becoming more endless at every step, and the nauseous foreign diet producing all kind of anxieties. Pray what objects of interest would your indolency choose to have particularly pointed out?

Allansley. The spirit of enterprise and of discovery seems to be dying away in Larndon, now that we are approaching the object of our journey.

Clanvoy. O no, it is only the passing cloud, and the remote effect of his journey through the swamp of Martigny,* where the unwholesome air chokes your admiration of the scenery.

Larndon. Very true: it is nothing more. What are those large distant woods that appear in two or three ranges over the hills?

Clanvoy. They are the grounds of Chirk castle, a fine old baronial place, and a good deal noticed in Welsh history. The lower part of the park is full of magnificent oaks: the upper part, though it has too flat an outline, is very high, and has an air of grandeur, from the extent of wood, which is chiefly Scotch fir. You ought some time or other to see that place, for it is much finer to look *from* than to look *to*. The whole style of Chirk castle, as to situation and every thing else, is so like Croft castle, in Herefordshire, that if you ever were there, you already have a good notion of Chirk. In the centre of those woods you may see the tops of some of the towers, which, if they were more lofty, would be very conspicuous in that situation.

* In the Valais, between Geneva and the Simplon road.

Larndon. That castle, I think, belongs to the Myddelton Biddulph family.

Clanvoy. It does. Harrison, of Chester, has lately done some good Gothic vaulting there.

Allansley. What? the architect of that beautiful doric entrance in Chester castle?

Clanvoy. Yes, Allansley; the very man; who, I dare say, by this time, repents of what he did there; although, in material, design, and execution, a great part of it is first-rate. An ancient English fortress ought not to give way even to the Parthenon itself.

Larndon. Are we still in Shropshire?

Clanvoy. Yes; we enter Denbighshire on crossing the Ceiriog, a river between us and Chirk.

Larndon. What canal is this that we are crossing?

Clanvoy. The Ellesmere canal, of which you will see a good deal more presently. It is carried over the vale of Ceiriog by one very fine aqueduct, and over that of Llangollen by another still more magnificent. Between us and Chirk there is a deep valley, which has been, I think, rather awkwardly filled up with soil, in order to improve the road. That embankment is more like the contrivance of an earlier age than the present, but I suppose it was found the cheapest. You see a church-tower in the direction of the road. It belongs to the village of Chirk, about five miles from Oswestry.

Allansley. Whose place is that, a good way off on the right, a sort of old English house, among the trees?

Clanvoy. Brinkynalt, Lord Dungannon's: a beautiful house and situation. I think this is the only glimpse of it that you catch along this new line of road.

Larndon. O really we are coming to something like fine scenery. What rich woods! and there is the aqueduct you spoke of! What a beautiful turn of the road this is that brings us at once into sight of this valley.

Allansley. Chirk aqueduct, I suppose. It is a very fine object, indeed; more like some Roman work than modern English. And there are sufficient weather-stains or water-stains upon the different parts, to give it an appearance of antiquity.

Clanvoy. A beautiful situation adds much to a fine work of art. Those meadows over which the arcade is built are seen between the piers, winding away into the woody bosom of the hills. The steep sides of the vale are also useful in preventing too large a space of solid wall. As it is, you see those ten arches are all equal, and the piers likewise. Allansley, did you ever see a drawing of Alcantara, the aqueduct that supplies Lisbon with water?

Coachman. Now, gentlemen, if you please.

Allansley. I don't think I ever did.—Are we to walk up this hill?

Clanvoy. As a matter of course. Now, if you'll get down, I'll follow you.

[They get down.]

Larndon. I like the style of this aqueduct exceedingly. There is in it a grand simplicity, which I think is a great merit. Is it large? How far are we from it? A quarter of a mile?

Clanvoy. I suppose so. It is about six hundred feet long, and sixty-five feet high. What the width is I have heard, but I forget. At one end is an immense tunnel. Of course there is a difference between an aqueduct for canal-boats, and one that is only to convey water for drinking, as is the case in the Lisbon Alcantara, which I understand is, in fact, a series of aqueducts, interrupted here and there by hills. But the arcade of Alcantara is composed of plain lancet Gothic arches, upon lofty piers; and I confess I should have preferred that more solemn style to the round arch, however classical; or, if a round arch must be had, the Norman style would have been more appropriate.

Allansley. Ah! I know how bigoted you now are to the monkish orders of architecture, or rather to the monkish disorders of architecture. Yet there *was* a time—

Clanvoy. Well, my dear Allansley, what would you insinuate respecting the time that *was?*

Allansley. Merely that you held but one opinion respecting the various branches of Greek civilization.

Clanvoy. We are now in Wales; in the land of triads. I will give you a triad, which, you may take my word for it, was made in a bardic assembly, before the introduction of the alphabet: "There are three things in which the Greeks have excelled the moderns; 1st, in statuary; 2dly, in dress; 3dly, in versification."

Larndon. Well, for my part, I respect the Grecian as much as the Gothic architect. The two styles are both very good, and I hope they will flourish equally.

Clanvoy. That cannot be; but perhaps for some time they both may flourish. The Grecian orders have reached their perfection; the styles of gothic have not. The perfection of an inferior system will sometimes take precedence of a better one, which is yet imperfect.

Larndon. What's that? Say that once again.

Clanvoy. An inferior system, if perfect in itself, may sometimes take precedence of a better one, that has not yet reached perfection.

Larndon. Very true.

Clanvoy. Turn round, and look at this embankment: it begins from that bridge over the Ceiriog, and gradually rises up here, having destroyed a great extent of land. But what upon earth brought the grand Irish road through Chirk? It ought certainly to have gone on the other side of that aqueduct. Now let us take to our conveyance again, having got over this hill, which, after all, s not much lowered by these late alterations.

[They resume their seats.]

Allansley. I see there are coal-pits in this neighbourhood.

Clanvoy. A stripe of coal runs all along this part of the Welsh border, and breaks off, or perhaps I had better say bends off, between Oswestry and Llanymynech, taking the direction of Church-Stretton and Ludlow. Limestone is frequently found without any coal near it, on the continent; but I believe coal is never found except in the neighbourhood of limestone. The coal of this neighbourhood is conveyed by the Ellesmere canal as far as Newtown, in Montgomeryshire, about thirty miles from Oswestry.

Larndon. How very flat those hills are! They put me in mind of some hills on the road between Lyons and Paris, that rise imperceptibly from the plain, and then suddenly dip down in an opposite direction.

Clanvoy. I remember those very hills that you are speaking of; and I dare say they are of limestone, like these; and, like these, too, they form the boundaries of a mountainous region, which is said to be an exception to the general dulness of the French landscape.

Larndon. But the mountains of central France are known to be volcanic, and I never understood that of North Wales.

Clanvoy. A geologist in the present age, or, you may say, in the present state of that interesting science, will always be careful to avoid the subject of North Wales. The strata of the Welsh border are well understood; but I dare say you remember how Buckland complains of the irregularities that abound in *trap-rocks*. Now this *trap* rock (worthily so called, for it is indeed a trap for the geologist,) is the very substance of which the first-rate Welsh mountains are composed. It seems to obey no fixed laws of stratification; it may appear almost any where, and in any form; sometimes it assumes a columnar basaltic appearance; in other places you will find it of a slaty character. Sometimes the question arises whether the peculiar position of a certain fragment is natural or druidical; and, because it is *trap* rock, the matter still remains undecided. Yet the two chief collections of trap rocks that I have seen are almost fac-similes of each other. Mag'llicud-

dy's Reeks, at Killarney, which are considered the highest mountains in Ireland, are so like the summits of Snowdon, in their general appearance and arrangement, that I never shall forget my astonishment when the clouds rolled off Carràn Túal,* and I beheld an Irish portrait of the Wyddva.† This eccentric and puzzling material is inferior to none in the grandeur of its formation. The highest alpine summits are sublime things, and the graceful curve which they all have is a miraculous beauty, considering the extreme hardness of granite. But, although the Alps are about five times as high as the British mountains, the grandeur of style in these last is really so impressive, that you can hardly wish for greater elevation.

Larndon. I shall ask Buckland, the next time I see him, to give me some account of the geology of North Wales.

Clanvoy. You will ask in vain. He will tell you candidly he cannot explain the phenomena that are met with here. The only approach to any thing like a theory that I ever heard from him respecting Snowdonia was, an idea that there might have been volcanoes here at the time of the deluge. But he supports the notion of tropical plants and animals having once flourished in this climate, or rather that this climate was once considerably warmer than at present.

Larndon. Buckland is a man of great research, great activity: he is one of the best, if not the very best, of all geological professors.

Clanvoy. His powers of illustration, and his talents for public lecturing, are very first-rate; but—

Larndon. O you detractor! What do you mean by you "but"?

Clanvoy. His theories, and not his only, but those of most other geological writers, have melted into air before the arguments of Granville Penn.

Larndon. Granville Penn? I never heard of him as a writer on geology.

Clanvoy. I am afraid that the opposite party have rather studiously concealed the name and the book of their antagonist. Yet frequently, when I least expect it, I meet with men that have considered the subject, who consider Granville Penn's work as more satisfactory than any other treatise upon geology.

Larndon. What is the title of his book?

Clanvoy. "*A Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mo-*

* The chief summit of the Reeks.

† The chief summit of Snowdon.

saical Geologies." After Buckland's work upon the caves of Yorkshire, &c. came out, Granville Penn published "*A Supplement to the Comparative Estimate,*" in which he turned every fact elicited by the professor to his own advantage.

Larndon. Is the book well written as to language?

Clanvoy. The style is clear to scientific men, but certainly not popular; and it is a pity that authors in general do not sufficiently consider the possibility, though I admit the difficulty, of clothing deep thoughts in common language. I can tell you about his theory when we get into places that confirm it. Now look at the grounds of Wynnstay, coming into view upon the right. The river Dee almost returns upon itself in passing round a rocky peninsula, part of which you may observe among the scattered woods. This view is full of subject, from the number of ornamental buildings and romantic situations. To the right of the mansion, from here, is a cenotaph; on the left a sepulchral column; still more to the left is the Waterloo tower; and below it a bridge over the Dee. But you must now look in the direction of the road.

Larndon. Something is to be seen presently. What is it?

Clanvoy. Llangollen Vale, which you must be ready to hail with every possible expression of delight and wonder.

Larndon. Is that a castle that I see before me,
That claims a sketcher's hand? Come, let me sketch thee!
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Clanvoy. Come, Allansley, don't be dreaming about Snowdon, which you will not see for several hours; but lower your extravagant ideas, and allow yourself to dwell with satisfaction upon a pastoral scene, with only so much of the romantic about it as to prevent it from being perfectly tame. Here there is nothing to surprise you, except the happy combination of wood and water, rock and meadow, cultivation and sheepwalk. The horizon promises greater things; but what can be more pleasing than this delicious vale? Below the level of the road, and at some distance off, you see the aqueduct of Pont Cysyllty, which I do not ask you to admire from here; but, if you were to go over it and under it, you would find it greatly superior to that of Chirk. It is considered to be some of the finest masonry in the kingdom. The pillars are of stone, from the neighbouring quarries of Ruabon; but the whole trough of the canal and the towing-path is of iron.

Allansley. I am glad to find, after all I have heard about Llangollen Vale, that the reality does not disappoint me.

Larndon. Resolved unanimously, that this is a very fine specimen of a limestone valley. The trees grow in that peculiar way which, you can hardly tell why, proves them to be flourishing. The undulations of the lower ground, and that insulated hill with

ruins at the top, are beautifully contrasted with the surrounding mountains. What is the name of that ruin?

Clanvoy. Castell Dinas Bran, anglicised into Crow Castle. The remains of it are very scanty; but the whole extent of the walls can be made out. There is a small remnant of groining in the ruins of the gateway, but none of the windows remain perfect. It was about 300 feet in length by 150 in breadth. You approach it by a circuitous path, which leads you round the castle to the north end of it, where the entrance was. The date of its erection is unknown; but the present remains most likely belong to the earlier part of the fourteenth century. This castle was furnished with two excellent wells, that gave a perpetual supply of water. There are some botanical rarities to be met with among the ruins.

Larndon. What house is that so finely situated on the opposite side of the vale from us?

Clanvoy. Trevor Hall, and above it are the Eglwseg rocks, which are noted for the splendid varieties of their colouring. They are like the plumage of a cock pheasant when you turn it from or to the light. Let the weather be good or bad, no man of taste can pass along this road without feeling that he is passing through scenery that combines the very choicest ingredients of rural beauty. Festiniog Vale is grander, and is most magnificently wooded on one side; but it is less cheerful. The Vale of Clwyd is much more extensive, and equally rich; but it is more a plain surrounded by hills than a vale. You cannot expect here the rich confusion of an Italian foreground, and fig-trees half smothered by the clambering vines. I confess those are indeed superb additions to any scenery; but I never saw the elegance of this landscape, as a composition, exceeded either in England or abroad.

Larndon. You should not call up recollections of those foreign wonders to interfere with our prejudice in favor of British landscape.

Clanvoy. O, but indeed I will. We shall not lose our admiration of scenes like these by comparing them with foreign ones. Do you know I really think they gain by being contrasted with foreign scenery? The Spanish chesnut is a rival of the oak; yet, when, instead of oak-woods, you have all the mountain sides engrossed by Spanish chesnuts, they have a rough and confused appearance, and an outline like the beech-woods near Henley. Now a grove of oak is not so; but it presents a general mass of blended foliage. Look at the groves in this valley! How greatly the roundness of their outline contributes to the effect of quiet and repose! The oak is decidedly not so common abroad as in the British isles.

Larndon. I remember, in descending the Simplon down to Domo d'Ossola, that, when we were not far from Crevola, the luxu-

riance of Italian vegetation, or rather fructification, quite amazed me; but certainly the outlines of the mountains in that neighbourhood were not exactly what an artist would introduce into his landscape.

Clanvoy. At Susa, below Mont Cenis, they are somewhat better. But, for elegance and harmonious combination, the general features of our scenery may vie with any.

Allansley. How can you two go on talking at such a rate? I am sure you don't see half the view; at least I am convinced I could not if I were to chatter so.

Clanvoy. O, Larndon sees it with half an eye; and, as for me, I have seen it so repeatedly, that I know just when to look, and the very place where it appears to the best advantage.

Allansley. I was not aware you had had so much practice.

Clanvoy. I assure you no man living has been more assiduous than I have in exploring the wilds of Snowdonia. Long before and after Eton and Oxford, I travelled there. For several years together I always made one tour in that neighbourhood, if not more; and, whenever I went there, it was by this road.

Allansley. Why do you use that pedantic word, "Snowdonia?" Why can't you say the neighbourhood of Snowdon, instead of coining a new name, and mixing up Latin and English in such a barbarous manner?

Clanvoy (addressing Larndon). To the observations of my fastidious friend, I can only reply in the words of Bannister, "Nemo potest thiefum takere si nullus thiefus est." The pedantry that he speaks of does not exist: the word is used by Walsingham, without the least hesitation, in the "Historia Angliæ," whenever he has occasion to speak of North Wales; and it was adopted by Pennant in his "Tour," no doubt on that authority. The word has gained a settlement in our language, and it is not in the power of Allansley, or any other parish-officer, to remove it.

Larndon. There, Allansley, "Nemo potest Snowdoniam removere!"

Allansley. Judging from what I *hear*, I should conclude that the barbarians have destroyed the language of Rome.

Clanvoy. Ancient Rome, please to say; for, between ourselves, there are some well-disposed persons who consider Julius Cæsar and Pope Julius the Second to be one and the same individual.

Larndon. Ha, ha! but, Clanvoy, what do you think of the weather? There seems to be something brewing among those hills.

Clanvoy. No, I think not: the general appearance of the view foretels fine weather. There is a solid colouring about the woods, and a due degree of distance in the colours of the mountains,

which augurs well for our tour. Those fiery-looking clouds, and the sudden breezes coming on every now and then, are no bad signs here, I can assure you.

Larndon. Are we near Llangollen?

Clanvoy. There is the church-tower; but I am sorry to say that, owing to its extreme ugliness, it is a blemish in every view of this enchanting neighbourhood. You know how hideous the Swiss and Italian parish-churches in general are, and how they vulgarize any landscape in which they appear: the same objection may be made against this church-tower, though in a different style; and, when I consider how many handsome towers there are among the village-churches of England, I cannot help wishing any one of them that is tolerably picturesque were at Llangollen instead of the present one. The body of the church is decent; there is one good Gothic window in the south aisle, and the chancel has an oak ceiling.

[The coach enters Llangollen, and stops to change horses.]

Larndon. Clanvoy, do tell me in what direction from here is Plasnewydd?

Clanvoy. You do not see it from the road; it is hid among trees on the left. It is really a beautiful spot: the views, in almost every direction, are interesting and various. Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby have embellished a situation of great natural beauty, with walks and gardens, and sheltered resting-places. It contains, perhaps, altogether the most varied succession of pleasing scenery that can be met with in North Wales; for the effect of the distant view is much enhanced by the cheerful and elegant cultivation of the foreground.

Larndon. I have heard many friends of mine speak of that place; indeed I have read some accounts of it.

Clanvoy. All those accounts, if I remember rightly, convey erroneous impressions to the reader; and some are quite absurd.

Allansley. What sort of churches are there in North Wales? Are they in general worth notice?

Clanvoy. In general they look like the chief barn of the neighbourhood, yet they are not without some attractions. In places where you find no pretensions to Gothic art in the stonework of the building, you will meet with wood-carving so exquisite and original, that, if it were placed in some English cathedral, the lover of Gothic would be in raptures of admiration; and, in the way of stonework, there are several superb ruins and fine churches, but St. Winifred's Well, which is almost as perfect now as the day it was built, is the only thing of its kind that can be met with any where, and, if it were not shamefully neglected, would be the wonder of the tourist. No drawing, no description, can give you

a notion of that place: it is a Gothic fountain of the richest workmanship, arranged in the form of a chapel; a kind of building that you must see with your own eyes before you can either believe or understand it.

Allansley. Gothic art appears to me a mass of confusion, the result of the dark ages. It is intimately connected with monkish errors, and the corruptions of Roman Catholic idolatry.

Clanvoy. Indeed, you do it injustice. In spite of all appearances to the contrary that you may bring against me from our own island, or from central Europe, the case of Gothic art is not quite as you have stated it. Consider, for one moment, that in Rome itself, the very centre of that fearful superstition, there never has at any time been built any church, convent, or palace, that bore the least resemblance to the style of Gothic. If Rome were to be utterly destroyed by this time tomorrow, the cause of Gothic science would rather gain than lose by that event. Nor is the splendid work of Milan Cathedral to be urged against the fact, that pure gothic is unknown to the Italians. Consider also the jealousy with which the Church of Rome has viewed FREEMASONRY, which is the original school of Gothic art. These two facts alone must force you to qualify that assertion of yours.

[The coach goes on.]

Allansley. But what say you to Gothic niches, Gothic shrines, and all the ornamental appendages of saint-worship?

Clanvoy. They are wonders of art, from which we may learn much as to the details of decoration in churches. That they have been used for idolatrous customs, I confess, and lament; but I am only desirous of proving that Gothic art is not of necessity connected with popery, which in Italy has proscribed it, and discouraged it in the rest of Europe. Some say the Reformation put a stop to Gothic science; but the Church of Rome, before that period, had begun to look upon the style as heretical: the Gothic architect was found to have more scriptural notions of Christianity than the Roman cardinal, and, when that was discovered, his patronage was immediately withdrawn. But what can be more wonderful than the facility with which the English monasteries were dissolved; the Gothic monk, I suspect, was not a very violent enemy to the Reformation.

Allansley. You are indirectly undermining my prejudice against monastic architecture.

Clanvoy. Look at that Gothic bridge behind you to the right: there are five arches, not quite equal in dimensions; but, for all that, it is the most elegant and picturesque bridge that I know. The Ruthin road goes over it: our ancestors never sacrificed convenience to regularity, which we so continually do. True talent,

however, is of a more versatile character, and, instead of laying down one rule for all occasions, will adapt itself to all varieties of situation. On this account, I fear, we have been misled by the fame of Palladio and his followers. Will you believe it? Aldrich the logician, dean of Christ church, and architect of Allsaints church, in Oxford, wrote a treatise upon architecture in general, without condescending to notice the scientific and superb discoveries of Gothic art; nor was it the pure and ancient elegance of Greek art that he recommended, but that corrupt mixture of column and arch which the Italians have introduced. Our own genuine, sacred, and superior style, he passed by as undeserving of the name of architecture.

Larndon. He was quite wrong there, certainly.

Clanvoy. Would any one in the present day, professing to have the slightest architectural knowledge, risk his reputation by such conduct?

Larndon. Assuredly not: we have become wiser. But, Clanvoy, tell me something about that bridge.

Clanvoy. Well, as to that bridge, it was built by John Trevor, a bishop of St. Asaph, in 1346, at a period in which the early Gothic of Salisbury was superseded by that of the west end of York Minster, during the reign of Edward the Third. The piers consist of projecting buttresses, and the arches have but a slight moulding, which from here is not seen. Castell Dinas-Bran rises finely beyond it. Allansley, if what I was lately saying in defence of Gothic has had any effect upon your flinty heart, I hope you will look with less contempt upon the ruins of Abbey Crucis, which you will presently see, at some distance from the road, in that woody vale to the right. We are now rapidly passing through scenery which at some future time we may examine more leisurely. These ruins you have heard of, no doubt; they are two miles and a half from Llangollen, and above a mile from here, so that you can distinguish nothing but the ends of some lofty walls among the clustering ash-trees.

Allansley. I see them now; gray walls and roofs, with splashes of yellow lichen; and there is one tall narrow Gothic window, I suppose, belonging to the choir.

Clanvoy. I wish we could be there for a few minutes, and then continue our journey by the coach. You would really be struck with the peaceful serenity that breathes around that ruin; every thing conspires to give it a character of seclusion, and yet there is no savage wildness, no forbidding gloom. O! if our government at the Reformation had but preserved a few of these establishments as provincial schools,—abolishing the crime (you may call it) of monastic celibacy,—we should now have had almost enough church-room, and education would have embraced religion. But

it is no use regretting what could never be; the spirit of delusion had profaned the altar, and the abhorrence of the nation could hardly be controlled.

Larndon. I agree with you, most heartily. What is the general style of Abbey Crucis?

Clanvoy. The central tower and its arches fell some years ago, nor do I believe their forms are preserved in any drawing: they were said then to be of mixed Gothic, but in those days nobody knew or cared much about the styles of sacred architecture, and their respective dates. It was a Cistercian abbey, that is to say, it consisted of monks as well as nuns. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and founded by Madoc, lord of Dinas-Bran, about the year 1200, during the reign of John, or Henry the Third. The choir and refectory display the earliest use of the pointed arch; and that fine east end, one part of which you see from here, has been despoiled of its outer casing of wrought stone for several feet above the ground, so that it now hangs upon the central mass of cemented slate and gravel: unless this mischief is repaired, it will certainly fall before long. The west end is of somewhat later date; verging toward the succeeding style, the decorated or curvilinear Gothic, but the last figures of the date have been destroyed by time. The whole ruin contains portions of exquisite workmanship and design. There is a small marigold window in the west end that no alteration whatever could improve.

Larndon. Allansley, sometime or other we must go there.

Allansley. O, by all means.

Larndon. And we must have Clanvoy there, to preach in favor of the monkish orders, according to the various acceptations of that phrase.

Clanvoy. Now, do you know, I am really quite hoarse with perpetual talking: you ask me short questions, and I give you long answers; henceforth, I shall converse by signs. We are coming into the Vale of Llandysilio: there is the canal; adjoining it is the river Dee. That house is Llandysilio hall, Major Harrison's; and now talk to me, instead of making me talk to you.

Larndon. I admire this vale more than Llangollen.

Allansley. So do I.

Larndon. Clanvoy, don't you think there is a richer softness and luxuriance about this, than in the Vale of Llangollen?

Clanvoy. I do.

Allansley. O look at that gleam of light, that wandering glory, which illuminates by turns every part of this fertile paradise! Now it rolls over the tall round-headed groves, and now it passes like a rainbow along the heath and furze that embroider all the swelling

mountains. I had no idea that North Wales contained any thing like this: it is worth coming any distance to enjoy such a view.

Clanvoy. A fragment of heaven, accidentally dropped upon earth!

Larndon. Almost that, indeed.

Clanvoy. I hope you observe what a beautiful curve the road makes, in passing through all this various ground.

Allansley. This is indeed the kind of neighbourhood of which I would say, without profaneness, "This might be my rest for ever; here would I dwell, for I have a delight therein."

Clanvoy. A wish flowing out of the poetic heart; alas! contradicted by the prosaic head.

Allansley. In such a case, I am quite satisfied with uttering it, and have not the least hope to see it realized.

Larndon. What a beautifully-conducted road; and here is another scene, almost a fac-simile of what we have passed already, but not quite equal to it in effect. What are these mountains that we have had for so many miles on our left?

Clanvoy. It was remarkably stupid, (I beg pardon,) it was rather an omission on your part, that you never thought of asking this question before. These are the Berwyn Mountains, once entirely covered with forest, and the chief barrier of North Wales. They are many miles across every way; and the greater part of that surface is a high moorland, over all of which the clouds rest in stormy weather.

Larndon. Haven't I heard of some extraordinary plant that grows there?

Clanvoy. There is a Norwegian plant, of which there are dwarf specimens found on the higher parts of the Berwyn; and, very likely, when sheltered by the forest, it flourished there. The Welsh call it Avol-y-Berwyn, and Mwyar-y-Berwyn; the English call it the Berwyn mulberry, the cloudberry, and the dewberry; the Linnean name for it is the *Rubus chamamorus*, which, I suppose, we may translate into blackberry ground-mulberry. Some people are so utterly destitute of all discrimination as to have confounded it with the crowberry, which is not an uncommon plant there; but, although the fruit is not unlike it in form, the colour is different, and the leaf also. Clarke, in his Northern Travels, gives an engraving of it; but nothing so large, I believe, has ever been found on the Berwyn; I never met with it either in fruit or flower, but in leaf only. It is said to grow on the rocks above Corwen, but I never found it there; I did not, however, look for it in very likely places. Norwegian specimens of it that I have seen dried, are exactly like the plate in Clarke's Travels. The fruit is more like the honeysuckle-seed than any thing else; the flower is very

like the common blackberry; and the leaf like that of a small meadow-plant, the Alchemilla, or lady's mantle. Its long trailing roots run through the peat-moss, and at intervals throw up the sprouting stems like shoots of the garden raspberry, but more like that other shrub which has been so oddly called the flowering raspberry, which, by the by, as to leaf, is also very like it. They preserve the fruit in the north, and value it highly for its wild flavor; Clarke says it cured him of a bad fever. The taste of it, when preserved, is like a mixture of the raspberry and cranberry, not the large tasteless American cranberry that you see in London, but the smaller British one. Sowerby has a good plate of the Berwyn cloudberry. It would require no common degree of botanical zeal to make a man examine every part of the Berwyn desert, in order to ascertain whether it is any where to be found flourishing, and in plenty. Besides, I suspect it requires not only a cold climate, but the shelter of trees, in order to attain perfection. It is not found in Snowdonia, but I believe it has been found on some of the Scotch mountains. You would laugh if you were to see the little tiny plant, about which all this noise has been made; yet it is not undeserving of notice, and has always excited curiosity. I think it was once proposed, by some Scotch horticulturist, that a new variety of blackberry should be introduced, the fruit of which was to have the taste and size of the cloudberry. The blackberry was to give stature, and the cloudberry was to impart its high flavor to the new invention; and the scheme was not so fantastic as you might suppose, for the plants, although very different in size, are of the same genus. Our best sorts of apple-trees may have had some such origin.

Allansley. I declare I should like, of all things, to make an excursion in quest of this Berwyn mulberry, during this fine weather, instead of going on beyond Corwen.

Larndon. Clanvoy, how dare you lead away Allansley with your botanical dissertations?

Clanvoy. What shall I do? or, rather, what shall *we* do?

Larndon. You must instantly supply a powerful antidote against the poison of curiosity which you have administered.

Clanvoy. A sort of intellectual stomach-pump would be the best remedy.

Larndon. O, any thing to save the patient.

Clanvoy. Let the glories of Snowdon appear before him, where solitude loses its lonely character in endless variety. What! shall a puny, dwarfish, arctic, and hardly-to-be-discovered flower, tempt you away from the splendors of Eryri,* to the dull, pathless, foggy, boggy waste of Berwyn?

* The Welsh name of Snowdon, pronounced Erurri.

Larndon. Especially, having paid your fare to Capelcerig?

Clanvoy. And being quite unaware that a number of dreary miles intervene between you and the object of your search?

Larndon. And that the Horticultural Society care much more for pine-apples than mulberries?

Clanvoy. And that a wild-goose chace is melancholy beyond all expression?

Larndon. And that no friend of yours would be near to help you out of the bottomless pits into which you would certainly fall?

Clanvoy. And that no lover of truth would venture to assert that it grows any where near Corwen?

Larndon. That will do; I think he is recovering by this time.

Allansley. As to Clanvoy, the motion of the coach, I am convinced, sets him talking like the ticking of a watch after being wound up; and you are much the same. There is no chance with either of you.

Clanvoy. I assure you, sometimes I am very silent. It entirely depends upon whom I am with.

Larndon. I can't say much for the scenery that we are now getting into: it is a falling-off after Llandysilio.

Clanvoy. It is inferior to that, no doubt; but in general the chief beauties of scenery will be found in those places only where two or more strata, different from each other, divide the landscape between them. Such is the case at Llandysilio; so it is in Snowdon, in Cader Idris, in the Vales of Llangollen and Clwydd, at Killarney most remarkably, at the Bay of Dublin, and at Windermere. The same fact will be acknowledged, by all who have paid attention to such things, to constitute the chief characteristic of the first-rate Alpine scenery.

Larndon. What is the geological change that appears at Llandysilio?

Clanvoy. The great range of limestone on the Llangollen side is broken off in a singular manner; and you, no doubt, remember those rocks that looked so like fortifications; a kind of rock, which, I believe, is called red rhab or dunstone, then rises to the surface, but it is interspersed with limestone here and there; which mixture, perhaps, occasions the very peculiar loveliness of that scenery.

Allansley. What vale is that we are now going along?

Clanvoy. This is the Vale of Corwen, alias Glyndwrdwy.

Allansley. Has that name any thing to do with Owen Glyndwr?

Clanvoy. A great deal; inasmuch as his chief castle was in this neighbourhood, and from it he derived his name.

Larndon. I often wonder how that man could succeed so long against Henry the Fourth.

Clanvoy. Glyndwr played a bold, and, for some time, a successful game; and Henry the Fourth, on one occasion, at least, played the fool. What do you think? instead of attempting this line of road, the king actually took his army up the Berwyn, with pioneers to cut his way through the forest! His last camp on level ground was, I believe, a common, at present enclosed, but retaining the name of Gwern y Brennin (King's Meadow), between Maesbury and Sweeney, near Oswestry; and his last mountain camp was on the road between Oswestry and Llanarmon Dyffryn Ceiriog, when he had not got over above a third of his highland excursion. He expected, of course, to pounce down upon Glyndwr at his castle of Sychnant, (the situation of which you may now see before us, but there are no ruins;) and Glyndwr must have been greatly pleased at finding that Henry was floundering among the bogs of the Berwyn. To make matters worse, the summer of that year was a remarkably wet one, and where there is now hardly one bush to be seen, there was in those days a sort of American forest. The trees grew close together, sheltered by each other from the wind, and very tall. It is believed that Henry burned a great part of this forest. The burning of large tracts of wood was a plan adopted also by Edward the First, after the conquest of North Wales; and the effect of it remains to this day. In lower ground, wood may be restored by planting; but the natural forest, which has worked its way up a mountain by a gradual advance for centuries, never can be replaced by any means now within the reach of man.

Larndon. Glyndwr must have been a fine character.

Clanvoy. No doubt a man of high talent. But I owe him a grudge, and shall always have an indifferent opinion of him, for he was an outrageous destroyer of Gothic.

Allansley. There comes out the monk again!

Clanvoy. O, Allansley, give me any name but that.

Larndon. Go on.

Clanvoy. That he should burn and pillage the towns of Pool and Montgomery was quite natural, and was to be expected; but the wicked wretch made a foray from his camp on Plinlimmon, and went thirty miles out of his way to destroy the abbey of Cwmhir,* in Radnorshire, for which the most likely cause was, that the monks of the said abbey were not Welshmen. The remnants of it, which are found upon the spot, or are preserved elsewhere, show the prodigious extent of it, and exhibit a style of decoration that is inconceivably magnificent. Only fancy what a scene of

* Pronounced Koomheer.

confusion must have arisen there when Glyndwr made his appearance! Fancy the breviary dropping from the trembling fingers, and all the painted images winking their eyes with alarm and horror! Some of them, I ween, absolutely perspired on that occasion! But, seriously, Glyndwr might have restrained himself so far as to spare the grandest of all the Welsh abbeys, which appears to have equalled our first-rate English cathedrals. This hero also served St. Asaph, Bangor, and Llandaff, in the same way. Whether he was hostile to image-worship, or merely did it by way of retaliation, is a matter which cannot now be ascertained.

Allansley. What church is that on the other side of the river?

Clanvoy. Llansaintfraid, a very fair specimen of the general situation and appearance of Welsh churches. At the west end is a small belfry, and at the altar a Gothic window of some size. Beyond it is Rhagatt, a place belonging to Mr. Lloyd.

Larndon. This part of the Vale of Corwen is very picturesque, and the sloping slaty rocks upon our left are not without some degree of grandeur. How far is Corwen from Llangollen?

Clanvoy. Ten miles, or thereabouts. We are not far from it now.

Larndon. How different is the angle of stratification in these rocks to that of the limestone ranges above Llangollen! Those, from any distance, end so clearly with right angles, and all their fragments and fissures are of a square character; while these consist of acute and obtuse angles, and all their fragments are of the same description. I do not know which to prefer. Although so different, yet, when mixed up with soil and vegetation, the peculiarities of each are balanced equally. From the limestone quarries, that present their pure materials almost ready hewn for the Grecian architect, his temple arises, with flat and straight entablatures, with square-headed apertures, the brilliant, regular, and corrected work of art.

Allansley. Well said, Larndon! so indeed it is: the quarries of Pentelicus may be said, in some degree, to have designed the Parthenon.

Larndon. From the loftier and more varied formations of trap-rock, or granite; from the sharper stratification of higher mountains, the cathedral seems to have drawn its aspiring character. In Gothic art, the right angle, the square aperture, or corner, the flat upper outlines are avoided. The acute angle, the pointed aperture, the polygonal termination, the pinnacle, or minaret, are used instead of them.

Clanvoy. Your analogy between the two styles of architecture, and the two great varieties of stratification, is true and curious; not that, in admitting it, I am bound to suppose that the Gothic architect professedly took the Aiguilles of Chamouni for his model,

or was at all aware that he was following up any principle observed in the natural world. It is enough that the analogy, the correspondence, does exist; and the previous theories respecting the origin of Greek and Gothic art are equally true and worth knowing; for the inventors assuredly could not explain in language the source of their ideas; nor need we suppose they knew them: it is quite enough if we can demonstrate some analogy between the laws of nature and those of art.

Larndon. O, I am quite ready to admit the truth of those other theories, by which a Gothic church is derived from a standing grove; and a Greek temple, from the trunks of trees, already cut into form by the carpenter.

Clanvoy. And they are infinitely better understood by common observers than yours would be. Nay, they are stronger and more complete. Yet a point is gained when we perceive that the two varieties of stratification, the right angled and the acute angled, are to each other what the two chief European styles of building are. The more I consider it, the more I am struck by the resemblance. The effect of Snowdon is in nature what Gothic is in art: much grander and more solemn than those limestone ranges, which, nevertheless, have a beauty of their own, and, in their general character of regularity, repose, and simplicity, display the spirit of the Grecian orders. I feel that the same kind of influence reaches the mind from the contemplation of the corresponding styles in both cases. The only two terms in present use, that express these peculiarities are the words *romantic* and *classical*, with which, however, I am not quite satisfied, as they are used in different senses by different men.

Larndon. How comes it that you are such a partizan of Gothic, when you are the greatest enthusiast I know on the subject of classical versification?

Clanvoy. O, in that branch of art, I admit Greek talent (if it be of Greek origin,) rose to a higher sphere than in any other.

Allansley. Is that Corwen church, that white ugly tower under the rocky slope?

Clanvoy. Yes. It is about as bad as that of Llangollen. The body of the tower might do well enough, if they would but insert Gothic windows, and put some pinnacles at each corner. This was Glyndwr's parish-church. The coach will stop at Corwen for a few minutes, and then we shall be wheeled off again for Snowdonia; do you hear, Allansley, for Snowdonia?

C. L.

[*To be continued.*]

A BRIDAL SONG.

By a modern Welsh Harper.

A Correspondent has sent us the following piece of poetry: the author, we believe, possesses more than ordinary powers. The lines were some years ago printed in a respectable country newspaper; but we readily insert them, on account of their beauty, and their being adapted to our Miscellany.

Wilt thou not waken, bride of May,
While the flowers are fresh, and the sweet bells chime?
Listen, and learn from my roundelay
How all Life's pilot-boats sail'd one day
A match with Time.

Love sat on a lotos leaf afloat,
And saw old Time in his loaded boat:
Slowly he cross'd life's narrow tide
While Love sat clapping his wings, and cried
"Who will pass Time?"

Patience came first, but soon was gone
With helm and sail to help Time on;
Care and Grief could not lend an oar,
And Prudence said, while he stay'd on shore,
"I wait for Time."

Hope fill'd with flowers her cork-tree bark,
And lighted its helm with a glow-worm spark;
Then Love, when he saw her bark fly fast,
Said, "Lingering Time will soon be past,
Hope outspeeds Time."

Wit went nearest old Time to pass,
With his diamond oar, and his boat of glass;
A feathery dart from his store he drew,
And shouted, while far and swift it flew,
"O, Mirth kills Time."

But Time sent the feathery arrow back,
Hope's boat of amaranths miss'd its track;
Then Love bade his butterfly-pilots move,
And, laughing, said, "They shall see how Love
Can conquer Time."

His gossamer sails he spread with speed,
But Time has wings when Time has need;
Swiftly he cross'd Life's sparkling Tide,
And only Memory stay'd to chide
Unpitying Time.

Wake, and listen then, bride of May,
Listen and heed thy minstrel's rhyme;
Still for thee some bright hours stay,
For it was a hand like thine, they say,
Gave wings to Time.

ANCIENT CORNISH.

Chee dên krêv, leb es war tyr
Hithew gwrâ, gen sklans fyr
Ha'n Dew euhella, vedn ry
Peth yu gwella ol rag why.

Thou strong man, who on earth dost dwell
Today with prudence, act thou well?
And God supreme with thee will do
What he thinks best is good for you.

THE CYCLE.

[THE Cycle, now merely a social meeting, the members of which are gentlemen resident in the neighbourhood of Wrexham, in Wales, and part of Cheshire, was originally a secret assembly, which met for the purpose of furthering the pretensions of Prince Charles Edward to the crown of Great Britain.

This list of the meeting is perhaps the earliest extant. The more recent ones are drawn out in the form of a round-robin, and it is probable that this form was adopted soon after the establishment of the society, to prevent the possibility of any one of its members being indicted as the principal of an assembly which would undoubtedly have been considered treasonable.]

"We, whose names are underwritten, do promise, at y^e^ time and place to our names respectively affixed, and to observe the rules following, viz.

"Imp^m^. Every member of this society shall, for default of his appearance, submit to be censur'd, and shall thereupon be censur'd by the judgm^t^ of the society.

"2ndly. Every member y^e^ cannot come shall be obliged to send notice of his non-appearance by 12 of the clock at noon, together with his reason in writing, otherwise his plea shall not excuse him, if within the compas of fifteen miles from the place of meeting.

"3dly. Each member obliges himself to have dinner uppon the table by 12 a clock at noon, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, and from Lady-day till Michaelmas at 1 of the clock.

"4thly. The respective masters of the places of meeting oblige themselves to take down in writing each default, and to deliver in the same at the general meeting.

"5thly. Every member shall keep a copy of these articles by him, to prevent plea of mistake.

"6thly. It is agreed y^t a general meeting shall be held by all y^e subscribers at the house of Daniel Porter, jun. holden in Wrexham, on the 1st day of May, 1724, by 11 of y^e clock in the forenoon, and there to dine; and to determine upon all points relating to and according to the sence and meaning of these articles.

1723. (Signed)

THOS. PULESTON, May 21st, (eldest son of Sir Roger Puleston, of Emral.)
RICH. CLAYTON, June 11th.
EUBULE LLOYD, (of Penyllan,) July 2nd.
ROBT. ELLIS, July 23rd.
W. WMS. WYNN (of Wynnstay,) Aug. 13th.
JNO. PULESTON (of Pickhill,) Sept. 3rd.
THOS. EYTON (of Leeswood,) Sept. 24th.
WM. EDWARDS, Oct. 15th.
THOS. HOLLAND, Nov. 6th.
KEN EYTON (of Eyton,) Nov. 26th.
PHIL. EGERTON (of Oulton,) Dec. 17th.
JNO. ROBINSON (of Gwersyllt,) Jan. 8th.
GEO. SHACKERLY (of Gwersyllt,) Jan. 29th.
ROBT. DAVIES (of Gwyssany,) Feb. 19th.
JNO. PULESTON (of Havod y Wern,) March 13th.
BROUGHTON WHITEHALL (of Broughton,) April 3d.
WM. HANMER, April 24th, 1724.

IN Guilsfield church-yard, in Montgomeryshire, there are some remarkably large yew-trees. Beneath one of them is, or was, a short time ago, a grave-stone, with the following inscription upon it:

Under this yew-tree
Buried would I be,
For my father and me
Planted this yew-tree.

THE ARBOUR;

From the Welsh of Davydd ap Gwilym.

MR. EDITOR,

HOPING this contribution from the Muse of the Welsh Petrarch may not be unacceptable to you, I trust that its being presented by a Silurian will attest that your work is valued by "that division of the Principality" as highly as by your North Wales friends.

Your obedient servant,

B.

Arbour! twined of freshest green,
Of Love's long suit, delicious scene!
Where I've kiss'd in mirthful play,
Beneath the slender birchen spray;
Where I hide my willing prize
From jealous Hunchback's* busy spies.
In closest shade, the glen above,
Stands the bower of gentle Love!
There, from many a warbling throat,
The wood birds pour their am'rous note.
Shelter'd by the hazel grove,
There my treasure likes to rove.
This morn, amidst the flowery May,
Along the bank conceal'd I lay,
Fix'd as anchor to the place,
And watching for my darling's face.
In hopes the feast of bliss to share,
Beneath the branching greenwood there,
Perch'd my couch above, and bold
As comrade grown, in friendship old,
With mottled breast and glossy wings,
The Throstle sits and sweetly sings,
Featly skips from spray to spray,
And trills her loud and ceaseless lay.
Perpetual shade in this retreat
Averts the sunbeams parching heat.
The Nightingale with music charms,
My lovely fair with beauty warms!
Dear delightful Arbour! long
Thy Fame shall live in minstrel song.

* Hunchback, *Bwa-bach*, was the appellation applied by our bard to one Cynvrig Cynin, who married Morvida, the daughter of Madog Lawgam, of Anglesey. She has been justly denominated the Laura of our Cambrian Petrarch; to her he was united by a marriage somewhat irregularly solemnized, even for the laxity of that age, and continued to live with her until she was, at length, snatched from him by her parents, who gave her hand, in a more formal and binding manner, to little Hunchback, an old dotard, whose wealth was his sole recommendation.—EDITORS.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Suspension Bridge constructed over the Menai Strait, North Wales; with a brief Notice of Conway Bridge, from Designs by and under the direction of THOMAS TELFORD, T. R. S., L. & E. *President of the Institution of Civil Engineers. By* WILLIAM PROVIS, *Resident Engineer, &c. &c.*—London.

HAVING lately travelled from London on the Holyhead road, we had prepared and nearly adjusted, for the instruction of our Cambrian world, at home and elsewhere, various goodly matters, when accidentally tumbled on us this gigantic work. It had preceded and anticipated much of our best matter: in size and interest, our puny duodecimos would have been crushed and extinguished under this ponderous paper structure, which, by actual measurement, we ascertain to be a yard in length, and something less in breadth, skilfully illustrated and ornamented, worthy of all commendation, and much beyond our hope of adequate commentary; but, being kindly shown to us, we will, in all our best, endeavour to place this noble work before our readers, preceded and accompanied by such philosophical and historical observations as we hope our readers may not wholly reject.

We think the maxim to be well founded, that "a man must be born a good bridge-builder, as well as a good poet," or we should be much puzzled to satisfy our readers how those renowned bridges, one of which Milton has described, was constructed by his *Satanic majesty:*

> "The aggregated soil
> Death, with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
> As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm
> As Delos floating once: the rest his look
> Bound with Gorgonian vigor not to move,
> And with asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
> Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
> They fasten'd; and the mole immense wrote on
> Over the foaming deep, high arch'd, a bridge
> Of length prodigious. * *
> * * * with pins of adamant
> And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
> And durable."

We may repeat that Satan must have been a natural inbred bridge builder, for Milton has not suggested where his infernal majesty could have learnt his bridge craft.

We opine, also, that the next inbred natural bridge-maker, whose pontifical fame has been handed down to us, was *Mahomet,*

the maximus pontifex of Islamism, whose invisible bridge, sharper than the blade of a sword, and extending across the abyss of hell, over which lay the only road to the Mahometan paradise, has been lauded and revered by his true followers.

From the result of our deep and historical researches, and in the plenitude of our pontifical criticism, we must impartially place Mr. Telford the third of bridge-builders, for his contemporaries and the learned amateurs pronounced of the Menai Straits, as was asserted of the rude Araxes, "that no bridge would bind it," yet has he effectually bound the Cambrian Araxes in adamantine and iron chains, such as the supernatural genius of Merlin could not have conceived, nor Glendwr, aided by his marine agents, could have accomplished.

Humboldt, the enterprising traveller in South America, describes the scenery of the Cordilleras amongst the wildest aspect which fill the soul with astonishment and terror, the crevices of Chota and Cusaco, the one being about five thousand feet, and the other about four thousand five hundred feet perpendicular depth; and nature has provided two bridges of rocks, over which are the only crossings. There is a phenomenon of this kind, on a smaller scale, not far from the sources of the Rhine, which has acquired for it the appropriate name of *Via Mala*, a scene little frequented by British travellers; the violent torrent of the Rhine having actually worn itself a passage perpendicularly through the rocks more than five hundred feet; and it is not visible from the natural bridge above, but the tremendous strife and roarings beneath are thrillingly heard. At mid-day, on this picturesque spot, a vivid and beautiful iris is thrown across the narrow ravine: the colours are gaudily, exquisitely beautiful.

In the neighbourhood of the Cordillerian bridges, the roads are impassable on mules, and so difficult is it to travel on foot, that travellers are carried by men in a chair. The usual load is from 160 to 180 pounds, but the stronger ones will carry 210 pounds. Notwithstanding the enormous fatigue to which these men are exposed, in carrying such loads, for eight and nine hours a day, over this mountainous country, their backs often as raw as the beasts of burden, the travellers have frequently the cruelty to leave them in the forests, when they fall sick; and though all they can earn, in their journeys of fifteen or twenty days, is not more than 2*l.* 10*s.* or 2*l.* 15*s.*, the employment of a carrier is eagerly embraced by all the robust young men who live at the foot of the mountains; and this too in a country abundant in *gold* and *silver* mines. *Not two shillings a day!* What a moral!

It is curious to remark the different modes which men employ for doing the same thing, when placed in physical circumstances of great diversity. We may expect to meet in the Andes with frequent examples of this, for no where, doubtless, are the physical

circumstances in which man is placed so unlike those by which he is usually surrounded. Thus, to keep up the communication between the coasts of the Pacific Ocean and the provinces situated on the east of the Andes, a post is established, and the postman traverses the latter, not conveyed, as we may suppose, in a mail-coach, nor on horseback, nor on foot, but *swimming*, which he does for two days together, first down the river *Chaymaya*, and afterwards down a part of the magnificent *Amazons*. He wraps the letters in a kind of handkerchief, well saturated by some oily process, and winds it like a turban round his head. The Chaymaya is not navigable on account of the numerous cataracts; and the fall is about 1800 feet in eighteen leagues. It is in this rapid river that the postman swims, and, to lessen his fatigue, he supports himself on a small log of very light wood. When a ridge of rocks intersects the river, he lands above the cascade, crosses the forest, and again takes to the water below the rapids. He carries no provision with him, for he is welcomed in the numerous huts on the banks of the rivers.

So writes Mr. Humboldt, the astronomer, the physiologist, and political economist, who possessed enlarged views, with the spirit and tone of the true philosopher.

But to return to our bridge history, we believe that, since the antediluvian achievement of the first of devil's bridges, as recorded by Milton, these have been multiplied, and in wondrous forms, both in Europe and Asia. The grand Pont de Diable, near St. Gothard, has excited and satisfied the curiosity of numberless pilgrims from Britain since the great bridge-builder, Napoleon, was removed from the path of peaceable travellers; of whom, when the sober pages of history shall neither extenuate nor set down his conduct in malice, his bridges at Turin, the Tilset, those of Austerlitz, Jena, Pont des Arts, and St. Cloud, will do credit to his name. Some of them, indeed, are prodigious and triumphant achievements.

We believe that the far-famed bridge of the *Rialto*, "where merchants in olden times did there congregate," deserves a place in our pontifical calendar. It was built entirely of marble by that great master Palladio, and we found some historical notice of the famous Rialto in a rare and curious book, "*L'Isole piu famose del Mondo.*" We shall copy the passage, *in totidem verbis*, from the learned Tomaso Porcacchi, without apology, as Italian is now become as familiar, and *nearly as fashionable*, as our own Cambrian language.

"Sopra questo gran canale è un sol ponte de legno, presso Rialto; e da niuno altro luogo si puo passar questo canale fuor che per bacca da una riva all'altra; ma tanta è la comodità delle vaghe gondolette, che in quendici luoghi della città chiamati traghetti, per questo canal solo in gran numero sono disposte, che la

città ne sento gran beneficio. Questo canali è lungo da 1500 passi, e largo 40; e per esso, come per reale e trionfante strada, sogliono esser condotti i principi, e i potentati supremi, quando vengono a Vinetia, a d'ordine del senato con publica pompa sono ricevuti, aprendosi all'hora per mezo il Ponte, che gli è sopra; per dar luogo a'nauili grossi, che passino. Rialto è una piazza a pio de questo Ponte, quasi in mezo della Città, formata in un quadro non molto grande; ma d'ogn'intorno serrata di portichi, o loggi con gran numero di botteghe cosi di panni di lana, come d'altro; e in questa piazza convengono la mattina e la sera i mercanti, e i nobili della Citta, o per li traffichi, o per li magistrati, o per le prattiche della nobiltà, o per altro rispetto."

Even ice-bridges have been seen and satisfactorily described by northern travellers. The fantastic shapes and brilliant colours assumed by the ice are well known, and from these have been fancied and described the palaces of gems and diamonds. The mouth of the bay of "Witte Blick" is crossed by a tremendous glassy bridge reaching from shore to shore: the largest ships might sail through its arches; and this fairy structure gleams like the aurora, and the "ice blink" is reflected afar in the air.

Having at length dismounted from the backs of our Cordilleran mules and carguelos (for they are not separately classed,) let us walk to the Menai Strait, and see what Mr. Telford has achieved for the benefit of his country, and for his own glory; and let us show how his ingenious operator and artist has exhibited this magnificent work.

It appears that various projects had been, for nearly fifty years past, excited, and had been floated in the world, on the necessity of a more convenient and safer passage over the Menai, whose current, "like the proud Araxes," it was believed "no bridge could bind." We find that for the first time, in 1785, a petition was presented to parliament for the improvement of the Holyhead road and ferry, but was afterwards abandoned. No further proceeding seems to have been adopted on this interesting subject until 1801, immediately after the union, when the intercourse between the two kingdoms rapidly increased, and the inconvenience and dangers to which travellers were exposed, were justly complained of. The attention of government was seriously directed to remove them. Accordingly Mr. Rennie, the celebrated engineer, was directed by the Right Honourable Charles Abbot (now Lord Colchester,) then Secretary for Ireland, to survey the strait, and prepare a plan and estimate for a bridge.

The *Menai Strait* is about fourteen miles long; ten from Bayglâs, near Beaumaris, to Caernarvon; and four from thence to its entrance at Abermenai. It is nearly two miles wide at Caernarvon Bar, though the ferry at Abermenai is very narrow: above Caernarvon the strait contracts till it reaches Beaumaris, when it again

widens considerably: there are five ferries across it; but the most general one is Porth-Aethwy, or Bangor Ferry, as it is called. Some distance to the south of Bangor Ferry is the furious current of the Swelly, or Pwll Keris. It is occasioned by a range of rocks, which cross the channel, and render the navigation very dangerous. When the flood or ebb is strong, the fury of the tide is inconceivable. Mr. Rennie suggested this spot (the Swelly,) and also another, half a mile lower, called Ynys-y-moch, as suitable for the erection of a bridge; and he prepared designs for each place; but he considered the Swellies the most desirable, as he thought there would be considerable risk in contriving and placing a sufficient centering to a bridge at Ynys-y-moch, on account of the great span of the principal arch. He stated, that though it might not be impracticable, yet he thought it too hazardous to be recommended.

The estimate for an iron bridge of three arches at the Swellies was £290,417, and for a single arch at Ynys-y-moch, £262,500. Mr. Provis says:

While these designs were under consideration, a strong opposition to the bridge arose, and was obstinately maintained, by some of the trading and commercial interests of Caernarvon and its neighbourhood, who contended that the bridge would cause additional eddies, wind, and water, and thereby increase the difficulty and danger of passing the Swellies. But they were, probably, influenced quite as much by the consideration that it would open a more perfect communication with the Bangor markets, and consequently operate to the prejudice of their own.

But a more serious difficulty arose in the want of money to carry the project into effect. It offered little hope of remuneration to private undertakers; and the war expenses of the nation absorbed whatever might be desirable for the improvement of the interior of the country. The measure was then postponed until 1810, when, through the active exertions of the Right Honourable John Foster (afterwards Lord Oriel,) then Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, a parliamentary committee was appointed to inquire into the state of the roads from Shrewsbury to Holyhead. Mr. Rennie's designs for a bridge across the Menai were brought before the Committee, as part of the general plan for improving the communication with Holyhead, which had become still more necessary by the recent establishment of a mail-coach (in 1808) between Shrewsbury and that place. There was much conflicting testimony as to the result which might happen to the navigation of the Menai Strait, if a bridge were thrown over it. The opposition appeared to be confined to the masters of the vessels connected with the town of Caernarvon. However, after the fullest investigation, the Committee reported to parliament, that, in their opinion, a bridge across the Menai was not only expedient, but necessary, to the free communication between Great Britain and Ireland, and ought to be immediately constructed. It also appeared, by the Report, that

the then line of road was ill laid out and constructed, and occasioned great difficulties and dangers across the mountains, and that the mail from Shrewsbury to Holyhead, from January to March, in 1810, had been delayed seventy-one times. The Committee regretted not having authenticated documents which clearly reported the state of the roads, and by which they could determine what ought to be done, but they were convinced that, without aid from the public, no permanent assistance could be given to support the intercourse between England and Ireland by Holyhead. In consequence of this report, Mr. Telford, the engineer, was appointed to consider the best mode of passing the strait of the Menai, and improving the Holyhead road.

In 1811, Mr. Telford sent in his Plan and Report to the Lords of the Treasury, who laid them before the Parliamentary Committee. As the evidence before the former Committee applied only to Mr. Rennie's design of a bridge at the Swellies, it was expected that all opposition would cease, as Mr. Telford recommended a bridge of one arch at Ynys-y-moch, on a principle somewhat resembling the suspension bridge finally adopted. Yet the Committee, being desirous of obtaining the fullest information on this interesting subject, determined to hear further evidence; and evidence was accordingly taken before the Committee, who reported most favorably of the plan and designs of Mr. Telford for erecting a bridge across the Menai; and though apprehensions had been entertained by the inhabitants of Caernarvon that the erection of a bridge of any description would destroy the navigation of the Menai, the Committee decided that the weight of evidence was against that apprehension: they stated that the expense of erecting the bridge would of course be considerable, but the object in view, being of such extreme importance as that of rendering safe and expeditious the communication between the two islands of the United Kingdom, of allowing of a quicker and more certain arrival of the mail in London, and of facilitating the access, at all times, of the inhabitants of Ireland to the seat of their government, the parliament, and the court of appeals, the Committee strongly recommended the adoption of the proposed plan. Notwithstanding this strong recommendation, no immediate steps were taken; and it is probable that, if circumstances had not occurred in another quarter, there would have been a still longer delay. The circumstances alluded to are these. In 1814, Mr. Telford was consulted on the best means of crossing the river *Mersey*, at *Runcorn*, in *Cheshire*, to open a quick communication with *Liverpool*. The Mersey, at Runcorn, is about 280 yards across at low water; and, as it was indispensable that the navigation should not be interrupted, Mr. Telford proposed to adopt the suspension principle. His design excited a great deal of public attention, but was not carried into effect on account of the want of funds. In the mean time, the improvement of the Irish road through North Wales was

again brought under the consideration of parliament, and, in 1815, an Act was passed, appointing a Parliamentary Commission to carry into effect the various improvements which had from time to time been suggested, and authorizing, for that purpose, the issuing of money from his majesty's treasury.

The Commissioners appointed were, Right Honourable William Vesey Fitzgerald; Right Honourable Robert Peel, the First Commissioner of Woods and Forests; Right Honourable John Maxwell Barry, (now Lord Farnham); Sir Thos. Mostyn, bart. M.P.; Sir Henry Parnell, bart. M.P.; Chas. W. Williams Wynn, M.P.; Davies Giddy, now Davies Gilbert, esq. F.R.S., M.P.; and William Smith, esq. M.P.

At an early meeting of the Commissioners, Mr. Telford was appointed principal engineer, and Mr. Provis (the author of this work,) the resident engineer.

The improvement of the road proceeded during two years, and was universally acknowledged, when the publication of Mr. Telford's design for Runcorn led to an inquiry whether a bridge on the same principle was not applicable across the Menai Strait? Accordingly, Mr. Telford was directed by Mr. Vansittart, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to state his opinion on the subject, and, if he considered it practicable, to prepare a design and estimate. In consequence, he again examined the strait, and presented a Report to the Commissioners, of which the following is the outline. That

The site which had been fixed on by him, viz. Ynys-y-moch, as most eligible for a cast-iron arch, was also singularly favorable for a suspended bridge: the shores, being bold and rocky, afforded easy access and excellent foundations, whilst the design, by spanning the whole channel between the low-water lines, and the roadway being kept uniformly 100 feet in height, above the top of a springtide, left the whole of the navigable water-way perfectly unencumbered. The distance between the centres of the supporting pyramid was proposed to be 560 feet, height of ditto 50 feet above the level of the roadway. The main-chains to be sixteen in number, with a deflection of thirty-seven feet, their ends to be secured in a mass of masonry, built over stone arches, between each of the supporting piers and the adjoining shore. These arches were to be of fifty feet span each, and there were to be four of them on the Anglesey and three on the Caernarvon shores; the roadway to be divided into a carriage-way, twelve feet wide on each side, with a footpath of fourteen feet wide between them. The main-chains were proposed to be sixteen in number, each composed of thirty-six bars, of half-inch square iron, placed so as to form a square of six on each side; and a segment of iron to be laid on each side of the square, so as to bring the whole to nearly four inches diameter. Each bar was proposed to be welded together for the whole length of the chain or cable, and to be further secured by bucklings. The whole was then to be bound round with iron wire, and coated with some substance, to preserve it from the action of the atmosphere.

This plan was, after due consideration, approved by the Commissioners, and recommended to Parliament; the result was a

vote of £20,000, to commence the works. The labourers commenced their work July 8, 1818. By previous examination, it had been ascertained that the adjacent shores did not afford any stone suitable for the purpose, but it was discovered that Penman Point, on the north-east part of Anglesey, abounded with excellent stratified limestone, principally of a gray or mottled colour, in beds varying from one to several feet in depth. Many labourers were immediately employed to extract the stone, and several small vessels engaged to transport it to Ynys-y-moch. Mr. Provis here says,

When the preparations had assumed a shape that promised a rapid progress of the work, the old opponents of the measure again showed themselves; contending that the bridge would be injurious, and denying that the Act 55 George III. gave the necessary powers to the Commissioners to construct one. Several interviews took place between that active Commissioner, Sir Henry Parnell, (to whose intelligence and unwearied diligence the country is indebted for this great work,) the Marquess of Anglesey, Owen Williams, esq. of Craig-y-don, Thomas Asheton Smith, esq. and other gentlemen residing on the shores of the Menai. The object of this meeting was to explain the plan about to be adopted, and to show the impossibility of its being at all prejudicial to the navigation. These explanations satisfied the noble marquess, and many others, that there was no reason to apprehend any injury to the navigation that might not, by a little arrangement, be counterbalanced; but Mr. Asheton Smith objected decidedly to the measure, and would not listen to any compromise. To learn whether other objections existed, and to give every one an opportunity of expressing his opinion, a public meeting was convened, and held in the Town-hall, Caernarvon; which was attended by the Marquess of Anglesey, the Hon. Berkeley Paget, Mr. Asheton Smith, Sir Henry Parnell, many of the neighbouring gentry, and a crowd of pilots, masters of vessels, and Caernarvon tradesmen, either interested in the question or led by curiosity. After a good deal of discussion, the opinions of the assembly resolved themselves into those expressed by the Marquess and Mr. Smith: the former contending, that, even if the bridge should be productive of some trifling impediment to the navigation, the Bridge Commissioners were ready to give all their assistance in removing the rocks which endangered the passage of the Menai, and to apply to Parliament for powers for that purpose. Mr. Smith said, he considered the bridge, if built, would be ruinous to the navigation, and would therefore not be a party to any compromise, but would oppose its erection by all the means within his power. This pledge was kept in the ensuing Parliament, when Mr. Smith stood forward as the firm opponent of the bill.*

We cannot ascribe to our liberal compatriots of Caernarvon such worldly feelings, in their opposition to the Menai Bridge, as have been suggested to Mr. Provis; but we are inclined to think that their hostility may be traced to the pious and inbred horror which ever excites them against all pontifical operators, from the pestiferous marshes of La Campagna di Roma to the refreshing and druidical groves of Plâs Newydd.

* The Act passed, and contained a further grant of £108,498, with powers to purchase Bangor-ferry, which cost £26,394.

Here all human opposition ceased; and the work was prosecuted with the accustomed zeal and diligence of Mr. Telford's undertakings: but he had still to encounter the elemental strife, which, in the end of 1819-20, attacked the infantile works with unusual fury and duration; by which several vessels, employed in carrying stone and other materials from the adjacent rock, were lost or damaged, and the progress of the work considerably impaired.

By the beginning of August 1819, the rock of Ynys-y-moch had been levelled, for building the main pier on the Anglesey side, and on the 10th the first stone was laid; it is about three tons weight, and is in the middle of the large pier on Ynys-y-moch. A contract was now made for the masonry; the specification provided that

All the external walls should be built of Ashlar masonry; the front stones to be truly wrought on the beds and ends, the faces rough as from the quarry; the backing to these walls to be dressed on the beds only; the interior walls to be of similar workmanship with the back part of the front walls; all these to be of stone from the Penmon quarries. The whole of the spaces between the wall, up to the level of the onset at three feet above high-water mark, and the smaller spaces from that level upward, were to be filled with rubble masonry, made of the rock adjacent to the bridge. All the masonry, from the foundation to the high-water line, to be built of mortar of Aberdaw* lime and sand, and the rest of the masonry in mortar made from the Penmon lime.

It may be observed here, that mortar made of Aberdaw lime, mixed with sand, sets in water extremely well; if masonry built with it were covered immediately with water, a thin crystalization would be formed on the surface in two or three hours, and in as many days it would become perfectly hardened and attached to the stone.

The excavation for the large pier on the Caernarvon side was commenced in October. The surface of the beach was freestone rock, but, on levelling it, the stratum was discovered to be very thin, resting on a soft pliable strati; it was, therefore, necessary to go down with the front of the pier to six feet below low-water of a springtide, when a bed of rock of millstone grit was met with.

It was judged expedient to abandon the original plan of securing the main-chains in masonry over the stone arches, and, instead of it, to carry them through tunnels, and attach them to the solid rock; and also to raise the arches to sixty-five feet. The operation of boring the tunnels was rather tedious; it is thus described:

By the end of April 1822, the tunnels in the rocks for the main-chains, on the Anglesey side, were drawn to their full lengths of forty-four, fifty-two, and sixty-two feet respectively, into the solid mass; and as a considerable

* In the Bristol Channel.

quantity of water, strongly impregnated with copper, oozed through the fissures in the rock, it had been determined to drive up a heading, from near the sea-shore, through the rock into the bottom of the main-chain tunnels, so as to prevent the water accumulating, and thereby corroding the ironwork. The heading, being ninety-seven yards in length, proved a tedious operation; a shaft was sunk in the middle of its length, both to give air and to enable two sets of miners to be there employed; yet the rock being hard, and the opening so small as to admit only of two men working at each place, it took these two sets, and another set at each end, about fourteen months to complete it; a great part of which time they worked day and night.

In March 1822 the masonry was sufficiently advanced to fix part of the ironwork. A contract was made with Mr. Hazeldine, of Shrewsbury, to supply it all of the best Shropshire hammered iron. It was made at the forges at Upton, near Shrewsbury, where it was brought to be finished; it was then carted ten miles, boated along the Ellesmere and Chester Canal fifty-four miles to Chester, and then conveyed by sea, sixty miles, to its ultimate destination in the Menai.

In 1815 Mr. Telford made some important experiments, to ascertain the tenacity of bar-iron; and, from the result of these experiments, he decided that each square inch of iron should be subjected to a strain of eleven tons, which was nearly twice as great a stress as it would be subjected to when fixed in its place. Accordingly, a machine was made for this purpose, in which all the iron was proved; we cannot attempt to give a description of the whole process, but the ordeal which the iron suffered appears to have been most severe.

While the bar was under full tension (in the machine), it was struck some smart blows on the side with a hammer; these gave it a quick vibratory motion, which tried the bar more than the direct strain; it was then carefully examined, to see if there were any symptoms of fracture; if not, the machine was slacked, the bar taken out, and the guage to which it had been made applied; if it dropped correctly into the eye of the bar, it was proved that no elongation had taken place. This operation finished the test; and the bar was then stamped, and set aside.

As it was of the utmost importance that this operation should be strictly superintended, Mr. John Provis was appointed to this service; he proved, examined, and stamped, every piece of iron that was sent from Shrewsbury. From the memoranda made by him at the time, we learn that among 15,052 bars, 47 broke while being proved, 100 cracked, and were rejected.

Another important consideration, was in what way iron would be best preserved from the corrosive effects of the atmosphere; a bar is no sooner taken from the forge, than the operation of oxidation commences, and makes rapid progress, if not prevented by some artificial means, various methods were tried, and the plan finally adopted was this:

To take each piece of iron after it had been finished and proved, clean it perfectly from the oxide and dirt, then heat it in a stove till the hand could

only just be borne upon it, and afterwards immerse it in linseed oil; after remaining in the oil a few minutes, it was taken out, returned to the stove, and the oil dried on the iron by means of a moderate heat, applied for three or four hours; when taken out the second time, the oil was found to have dried to a thin hard varnish, which completely preserved the iron from the atmosphere till rubbed off by friction.

The reasons for heating the iron before immersion, were to secure its being perfectly dry, and to make the oil penetrate further into the pores of the iron; for, as the air in the pores was rarefied by the heat, the external pressure of the atmosphere when the iron was immersed forced the oil deeper in the pores than if it had been dipped cold, and no such extra pressure had been created.

Mr. Provis adds,

The difficulty of preserving iron altogether from the effect of the atmosphere does not appear insurmountable, if the iron could be secured from friction, and particularly if the coating that is applied possess elasticity; but if ironwork is to be subjected to rubbing and knocking about, I am not aware of any thing that can be applied to prevent its partial corrosion. These observations might induce some to suppose that the Menai bridge must necessarily be a structure of a very perishable nature; but this need not be the case, it can be covered with paint, or any other substance that will exclude the atmosphere; and, should it be weakened at any time from continual friction at the joints, or from long exposure to the atmosphere, it is so constructed that any part of it may at any time be taken out, and replaced by new work, or a new bridge substituted, without interruption to the intercourse.

The first piece of ironwork, for securing the main-chains to the rock, was fixed in March 1816, Mr. Provis here observes,

Though the rock had been dressed as smooth as mason's tools could make it, yet neither its surface nor those of the castings were so true as to produce a perfect contact of the whole of the ironwork and rock; two or three folds of strong coarse flannel,* saturated with white lead and oil, were therefore introduced between the iron and the rock, which, on the casting being pressed hard up, was forced into the small hollows and cavities, and gave to the iron a fair bearing for the whole of its surface.

It appears that the bars of the main-chains fixed in the tunnels are much thicker than the ordinary ones; as, being more exposed to damp, it was feared they might sooner corrode. The bars in the tunnels were four inches wide, an inch and a half thick, and seven feet six inches long, with their connecting plates; the ordinary ones were three inches and a quarter wide, one inch thick, and ten feet long, with their connecting plates.

Mr. Provis describes the raising and fixing of the first chain as an interesting and gratifying spectacle; we will briefly describe the preliminary measure. The engineer had decided that the main-chains should not in any part be attached by masonry to the pyramids, they introduced *saddles* of cast-iron into the masonry to

* Borrodaile's patent felt was subsequently used when padding was required; it is made with cow's hair, saturated with tar, and rolled into sheets an inch and a quarter thick.

support the chains, which merely rested on them. When the portion of chain from the tunnels to the pyramids was completed on both shores, and brought to the saddles on the pyramids, an additional length was added on the Caernarvonshire side, extending from the top of the pyramid to the water's edge.

All things being in readiness, (says Mr. Provis,) the raft was cast off from the Caernarvonshire shore, about 2 P.M. April 26, 1825, and was towed under the bridge; the anchors were then let go. The men lifted the end of the extreme link of the chain on the raft, at the end of that part of the chain which had been previously suspended from the top of the pyramid, and a screw-pin being run through the eyes of the links, those two portions of chain were securely united. The signal was then given, and the men at the opposite end of the raft, and in the boat which carried the blocks of the main tackle, immediately hauled to each other by means of ropes, which had respectively been attached to the boat and raft; when close up, the cord-link of the raft was attached to the eyes of the link on the gunwale of the boat, and a screw-pin was put through and fastened. While these operations were going on below, the two capstans were manned by about 150 labourers, and every thing was put in readiness. The words *Go along* were then given, when a band of fifers struck up a lively tune, and the capstans were instantly in motion. At first the men had little to do but haul up the slack of the tackles, but when they were tightened, and the weight of the chain, which was gradually rising, began to be felt, the race which they had hitherto ran at the capstan was reduced to a steady trot. When the chain was fairly suspended above the surface of the water, they were greeted by a hearty cheer from the surrounding crowd. When the chain was nearly up, the links, which had been previously attached to the adjusting plates on the top of the Anglesey pyramid, were put in readiness, and men placed on the scaffold to bolt the whole together, as soon as the parts of the chain could be brought in contact. This was soon effected; and in one hour and thirty-five minutes from the time of casting off the raft, the final screw was put in, and the chain completed.

Mr. Provis then adds,

Although one of the party, it is not vanity that induces me, but an act of justice to all concerned, to say, that no operation could be conducted in a more regular and satisfactory manner. Every man was at his post, and anxious to do all he could to ensure success. Not the slightest accident, not even a single blunder, occurred, from the time of casting off the raft till the chain was screwed in its place.

The chain was scarcely fixed, when one of the men got astride it, and proceeded some distance on it: he then had the temerity to raise himself up, and walk over thirty or forty yards of the middle of the chain, though the slightest slip must have sent him to destruction; the chain being only nine inches wide, and its height at that time 120 feet above the water.

By the beginning of October the chains were all suspended, the roadway beams placed, and the planking commenced.

It consists of two thicknesses of fir plank, the lower of three inches, the upper of two inches, laid parallel with the length of the bridge, and covering its surface. On the lower planking is laid a complete covering of patent felt, saturated with boiled tar; and the second planking is spiked through to the lower course. In the middle of each carriage-way, a third course of plank-

ing, two inches, is spiked to the second, having an intermediate covering of felt as before; this last is seven feet six inches wide, and has an African oak guard on each side, to prevent the wheels running off it.

In January 1826, Mr. Telford reported to the Commissioners, that the bridge was in a sufficient state of forwardness to allow carriages to pass; in consequence, it was resolved that the Holyhead mail should cross on the 30th of January. Besides the usual passengers, it was crowded at the end of the bridge by as many as could hang on; and, at half past one A.M., a crack of the whip put the horses in motion, and the party were quickly conveyed to the opposite end, amidst the cheers of the men, and the shrill whistling of the gale. On the 6th of February there was a tremendous gale, which increased at night to a most frightful tempest; a severer storm had not been remembered. The great test which the bridge then experienced in its loose and unfinished state, and which it resisted uninjured in all its essential parts, was a proof that when completed and fortified by the additional securities, (rendered obvious by this occurrence,) there would be no reason to doubt its perfect stability.

The bridge has now stood three years uninjured and unchanged, and there is every reason to believe that, with ordinary care, it will stand the test of ages.

Being, by the aid of Mr. Telford's bridge, enabled to make a colossal stride between Caernarvon and Anglesey, we can readily trace the scenes and localities where our brave countrymen defended themselves against Suetonius, Agricola, and the pugnacious Edward and some of his lieutenants,—and having this hostile world beneath us and our readers at our mercy; but we will spare them the oft-told tales and legendary traditions, which we think will be more conveniently placed in our projected History of Wales, in which our detailed history and description of bridges will appear, for we have at our pen's end the history and description, amongst others, of the most singular bridge in Europe, a Welsh one, too; it is over the Taffe, in Glamorganshire. It consists of one stupendous arch, the diameter being 175 feet, the chord 140, the altitude 33, and the abutments 32 feet; this magnificent arch was formed by William Edward, a poor country mason, in the year 1756.

We reserve ourselves for a future occasion to describe the local scenery adjacent to the Menai Strait, hoping to find that a more extended one will be comprised in a modified alteration of the present work, which we have permitted ourselves to recommend to Mr. Provis.

We are tempted to notice a curious similarity of names, as it appears, in the recently published travels of the enterprising and lamented Clapperton, that the western branch of the Quorra river,

supposed by Mungo Park to be the long-sought Niger, is called and spelt Menai. The interest of this accidental coincidence is increased by its being the actual scene of the unfortunate Park's murder, as was too clearly ascertained by Capt. Clapperton's inquiry at the place.

We very confidently pronounce Mr. Provis's book, on better authority than our own, to be a valuable work for the artist, for the amateur, and for the public generally "who taste such repasts;" but, on the same authority, we have to suggest that its present ponderous and inconvenient shape and size, and the necessarily large price of it, must obstruct the very extensive circulation which it merits; and which, for Mr. Provis's sake, as well as that of the public, we could wish to see otherwise; in truth, a book whose dimensions are so large, and whose price is seven guineas, is nearly a sealed book. We hope, therefore, that Mr. Provis may conveniently diminish the size and price of his valuable work with little difficulty, and confine the plates to a smaller scale and to the bridges only; for, generally, the original sketches may be spared in the modified work, whilst they may be attached to such books as might find purchasers among the *savans:* and we also take permission to suggest to Mr. Provis, that, if he should condescend to listen to our disinterested and anxious recommendation, a map of the adjacent counties would be desirable, and likewise an inferior sketch of the vale scenery from Chirk upwards to the Menai. We have seen a similar line of confined scenery from Lake Constance to Cleves at little expense, and which produced great effect to the Schaffhausen engraved views; and certainly the views and scenery on the Holyhead road possess equal beauty and interest, although on a smaller scale than the Rhine districts. We may venture to suggest further to Mr. Provis, that a translation of his work into French, with the map and views, on a modified scale, would probably ensure an extensive circulation throughout the Continent generally, but especially through France, Italy, and Switzerland, where there is abundant taste to appreciate so valuable a work, and to produce imitators of Mr. Telford's bridge; for it is due to our country, and to the able persons who have designed and accomplished this great national structure, that its views and descriptions should be circulated far and wide, in which circulation we include South America and the East Indies, where the explorers of the Andes and Himalayan Mountains, would be highly gratified and instructed.

Reginald Trevor; or the Welsh Loyalists. A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By EDWARD TREVOR ANWYL, ESQ. 3 vol. 12mo. London, 1829.

THE publication of the work, the title of which stands prefixed to this notice, has afforded us considerable satisfaction. It has proved to us, beyond all dubitation, that Wales, our own ancient, native Wales, is not deficient in incident: that it is rich in superstitions and in historical interest, the paper on the Rebellion, in our first number, abundantly evinces; rich, indeed, in all those particulars which characterise a secluded, picturesque, pastoral, and peculiar people. And why should not the novelist fix upon the glens, and woods, and mountains, of *Hén Gymry*, as well as upon the bogs of Ireland, or the brown and barren heaths of bonny Scotland? The author of "Reginald Trevor" will, we hope, answer the question, and show, by and by, that Wales abounds with numerous materials for fictitious narrative.

As the first real national Welsh tale, we hail the appearance of "Reginald Trevor" as the dawning of a propitious era in Cambrian literature. Hitherto little has been known about Wales: the manners and dispositions of her people have been misrepresented; her peasantry have been depicted as knavish varlets; and her gentry as all-swigging boors. It is true that the work before us has not done much to counteract the influence of such misrepresentation, relating, as it does, to scenes and events of by-gone times, bustling times, we will allow, and full of lively interest. But, if the author will devote himself to the delineation of the manners of his modern countrymen; of the manners of those among whom he himself dwells, and with whom he daily mixes, we think he must be successful, and he will be entitled to the thanks of every sincere lover of old Wales. We will confess the task to be arduous; but we must confess, also, from the specimen with which he has treated us, that he is calculated to do justice to so amusing a theme. But we must be less discursive in our observations.

"Reginald Trevor" is founded upon the model of Old Mortality, and yet it is no servile imitation. There is, it is true, the same change of scenes; the same bustling incident; the same display of unshrinking valour, and indubitable resolution; yet it is very different. Our limits will not permit us to present our readers with an analysis of the story, nor, indeed, to do any thing more than direct their attention to some of the most striking and well-written parts of it: but, as the book is accessible to every one, we shall have no cause to regret the omission.

The sketch, and it is but a sketch, of My Hon, the Cromwellian conqueror of Wales, which occupies the first three chapters, is

very fairly drawn; we felt an interest which made us regret its brevity. We cordially coincide with Mr. Anwyl in his opinion of this extraordinary man's character: "Of all men," he says, "who were mixed up in the bustling transactions of those tempestuous times, My Hon, perhaps, was the least imbued with that cold ferocity, which, under the mask of puritanism, caused so much cruelty at the hands of the parliamentary leaders. He had espoused the cause of the Commonwealth entirely and purely upon principle. With respect to Charles, he hated the monarch, not the man; and, when he joined the army of the Parliament, he did so without any hope of particular aggrandisement, and without any hope of rising to any eminence in the newly-constituted state. His principles and sentiments were strictly republican; and he engaged heart and hand in Cromwell's service, because he had hoped it was for the general good, and for the public welfare. Every action of his public life was in perfect accordance with this determination: his own views and feelings were thrown aside, and he acted entirely according to that principle which was the polar star of his destiny." Let the reader carefully peruse the whole of the scene between My Hon and the "Morodelwy Man," and he will coincide with us in opinion of our novelist.

But *our* favorite portion of the tale is that which relates to Einion Edwards, and his sister, Meirion. We do not hesitate to affirm, that, in the delineation of the characters of these two individuals, the remaining scions of an old and honourable family, there is much beauty and keeping, and the author, in these scenes, has proved himself a skilful fictitious writer. The bold, intrepid, disinterested, yet cold-blooded and haughty mountaineer, is beautifully contrasted with his delicate, yet heroic, confiding, yet magnanimous, sister, the mountain-maiden Meirion. The skilful introduction to this part of the tale, of the influence of the *Charmed Well*, is wrought up with a degree of interest at once painful and characteristic; and the reader sees before him, in all the vividness of a well-painted picture, all the wild and beautiful scenery of Snowdonia, portrayed by the hand of one who has evidently often wandered amidst its awful immensity.

There are two other characters well got up: those, namely, of Lionel Sterling and Matilda Montresor. There is a delicate sweetness and tenderness in the lady, Matilda, and an honourable, bold, cavalier-like demeanour in the youthful Lionel. Our fair readers, we opine, will dwell with great delight upon the adventures of this loving pair; and they will not feel much disappointed at the wooing of Reginald and Isabel, nor at its termination.

The tale, we perceive, is dedicated to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and is an additional tribute to the patriotic virtues of that excellent individual. In conclusion, we must again report our good

opinion of the merits of the work, as a faithful and spirited picture of national manners, and national heroism, at one of the most interesting periods in the history of Britain. Some faults it, of course, possesses, but they consist only of two or three very excusable anachronisms, with here and there a carelessness of diction, which generally is neither loose nor reprehensible; but these are partially eclipsed by other well drawn scenes; and, upon the whole, it is a respectable performance.

The Misfortunes of Elphin. By the Author of Headlong Hall. London, 1829. T. Hookham.

We regret exceedingly our inability, consistently with our limits, to do justice to the very interesting work before us. We must content ourselves with presenting, to such of our readers as may not have an opportunity of perusing the work itself, as general an account as possible; at the same time such an one as may convey a tolerable idea of this ingenious publication, founded on the history, mythology, and romance of Cambria.

The author commences with a description of Cantre y Gwaelod in the beginning of the sixth century, under the sovereignty of Gwyddno Garanhir, king of Caredigion:

The most valuable portion of his dominions was the Great Plain of Gwaelod, an extensive tract of level land, stretching along that part of the sea-coast which now belongs to the counties of Merioneth and Cardigan. This district was populous and highly cultivated. It contained sixteen fortified towns, superior to all the towns and cities of the Cymry, excepting Caer Lleon upon Usk; and, like Caer Lleon, they bore in their architecture, their language, and their manners, vestiges of past intercourse with the Roman lords of the world. It contained also one of the three privileged ports of the isle of Britain, which was called the Port of Gwythno. This port, we may believe if we please, had not been unknown to the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, when they visited the island for metal, accommodating the inhabitants, in return, with luxuries which they would not otherwise have dreamed of, and which they could very well have done without; of course, in arranging the exchange of what they denominated equivalents, imposing on their simplicity, and taking advantage of their ignorance, according to the approved practice of civilised nations; which they called imparting the blessings of Phœnician and Carthaginian light.

An embankment of massy stone protected this lowland country from the sea, which was said, in traditions older than the embankment, to have, in occasional springtides, paid short but unwelcome visits to the interior inhabitants, and to have, by slow aggressions, encroached considerably on the land. To prevent the repetition of the first of these inconveniences, and to check the progress of the second, the people of Gwaelod had built the stony rampart, which had withstood the shock of the waves for centuries, when Gwythno began his reign.

Gwythno, like other kings, found the business of governing too light a matter to fill up the vacancy of either his time or his head, and took to the more solid pursuits of harping and singing; not forgetting feasting, in which he was glorious; nor hunting, wherein he was mighty. His several pursuits

composed a very harmonious triad. The chace conduced to the good cheer of the feast, and to the good appetite which consumed it; the feast inspired the song; and the song gladdened the feast, and celebrated the chace.

Gwythno and his subjects went on together very happily. They had little to do with him but to pay him revenue, and he had little to do with them but to receive it. Now and then they were called on to fight for the protection of his sacred person, and for the privilege of paying revenue to him rather than to any of the kings in his vicinity, a privilege of which they were particularly tenacious.

Gwyddno had a pálace built on the rocky banks of the Mawddach, just above the point where it quitted its native mountains, and entered the Plain of Gwaelod, partly through fear of the prophecy which haunted him at intervals, "*to beu are of the oppression of Gwen-hudiw*," the white alluring one, used figuratively for the elemental power of the sea; and partly that he might enjoy, in this secluded spot, the pleasures of festal munificence, and expend his revenue in encouraging agriculture, by consuming a large quantity of produce.

While the king was thus enjoying himself, the superintendence of the coast was intrusted to Prince Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi, recorded in the triads as one of the three immortal drunkards of the isle of Britain.

Watchtowers were erected along the embankment, and watchmen were appointed to guard against the first approaches of damage or decay. The whole of these towers, and their companies of guards, were subordinate to a central castle, which commanded the sea-port already mentioned, and wherein dwelt Prince Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi, who held the office of Arglwydd Gorarcheidwad yr Argae Breninawl, which signifies, in English, Lord High Commissioner of Royal Embankment; and he executed it as a personage so denominated might be expected to do: he drank the profits, and left the embankment to his deputies, who left it to their assistants, who left it to itself.

The condition of the head, in a composite as in a simple body, affects the entire organization to the extremity of the tail, excepting that, as the tail in the figurative body usually receives the largest share in the distribution of punishment, and the smallest in the distribution of reward, it has the stronger stimulus to ward off evil, and the smaller supply of means to indulge in diversion; and it sometimes happens that one of the least regarded of the component parts of the said tail will, from a pure sense of duty, or an inveterate love of business, or an oppressive sense of ennui, or a development of the organ of order, or some other equally cogent reason, cheerfully undergo all the care and labour, of which the honour and profit will redound to higher quarters.

Such a component portion of the Gwaelod High Commission of Royal Embankment was Teithrin ap Tathral, who had the charge of a watchtower where the embankment terminated at the point of Mochres, in the high land of Ardudwy. Teithrin kept his portion of the embankment in exemplary condition, and paced with daily care the limits of his charge; but one day, by some accident, he strayed beyond them, and observed symptoms of neglect that filled him with dismay. This circumstance induced him to proceed till his wanderings brought him round to the embankment's southern termination in the high land of Caredigion. He met with abundant hospitality at the

towers of his colleagues, and at the castle of Seithenyn: he was supposed to be walking for his amusement; he was asked no questions, and he carefully abstained from asking any. He examined and observed in silence; and, when he had completed his observations, he hastened to the palace of Gwythno.

As Gwythno was engaged in composing an ode, Teithrin knew better than to interrupt him in his *awen*. He, therefore, resolved on paying a visit to the heir-apparent, Prince Elphin, whose misfortunes confer a title on this work. Elphin listened readily to the information of Teithrin ap Tathral, and the result was a determination, on the part of the prince, to accompany the informer on a visit of remonstrance to Seithenyn, the Lord High Commissioner.

As they entered the great hall, which was already blazing with torchlight, they found his highness, and his highness's household, convincing themselves and each other with wine and wassail, of the excellence of their system of virtual superintendence; and the following jovial chorus broke on the ears of the visitors:

THE CIRCLING OF THE MEAD HORNS.

FILL the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn:
Natural is mead in the buffalo horn:
As the cuckoo in spring, as the lark in the morn,
So natural is mead in the buffalo horn.

As the cup of the flower to the bee when he sips,
Is the full cup of mead to the true Briton's lips:
From the flower-cups of summer, on field and on tree,
Our mead cups are filled by the vintager bee.

Seithenyn* ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold,
Drinks the wine of the stranger from vessels of gold;†
But we from the horn, the blue silver-rimmed horn,
Drink the ale and the mead in our fields that were born.

The ale-froth is white, and the mead sparkles bright;
They both smile apart, and with smiles they unite:‡
The mead from the flower, and the ale from the corn,
Smile, sparkle, and sing in the buffalo horn.

The horn, the blue horn, cannot stand on its tip;
Its path is right on from the hand to the lip:
Though the bowl and the wine-cup our tables adorn,
More natural the draught from the buffalo horn.

But Seithenyn ap Seithyn, the generous, the bold,
Drinks the bright-flowing wine from the far-gleaming gold
The wine, in the bowl by his lip that is worn,
Shall be glorious as mead in the buffalo horn.

---

* The accent is on the second syllable: Seithényn.

† Gwin . . . . o eur . . . . ANEURIN.

‡ The mixture of ale and mead made *bradawd*, a favorite drink of the Ancient Britons.

The horns circle fast, but their fountains will last,
As the stream passes ever, and never is past:
Exhausted so quickly, replenished so soon,
They wax and they wane like the horns of the moon.

Fill high the blue horn, the blue buffalo horn;
Fill high the long silver-rimmed buffalo horn:
While the roof of the hall by our chorus is torn,
Fill, fill to the brim, the deep silver-rimmed horn.

Elphin and Teithrin stood some time on the floor of the hall before they attracted the attention of Seithenyn, who, during the chorus, was tossing and flourishing his golden goblet. The chorus had scarcely ended when he noticed them, and immediately roared aloud, "You are welcome all four."

Elphin answered, "We thank you: we are but two."

"Two or four," said Seithenyn, "all is one. You are welcome all. When a stranger enters, the custom in other places is to begin by washing his feet. My custom is, to begin by washing his throat. Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi bids you welcome."

Elphin, taking the wine-cup, answered, "Elphin ap Gwythno Garanhir thanks you."

Seithenyn started up. He endeavoured to straighten himself into perpendicularity, and to stand steadily on his legs. He accomplished half his object by stiffening all his joints but those of his ancles, and from these the rest of his body vibrated upwards with the inflexibility of a bar. After thus oscillating for a time, like an inverted pendulum, finding that the attention requisite to preserve his rigidity absorbed all he could collect of his dissipated energies, and that he required a portion of them for the management of his voice, which he felt a dizzy desire to wield with peculiar steadiness in the presence of the son of the king, he suddenly relaxed the muscles that perform the operation of sitting, and dropped into his chair like a plummet. He then, with a gracious gesticulation, invited Prince Elphin to take his seat on his right hand, and proceeded to compose himself into a dignified attitude, throwing his body back into the left corner of his chair, resting his left elbow on its arm and his left cheekbone on the middle of the back of his left hand, placing his left foot on a footstool, and stretching out his right leg as straight and as far as his position allowed. He had thus his right hand at liberty, for the ornament of his eloquence and the conduct of his liquor.

Elphin seated himself at the right hand of Seithenyn. Teithrin remained at the end of the hall; on which Seithenyn exclaimed, "Come on, man, come on. What, if you be not the son of a king, you are the guest of Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi. The most honourable place to the most honourable guest, and the next most honourable place to the next most honourable guest; the least honourable guest above the most honourable inmate; and, where there are but two guests, be the most honourable who he may, the least honourable of the two is next in honour to the most honourable of the two, because they are no more but two; and, where there are only two, there can be nothing between. Therefore sit, and drink. GWIN O EUR: wine from gold."

The following conversation is worthy the attention of antiquarians, and all those who are prejudiced against modern improvements:

"Prince Seithenyn," said Elphin, "I have visited you on a subject of deep moment. Reports have been brought to me, that the embankment, which has been so long intrusted to your care, is in a state of dangerous decay."

"Decay," said Seithenyn "is one thing, and danger is another. Every thing that is old must decay. That the embankment is old, I am free to confess; that it is somewhat rotten in parts, I will not altogether deny; that it is any the worse for that, I do most sturdily gainsay. It does its business well: it works well: it keeps out the water from the land, and it lets in the wine upon the High Commission of Embankment. Cupbearer, fill. Our ancestors were wiser than we: they built it in their wisdom; and, if we should be so rash as to try to mend it, we should only mar it."

"The stonework," said Teithrin, "is sapped and mined: the piles are rotten, broken, and dislocated: the floodgates and sluices are leaky and creaky."

"That is the beauty of it," said Seithenyn. "Some parts of it are rotten, and some parts of it are sound."

"It is well," said Elphin, "that some parts are sound: it were better that all were so."

"So I have heard some people say before," said Seithenyn; "perverse people, blind to venerable antiquity: that very unamiable sort of people, who are in the habit of indulging their reason. But I say, the parts that are rotten give elasticity to those that are sound: they give them elasticity, elasticity, elasticity. If it were all sound, it would break by its own obstinate stiffness: the soundness is checked by the rottenness, and the stiffness is balanced by the elasticity. There is nothing so dangerous as innovation. See the waves in the equinoctial storms, dashing and clashing, roaring and pouring, spattering and battering, rattling and battling against it. I would not be so presumptuous as to say, I could build any thing that would stand against them half an hour; and here this immortal old work, which God forbid the finger of modern mason should bring into jeopardy, this immortal work has stood for centuries, and will stand for centuries more, if we let it alone. It is well: it works well: let well alone. Cupbearer, fill. It was half rotten when I was born, and that is a conclusive reason why it should be three parts rotten when I die."

The whole body of the High Commission roared approbation.

"And after all," said Seithenyn, "the worst that could happen would be the overflow of a springtide, for that was the worst that happened before the embankment was thought of; and, if the high-water should come in, as it did before, the low-water would go out again, as it did before. We should be no deeper in it than our ancestors were, and we could mend as easily as they could make."

"The level of the sea," said Teithrin, "is materially altered."

"The level of the sea!" exclaimed Seithenyn. "Who ever heard of such a thing as altering the level of the sea? Alter the level of that bowl of wine before you, in which, as I sit here, I see a very ugly reflection of your very good-looking face. Alter the level of that; drink up the reflection; let me see the face without the reflection, and leave the sea to level itself."

"Not to level the embankment," said Teithrin.

"Good, very good," said Seithenyn. "I love a smart saying, though it

hits at me. But, whether yours is a smart saying or no, I do not very clearly see; and, whether it hits at me or no, I do not very sensibly feel. But all is one. Cupbearer, fill."

At the conclusion of this scene, the effects of the continued draughts of wine, so ably supplied by his cupbearer, ruined all the devices of Seithenyn for the maintenance of his dignity; and, in stooping forward from his chair, to regain possession of his fallen cup, he lost his balance, and fell prostrate on the floor. The tumult, occasioned by the simultaneous rising of the whole body of the High Commission to uplift their fallen chief, drew Angharad, the daughter of Seithenyn, from her chamber. She gracefully saluted Prince Elphin, and directed the cupbearers to lift up her father, and bear him from the hall. The cupbearers reeled off with their lord, who had already fallen asleep, and who now began to play them a pleasant march with his nose, to inspirit their progression. Elphin gazed with delight on the beautiful Angharad, whose gentle and serious loveliness contrasted so strikingly with the broken trophies and fallen heroes of revelry that lay scattered at her feet. In this interval were heard the loud dashing of the sea and the blustering of the wind through the apertures of the wall. It was one of those tempests which occur once in several centuries, and which, by their extensive devastations, are chronicled to eternity.

The old bard of the palace, inspired by the *awen*, seized his harp, and mingled his voice and his music with the uproar of the elements. In this place we have a specimen of a numerous class of ancient Welsh poems, in which each stanza begins with a repetition of the predominant idea, and terminates with a proverb. The basis of the poem is in the Englynion of Llywarch Hên. We regret our limits will not allow us to insert more than the first stanza:

THE SONG OF THE FOUR WINDS.

Wind from the north: the young spring day
Is pleasant on the sunny mead;
The merry harps at evening play;
The dance gay youths and maidens lead:
The thrush makes chorus from the thorn:
The mighty drinker fills his horn.

The song is cut short by a tremendous crash: the sea breaks in; the tower, which had its foot in the sea, falls; the plain of Gwaelod is inundated; Seithenyn leaps into the flood; while his daughter, his visitors, his bard, and such of the bacchanalians as are capable of locomotion, escape along the ridge of the embankment.

King Gwythno had feasted joyously, and had sung his new ode to a chosen party of his admiring subjects, amidst their, of course, enthusiastic applause.

He heard the storm raging without, as he laid himself down to rest: he thought it a very hard case for those who were out in it, especially on the sea; congratulated himself on his own much more comfortable condition; and went to sleep with a pious reflection on the goodness of Providence to himself.

He was roused from a pleasant dream by a confused and tumultuous dissonance, that mingled with the roar of the tempest. Rising with much reluctance, and looking forth from his window, he beheld in the moonlight a half-naked multitude, larger than his palace thrice multiplied could have contained, pressing round the gates, and clamouring for admission and shelter; while beyond them his eye fell on the phænomenon of stormy waters, rolling in the place of the fertile fields from which he derived his revenue.

Gwythno, though a king and his own laureate, was not without sympathy for the people who had the honour and happiness of victualling his royal house, and he issued forth on his balcony full of perplexities and alarms, stunned by the sudden sense of the half-understood calamity, and his head still dizzy from the effects of abruptly-broken sleep, and the vapours of the overnight's glorious festival.

Gwythno was altogether a reasonably good sort of person, and a poet of some note. His people were somewhat proud of him on the latter score, and very fond of him on the former; for even the tenth part of those homely virtues, that decorate the memories of "husbands kind and fathers dear" in every churchyard, are matters of plebeian admiration in the persons of royalty; and every tangible point in every such virtue so located, becomes a convenient peg for the suspension of love and loyalty. While, therefore, they were unanimous in consigning the soul of Seithenyn to a place that no well-bred divine will name to a polite congregation, they overflowed, in the abundance of their own griefs, with a portion of sympathy for Gwythno, and saluted him, as he issued forth on his balcony, with a hearty *Duw cadw y Brenin*, or God save the King, which he returned with a benevolent wave of the hand; but they followed it up by an intense vociferation for food and lodging, which he received with a pitiful shake of the head.

Teithrin ap Tathral is despatched to the court of Uther Pendragon, to solicit such relief as his majesty might be pleased to offer to a king in distress; while Gwythno sits all day on the rocks, with his harp between his knees, watching the rolling of ocean over the locality of his past dominions, and pouring forth his soul in pathetic song on the change of his own condition, and the mutability of human things. The following is an extract from one of those poems, which have been preserved by tradition:

THE SONG OF GWYTHNO

ON THE INUNDATION OF THE SEA OVER THE PLAIN OF GWAELOD.

GWYDDNAU EI CANT

PAN DDOAI Y MOR DROS CANTREV Y GWAELAWD.

Stand forth, Seithenyn: winds are high:
Look down beneath the lowering sky;
Look from the rock; what meets thy sight?
Nought but the breakers rolling white.

Stand forth, Seithenyn: winds are still:
Look from the rock and heathy hill
For Gwythno's realm: what meets thy view?
Nought but the ocean's desert blue.

Curst be the treacherous mound, that gave
A passage to the mining wave:
Curst be the cup, with mead-froth crowned,
That charmed from thought the trusted mound.

A tumult and a cry to heaven!
The white surf breaks; the mound is riven:
Through the wide rift the ocean-spring
Bursts with tumultuous ravaging.

The western ocean's stormy might
Is curling o'er the rampart's height:
Destruction strikes with want and scorn
Presumption, from abundance born.

Elphin espouses Angharad, and constructs a salmon-weir on the Mawddach, where is found, in a coracle, a male child, who turns out to be the famous bard Taliesin.

Elphin, nevertheless, looked very dismal on finding no food and an additional mouth; so dismal, that his physiognomy on that occasion passed into a proverb: "As rueful as Elphin when he found Taliesin."*

In after years, Taliesin, being on the safe side of prophecy, and writing after the event, addressed a poem to Elphin, in the character of the foundling of the coracle, in which he supposes himself, at the moment of his discovery, to have addressed Elphin as follows:

DYHUDDIANT ELFFIN.

THE CONSOLATION OF ELPHIN.

Lament not, Elphin: do not measure
By one brief hour thy loss or gain:
Thy weir tonight has borne a treasure,
Will more than pay thee years of pain.
St. Cynllo's aid will not be vain:
Smooth thy bent brow, and cease to mourn;
Thy weir will never bear again
Such wealth as it tonight has borne.

Two years after this event, Angharad presented Elphin with a daughter, whom they named Melanghel. The fishery prospered; and the progress of cultivation and population among the more fertile parts of the mountain districts brought in a little revenue to the old king.

Uther Pendragon and Gwythno, in due time, go the way of all flesh. Arthur reigns in Caer Lleon as king of the kings of Britain, while Maelgon Gwynedd reigns over that part of North Wales bordering on the kingdom of Elphin.

* Mor drist ac Elffin pan gavodd Taliesin.

We will pass over the love scene between Taliesin and the Princess Melanghel, who entreats him to rescue her father from the castle of Diganwy, where he is imprisoned by Maelgon Gwynedd. We must leave the incarceration of Rhûn, heir-apparent to the throne of Gwynedd; we must leave King Arthur and his court, as well as many curious adventures, to be enjoyed over the perusal of the Misfortunes of Elphin.

But we cannot make up our minds to leave our old friend, Prince Seithenyn ap Seithyn, with his GWIN O EUR, without introducing him once more, in a resuscitated state, to the attention of our readers.

"I cannot believe," said the stranger, "that a man whose favorite saying was GWIN O EUR could possibly be a disreputable person, or deserve any other than that honourable remembrance, which, you say, only one person is honest enough to entertain for him."

"His name," said Taliesin, "is too unhappily notorious throughout Britain, by the terrible catastrophe of which his GWIN O EUR was the cause."

"And what might that be?" said the stranger.

"The inundation of Gwaelod," said Taliesin.

"You speak then," said the stranger, taking an enormous potation, "of Seithenyn, Prince Seithenyn, Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi, Arglwydd Gorarcheidwad yr Argae Breninawl."

"I seldom hear his name," said Taliesin, "with any of those sounding additions: he is usually called Seithenyn the Drunkard."

The stranger goggled about his eyes in an attempt to fix them steadily on Taliesin, screwed up the corners of his mouth, stuck out his nether lip, pursed up his chin, thrust forward his right foot, and elevated his golden goblet in his right hand; then, in a tone which he intended to be strongly becoming of his impressive aspect and imposing attitude, he muttered, "Look at me."

Taliesin looked at him accordingly, with as much gravity as he could preserve.

After a silence, which he designed to be very dignified and solemn, the stranger spoke again: "I am the man."

"What man?" said Taliesin.

"The man," replied his entertainer, "of whom you have spoken so disparagingly: Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi."

"Seithenyn," said Taliesin, "has slept twenty years under the waters of the western sea, as King Gwythno's lamentations have made known to all Britain."

"They have not made it known to me," said Seithenyn, "for the best of all reasons, that one can only know the truth; for, if that which we think we know is not truth, it is something which we do not know. A man cannot know his own death; for, while he knows any thing, he is alive; at least, I never heard of a dead man who knew any thing, or pretended to know any thing: if he had so pretended, I should have told him to his face he was no dead man."

"Your mode of reasoning," said Taliesin, "unquestionably corresponds with what I have heard of Seithenyn's; but how is it possible Seithenyn can be living?"

"Every thing that is, is possible, says Catog the Wise," answered Seithenyn, with a look of great sapience. "I will give you proof that I am not a dead man; for, they say, dead men tell no tales: now I will tell you a tale, and a very interesting one it is. When I saw the sea sapping the tower, I jumped into the water, and just in the nick of time. It was well for me that I had been so provident as to empty so many barrels, and that somebody, I don't know who, but I suppose it was my daughter, had been so provident as to put the bungs into them, to keep them sweet; for the beauty of it was that, when there was so much water in the case, it kept them empty; and when I jumped into the sea, the sea was just making a great hole in the cellar, and they were floating out by dozens. I don't know how I managed it, but I got one arm over one, and the other arm over another: I nipped them pretty tight; and, though my legs were under water, the good liquor I had in me kept me warm. I could not help thinking, as I had nothing else to think of just then that touched me so nearly, that if I had left them full, and myself empty, as a sober man would have done, we should all three, that is, I and the two barrels, have gone to the bottom together, that is to say, separately; for we should never have come together, except at the bottom, perhaps; when no one of us could have done the other any good; whereas they have done me much good, and I have requited it; for, first, I did them the service of emptying them; and then they did me the service of floating me with the tide, whether the ebb, or the flood, or both, is more than I can tell, down to the coast of Dyfed, where I was picked up by fishermen; and, such was my sense of gratitude, that, though I had always before detested an empty barrel, except as a trophy, I swore I would not budge from the water unless my two barrels went with me; so we were all marched inland together, and were taken into the service of King Ednyfed, where I stayed till his castle was sacked, and his head cut off, and his beeves marched away with, by the followers of King Melvas, of whom I killed two or three; but they were too many for us; therefore, to make the best of a bad bargain, I followed leisurely in the train of the beeves, and presented myself to King Melvas, with this golden goblet, saying GWIN O EUR."

There are many other parts of this volume equally amusing with those we have selected, and not less interesting. The main incidents are derived from the triads, and the singular story of *Hanes Taliesin*, in the Welsh Archaiology. But the author has succeeded in rendering these valuable records of antiquity highly acceptable, not only to natives of the Principality, but to the public in general. To conclude, we recommend this work to our readers as the most entertaining book, if not the best, that has yet been published on the ancient customs and traditions of Wales.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

Prize Essays of the Eisteddvodau.

We copy the following letter from the Chester Chronicle, and it is scarcely necessary to say that the pages of our miscellany are open to the Welsh essayist, more particularly for the reception of prize papers of the *Eisteddvodau.* Accurate, and, we venture to add, not unworthy translations, shall be given by us of contributions in the ancient British language, for we number the most competent Welsh scholars of the day among our correspondents.

To Dr. Jones, Denbigh, Honorary Secretary.

My dear Sir,—Having seen it stated, in the Chester paper, that the many clever and learned productions submitted to the Denbigh meeting, and which did so much credit to the talent of our native country, have not been published, I cannot help expressing to you, one of the most active members of the committee on that occasion, that I feel much regret that no attention has hitherto been paid to this very important object. I believe I am correct in stating, that the chief intention of the *Eisteddvodau,* is to promote in every way the literature of our native country in all its branches; and how can this be better effected than by affording the public an opportunity of judging of the many meritorious specimens of Welsh genius, exhibited at the late meeting? Should the surplus of the funds be already applied to other purposes, I shall feel proud to put my name down at the head of a subscription to defray the expense of publishing the different Essays, &c. that were then produced.

E. Mostyn.

Wootton hall, Worcestershire; Feb. 7, 1829.

Description of the Medals which were executed by Mr. Ellis, Medallist and Treasurer to the Royal Cambrian Institution, and distributed at the Denbigh Eisteddvod.

1. An Air Balloon, which, having passed through the dense atmosphere, receives the radiant rays of light.

2. Boadicea in her war-chariot leading her legions to battle.

3. Belshazzar in the act of raising a goblet to his lips, which falls to the ground as he starts from the table. The splendor of the awfully mysterious writing on the wall has struck his guests with dismay, and a female is clinging around him for protection. The apartment, as common in the east, is open at one end, through which is seen part of the Tower of Babel.

4. The hand of Divine Justice holds the scales equally poised from the clouds; the scrolls denote the legislative power, the *fasces* and sword the executive.

5. A representation of the Ruins of Rhuddlan Castle.

8. An elegant miniature Gold Harp, the number of strings corresponding with that of the Muses.

9. A miniature Silver Harp.

13. The Royal Cymmrodorion Medal.

14. The Gwyneddigion Medal.

There were two other Medals prepared, but not awarded.

Improvements in Radnorshire.

Some of the improvements in Radnorshire mentioned in our first number are being carried into effect. A new road, so as to avoid the hills in passing the forest of Radnor, is commenced (under the direction of Mr. Sayce, engineer, of Kington,) which will greatly facilitate the access towards Aberystwith.

Ordination at St. Asaph.

At a general ordination held at St. Asaph, by the Lord Bishop of that diocese, the following gentlemen were admitted into holy orders. Priests: James E. Hughes, B.A. Jesus college, Oxford; Morgan Davies, B.A. Wadham college, Oxford. Deacons: Hugh Thomas, B.A. Jesus-college, Oxford; John Blackwell, B.A. Jesus college, Oxford.

The Torç.

On Friday, the 13th of February last, David Jones, esq. of the House of Commons, submitted, at a meeting of the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, an ancient Welsh *Torç* or *Torques*, for the inspection of that learned society. The following description is by Dr. W. Owen Pughe: "It was found by Mr. James Hughes, of Machynlleth, son of the late rector of Dolgelly; while grouse-shooting, on the 2d of September, 1823, upon the foggy margin of Llyn Gwernan (the Aldertree Pool), near the northern cliffs of Cader Idris, he observed part of a circular rim above the surface of the ground, which, upon drawing out, and finding it perfect in its form, he carried home, and actually offered it to a friend for *five shillings* as a curiosity, but, the offer being rejected, he gave it to Mr. Jones, with a view of ascertaining what it might be, not supposing it valuable; the latter gentleman recognized it to be an ancient Welsh torç or torques. It is well known that the torç was a military badge, common among Celtic nations; it would appear that the knowledge of it came first to the Romans from Gaul. The name of it is a radical word of very general use in the Welsh language; *torç*, a wreath, a coil, a collar, a badge of distinction worn by the ancient Britons, which it was a point of honour for a warrior to preserve from being lost to the enemy in battle. TYNU TORÇ, *to draw a torques*, is a common saying, implying a contention for the mastery. The *Eurdorçogion*, or those wearing the golden torques, were among the highest themes of the old bards of the Cymry. Aneurin, the author of the Gododin, a poem on the battle fought against Idra at Cattraeth, who afterwards alludes to the Eurdorçogion, informs us that he was one of three out of three hundred and sixty-three wearing the golden torques, who escaped from that fatal conflict. And so great a number being thus distinguished in one army, leads to an inference that the torques was

more like an order of merit than a badge of command. The following is one of the allusions to the torques in the Gododin:

"Or à aethant Cattraeth o eurdorçogion,
Ar neges Mynyddawg mynawg mãon,
Nis daeth yn ddiwarth o barth Brythron,
Odonin wr bell well no çynon.

"Of such as have gone to Cattraeth wearing the golden torques
On the errand of Mynyddawg, a mild one to the multitude,
There has not come void of disgrace, on the part of the Brython,
Of Odonin, a mighty man, better than Cynon.

"In the Vetusta Monumenta, vol. v. plate xxix. fig. 2, there is a torques of similar workmanship to the one under description, only that it is represented thicker in poportion to its length. The one in Mr. Jones's possession is forty-two inches in length, weighing eight ounces and eight pennyweights; the intrinsiç value of its metal is about thirty-six pounds."

[The hints contained in the following letter are generally valuable, though we do not approve of some points recommended by O. N. Y.]

To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly.

Gentlemen,

It has given me much pleasure to perceive that the energies of some of our Cambrian scholars are once more making the attempt to arouse the Cymry to a sense of the importance of their national history. I most heartily wish you every success, though, by reasoning from what has been the fate of former periodicals devoted to the same purpose, (the Cambrian Register and Cambro-Briton,) I am constrained to check the joy I would otherwise feel at the appearance of your publication; for I am fearful that the same apathy exists at present towards literary works (in the Principality) as existed then, and therefore I am ready to doubt if your efforts will meet a different fate from that of your predecessors; in fact, I am obliged to "rejoice with trembling."*

I am myself but a mere tyro in the antiquities of my country, but so strong is the hold that those antiquities have latterly laid upon me, that I am entirely in their power; they are continually hurrying me on without control, so that I am for ever tumbling over the rugged path, and blundering at every step I take. I cannot, therefore, promise you much information; for, in fact, I want a guide, some one to take me in leading strings. But, though I have no "wit myself," I may nevertheless be "the cause of wit in others;" for, by propounding queries, I may elicit replies which may possibly add to the utility of your publication.

But, before I give you a few queries, will you allow me to call your attention to the literary promises which have for very many years been made, and

* We thank our correspondent for his solicitude. The Cambrian Register and Cambro-Briton were well-conducted periodicals, but *martis experiamur aleam*. Our expenses have been greater in this early part of the campaign than would perhaps have purchased their whole copyrights; *they* failed in the *sinews* of enterprise, *we* embark *a more than adequate capital*.—EDITORS.

remain yet unredeemed? How many years have elapsed since "The Celtic Remains" of Lewis Morris have been announced for publication! Is there any intention of ever fulfilling this promise? Nearly an equal number of years have passed since Dr. Pugh announced a translation of the "Poems of Taliesin," and almost as long a time since he has promised "The Mabinogion. Iolo Morganog also promised "Cyvrinach y Beirdd," and "A History of Bardism," but not one of these promises has been kept. I beg to direct your attention to this subject, for the public has a right to know something respecting it, and why the promises are not fulfilled.

It is to be hoped that the Literary Society, which has lately been formed at Denbigh, will do something for our literature; but when I recollect that a similar society was once formed at Caermarthen, many years since, and under very favorable auspices, and that that society *never performed any thing*, I must confess that my expectations from such a society are very slight.

There is another subject to which I would direct your attention. The Cymmrodorion Society has been established for many years past, and yet they have published *but three numbers* of their transactions. They surely must have abundance of materials, in the manuscript collection of *Owen Myvyr* alone, for more abundant publications; and, if they have such materials, they should not withhold them from the public, unless they can give some very strong reasons for their conduct.*

May I add a word on the Prize Essays of the *Eisteddvodau*. If the essays presented deserve the reward of the meeting, are they not equally deserving of publication; and, if so, why are they suffered to sink into oblivion.

I presume I need not apologise for thus presenting myself to your notice, for surely we are not so cumbered with works on the History and Antiquities of our nation as to cause us to look with contempt upon those which I have brought under your consideration.

Queries.

1. What were the ancient divisions of Wales before it was divided into counties? And, first, let the three divisions by Rhodri-mawr be defined, viz. Gwynedd, Powis, and Deheubarth; then the subdivisions, as Gwyr, Gwent, Caredigion, &c.

2. What were the still more ancient divisions of the whole island; and which were the districts, and what were their boundaries, inhabited by the Cymry, Lloegrwys, Brython, Galedians, Coranians, &c.

3. What was the geography of Cantrev-y-Gwaelod?

5. What was the extent and boundaries of Gododin?

6. What was the extent and boundaries of Cumbria?

7. What was the extent and boundaries of the northern district, called Prydyn.

Gwent Iscoed; Jan. 24, 1829. O. N. Y.

* As members of that Institution, we must state that the expense of publishing the Myvyrian manuscripts would be very great; greater than the Society would, perhaps, be justified in undertaking. We shall in due time print portions of the manuscript library of the Cymmrodorion.—Editors.

Royal Cambrian Institution.

We have great pleasure in informing our readers, that the grand *Eisteddvod* about to take place, on the 6th of May, under the patronage of this Institution, is likely to prove the most gratifying display of the kind which has ever taken place in England. The arrangements making by the council are of a description which the occasion well warrants, and the lovers of our national melodies may therefore expect a rich treat; for we believe it is intended that the musical repast, which is to be catered for them by Mr. John Parry,* Registrar of Music to the Institution, shall be in the strictest sense of the word *Cambrian*, as indeed it ought. Some of the most celebrated English vocalists are already engaged; and Richard Roberts, the blind harper of Caernarvon, who won the Gold Harp at the last Denbigh *Eisteddvod*, will be sent for expressly for the occasion.

In the literary subjects proposed as prizes by the Society, considerable competition may be expected, especially for the first, an "Essay on the Settlement of the Normans in Wales;" indeed some communications on this subject have already been received. The successful productions will of course be inserted in the fourth part of the Society's Transactions, which is to be published almost immediately after the *Eisteddvod* is over, and which, we understand, will contain some of the unpublished remains of our early bards, at present in manuscript, and now forming part of the collection of this Institution.

London Cymreigyddion.

This Society celebrated its thirty-second annual festival on the 8th of March, when a numerous assemblage of the sons of Old Cambria met, in the true spirit of *Undeb a Brawdgarweh*, to foster and perpetuate the remembrance of days of glorious deeds, and to keep alive the flame of patriotism by the genial warmth of convivial and friendly association.

St. David's Day.

The anniversary of Cambria's tutelar saint falling on a Sunday this year, it was celebrated in London, Chester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, and various towns in Wales, on Monday, March 2d.

In London, the 115th anniversary of the Society of Loyal and Ancient Britons was held with great splendor. This institution was formed in honour of the Brunswick line ascending the throne of England, and for the purposes of charity, in the year 1714. Soon after one o'clock, the procession moved from the Welsh school in Gray's-inn road to St. Martin's Church, St. Martin's lane, where the Rev. Thomas Alban read the service in Welsh, and the Bishop of Winchester preached a most excellent sermon. After which a large party dined at the Freemason's hall, Lord Clarendon in the chair, supported by Sir W. W. Wynn, bart. Sir Charles Morgan, bart. Hon. Rice Trevor, Colonel Wood, Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P. &c. &c. The noble chairman, in proposing the health of Sir Watkin, said he was confident it would be received with every manifestation of joy by Welshmen; his

* Mr. Parry is about to publish a third volume of "Welsh Melodies." From the notoriety this gentleman has acquired, not in the Principality only, but in the musical world generally, we doubt not but this third volume will receive a very extended circulation.

Right Honourable friend had throughout his life promoted the cause of this charity, and indeed every thing tending to advance the interest of Wales. The Vice-Treasurer, Mr. Sergeant Jones, read a list of subscriptions: From the King, 100 *gs.* (making no less than £7035 subscribed in all by his Majesty); the noble President, 50 *gs.*; Bishop of Winchester, 10 *gs.*; Sir W. W. Wynn, 50 *gs.*; Lady Charlotte Wynn, 20 *gs.*; Lady Harriet, £26 5*s.*; Miss Wynn, £5; Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, 10 *gs.*; Sir C. Morgan, 50 *gs.*; C. Morgan, esq. 50 *gs.*; and a great number of splendid donations: in all £1007 18*s.* 4*d.* The Vice-Treasurer said, that since the establishment of the school, 1462 boys, and 843 girls, had been received into the school, all of whom had been provided for but the 100 boys and 50 girls they had that day seen. Several vocal pieces were performed by Messrs. Broadhurst, Collyer, Atkins, Parry, Parry, jun. Fitzwilliams, J. Smith, and Master Reeves, accompanied on the grand piano-forte by Parry, jun.; conductor, John Parry, *bardd alaw*. The children sang an ode to the air of "*Ar hyd y nos*," in a very excellent manner; their clean and healthy appearance, as they passed round the hall, quite delighted the company, who testified their approbation by repeated cheers.—The noble President, in proposing the health of Lord Kenyon, treasurer to the charity, regretted his lordship's absence, in consequence of a severe domestic affliction, but he had sent his annual donation of 25 guineas, as did also Sir Thomas Mostyn, the Marquess of Anglesey, and Lord Clive, 50 guineas each.

The annual sermon, in aid of the funds of the Chester Cambrian Society, for promoting the spiritual welfare of the poorer Welsh inhabitants in Chester, by the institution of a Welsh Sunday evening lecture, was preached at Trinity Church in the evening of Sunday, March 1st, by the venerable Archdeacon Wrangham. And on the following day about seventy gentlemen dined at the Feathers hotel. Sir Edward Pryce Lloyd presided, in the absence of his son, Mr. Mostyn Lloyd.

The inhabitants of the Principality resident in Liverpool assembled on the morning of the 2d of March, near the Welsh Charity-school in Russel street, and proceeded to St. David's Church, to hear a sermon from the Rev. Henry Parry, M.A. vicar of Llanasa, Flintshire. A public dinner was afterwards provided at the Waterloo, at which Richard Griffith, esq. presided.

The fifth anniversary meeting of the Birmingham St. David's Society was held on the 2d of March, under the presidency of Edward Lloyd Williams, esq. at the Bluecoat Charity-school, in that town, when the Report of the Committee for the last year was read, and adopted; from which it appeared that eleven poor children, nine boys and two girls, had been maintained, clothed, and educated, during the last twelve months, in the Bluecoat Charity-school, at the expense of the St. David's Society. When the different resolutions were passed, and the business of the day concluded, a number of gentlemen, natives of or connected with the principality of Wales, dined together at the Royal hotel, where the conviviality of the evening was heightened by many patriotic allusions to the land of the *Cymry*, blended with those associations of feeling which "bind him to his native mountains more;" the *hirlas* was enthusiastically filled through a succession of national and appropriate toasts. In the course of the evening the children of the St. David's school were introduced, and received by the chairman, John Meredith, esq. and the other gentlemen present, with much benevolent interest. Their previous examination, by the Rev. Benjamin Howell, rector of Hughley, afforded to the friends of the institution a gratifying proof of its important uses, and we congratulate our Cambrian fellow-countrymen in rescuing from the canker of ignorance and vice those germs of intellect and virtue, which, fostered by

judicious benevolence, may be matured in the character of the Christian, the faithful subject, and the industrious artizan.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

On the 2d of March, Wrexham presented a very "gay and festive scene." In addition to its being the day on which the festival of St. David, the patron saint of Wales, was celebrated, the triennial meeting of Odd Fellows was also held. At one o'clock, preceded by the Denbigh band, they marched in the insignia of the order, and with flags flying, &c. to church, when the Rev. G. Cunliffe preached an excellent sermon from the 1st Peter, iii. 8, "Love as brethren; be pitiful and courteous." They afterwards, with the Rev. G. Cunliffe, the Rev. Thomas Jones, and the Rev. Mr. Williams, at their head, marched to the lecture-room, and, to the number of 140, sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by Brother Evans. The Rev. Thomas Jones, of Berse Drelingcourt, took the chair, supported on his right by Major Clements and the Rev. Ebenezer Williams, and on his left by Mr. G. T. Gibson, &c. The Vice-preses was Mr. T. Smith, past grand master of the Order. Deputations from the lodges at Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, &c. were received, and took their stations at the festive board.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

On the anniversary of the festival, the officers of the Royal Welsh Fusileers stationed at Brecon, gave a magnificent fancy ball, at the Castle-hotel, in that town.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

Discovery of a Brazen Roman Idol.

In excavating the ground for the foundation of the new Independent Meeting at Eign-brook, Hereford, there was recently found a brazen Roman idol, about four inches long: it is an image of Hermes. From the discovery of the foundation of an antique building at the same time and place, an idea has been entertained that the ground had been originally the site of a *Lararium*, on which supposition the brazen idol admits of an easy explanation. It is now in the possession of Mr. Davies, of Eign-brook.—*Hereford Journal.*

Ancient British Shields.

At a meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquarians, held on the 5th of March last, Henry Hallam, esq. V.P. in the chair, our learned countryman Dr. Meyrick exhibited two ancient British shields of bronze, from the collection at Goodrich court, Herefordshire. One was the *Tarian* or clasher, sometimes termed *Aes*, from being flat, and of the description used by the inhabitants of Britain, previous to the Roman invasion; it was held in combat at arm's length in the hand, the umbo, forming the cavity for that purpose, is ornamented with nineteen concentric circles, interspersed with small heads or knobs. This was dug up in a bog in the neighbourhood of Aberystwyth. The other was a rude imitation of the Roman *sentum*, and thence called *ysgwid*; of an oblong form, having an ornament reaching its whole length, affording the same convenience for holding it as the former. The artistic work, if such it may be called, is highly corroborative of the derivation of its name, for it was evidently the work of an uncivilized people, desirous of rivalling the polished elegancies of their conquerors. This was found in the bed of the river Witham, Lincolnshire.

These shields are very curious specimens of antiquity; a letter accompanied them, written by Dr. Meyrick, showing how much confirmatory evidence to

the testimony of the Greek and Latin authors might be gleaned from the language of the ancient Britons, while extravagant fancies are avoided, and etymology confined within prudent limits.

The world is much indebted to Dr. Meyrick for his persevering industry in the elucidation of antiquities; and, on the above occasion, particularly the inhabitants of the Principality, inasmuch as they constitute one of the purest remains of the Britons previous to the Roman invasion, and to whom these reminiscences of their early forefathers are peculiarly gratifying and instructive.

Monument to the Memory of the late Owen Jones.

It is now certain that a monument will be erected, by subscription, to the memory of the late Owen Jones *Myvyr*, in Denbigh Church. No country or age ever gave birth to a man more devoted, disinterestedly devoted, to the furtherance of every thing that was good and noble, than Owen Jones. It must be particularly gratifying to his contemporaries to see this hitherto neglected tribute to the worth of true friendship carried into effect.

Mr. Richard Llwyd, of Chester, has been constant in his efforts to stimulate the inhabitants of the Principality to come forward; he subscribes £5. To him we attribute the greater part of the success of the scheme.

Dr. William Owen Pughe, another of Mr. Jones's early associates, is to write an inscription in Welsh and English.

Many subscriptions are already sent in; and the *Cambrian Institution* in London adds from their funds £5.

The *Gwyneddigion Society** have published a portrait of their founder, the patriot *Myvyr;* it is very like him.

While upon this subject, we cannot do better than extract from a criticism by Dr. Southey, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 41, page 94: "The Welsh have their *Mabinogion*, or Juvenile Amusements, of undoubted authenticity and integrity; some of them are extant in manuscripts, others live only in the tradition of the common people. A translation of the former was prepared for the press by Mr. W. Owen, to whom Cymric literature is so greatly indebted; but the manuscript was unfortunately lost before publication. These tales possess extraordinary singularity and interest, and a complete collection of them in the original language is a *desideratum* in British literature. The Cymry, however, seem to have little feeling for the productions of their ancestors, and the praiseworthy and patriotic exertions of individuals may cause the Welsh nation at large to blush. When a foreigner asks us the names of the nobility and gentry of the Principality who published the *Myvyrian Archaiology* at their own expense, we must answer it was none of them, *but Owen Jones, the Thames-street furrier.*"

Dr. Southey is perfectly correct; for it was not to the rich, the influential, or powerful, we are, in this important instance, indebted, but to the philanthropic noble disinterestedness of Owen Jones.

* This Society was established by Mr. Owen Jones in 1771, in order to keep alive that attachment to national music and poetry, by which, in days of yore, the ancient Britons were so highly distinguished.

J. and C. Adlard, Printers, Bartholomew Close.

THE

CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

AND

Celtic Repertory.

No. 3. — JULY 1, 1829. — Vol. I.

WELSH JUDICATURE.

To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

Knowing the spirit in which the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine originated and is carried on, a spirit most purely patriotic, seeking anxiously to support every effort and sentiment which can tend to advance the intellectual and moral wellbeing of our country, I am not afraid of communicating my opinions upon a subject of such vital importance to the principality as the Welsh judicature, although those opinions totally differ from the view advocated in your first number. To look at a question on all sides, to consider it in all its bearings, is essential to a right understanding and a just conclusion; and nothing tends so much to the satisfaction of all parties, both those who assent to, and those who differ from a decision, as to know that a fair discussion has been had, and that opinions on both sides have had their due attention. In saying this I do not wish it to be considered that my opposition to your former article is lukewarm or indecisive: I must own to you that article struck me as savoring strongly of a love of innovation for innovation's sake, written in a spirit of scrutiny which could find more pleasure in detecting and pointing out the timeworn defects of an ancient structure, than in admiring and wishing to preserve the firm and useful part of it. I looked through it in vain for any indications of practical experience or of discriminating censure; I found but a repetition of Lord Cawdor's vituperations, passing sentence upon our privileges in a tone altogether foreign from that patriotic anxiety so leading a characteristic in your Review, that I am still at a loss to conceive how it crept into the *Cambrian*.

In considering this question, it is most material to bear in mind the difference between the constitution of our separate jurisdiction and the administration of it; for it is from confusing the jurisdiction with its administration that, in my opinion, such inconsiderate and merciless attacks have arisen. The constitution of a court of justice may be founded upon the purest and most perfect principle; and yet, from the weakness of a judge, or neglecting to alter or modify its rules of practice with the change of circumstances, the administration of law in that court may be open to well-founded complaint, and may loudly call for correction. But to require an abolition of the court itself before you have attempted to search out and rectify the abuse it sustains, is, in principle, and, as I believe in the present instance, in fact, acting in the wildest and blindest spirit of innovation. The merits and demerits of our Welsh judicature are judged of merely from what is seen passing in open court: two inefficient judges are seen holding ten successive courts during a space of six days, to try two or three prisoners, and decide upon two or three causes, to appearance of the most trifling description; and seeing this, it is concluded that there must be a monstrous waste of time, and a most inordinate expenditure of the public money. Indeed, the opposition of most may be narrowed to the single objection of the improper appointments of judges over the Welsh circuits; they are greatly disgusted at the want of judicial knowledge and capacity evinced, and they at once jump to the conclusion that the whole system which admits of such appointments is an evil. I would ask the opposers themselves, whether this is not the sole object they take into view? There is no doubt that this is a most serious ground—for what? not, surely, for abolishing the separate jurisdiction, but for an alteration in the appointments of the Welsh judges.

It must be admitted that, so long as our Welsh judgeships are made mere political appointments, and those chosen to fill them men taken out of certainly not the first rank in point of talent, a heavy grievance must exist; there doubtless is no greater evil than to have a judge who does not command respect of those who practise before him, or with whose judgments the suitors are not likely to be satisfied. In such a case, an advocate is necessarily obliged in many instances, and naturally apt in all, to set up his own opinion against the judges, and this want of confidence cannot be kept out of sight; and when this leads, as it naturally does, to contentions and squabbles, the decision, even if right, tends but little to satisfy the litigants, for neither party feels that his cause has been fully debated and calmly decided upon. In addition to this, for a judge to be acting at times as counsel, and to be thus subject to have his judgment forestalled, by an artful submission of a case for his opinion in London, upon which he may afterwards be called upon to decide, as judge, on his circuit, is in

itself sufficient to condemn the principle of such appointments. This evil, it must be acknowledged, calls loudly for alteration.

But this abuse ought not to be made the ground for depriving the inhabitants of Wales of a system of jurisprudence decidedly advantageous, if rightly administered: before you can justly abolish, you ought to show that improvement of the present system is unattainable; and because part may be altered with advantage, it by no means follows that the whole should be swept away; for, strange as it may appear to persons unacquainted with business in the Welsh courts, yet it is with but a very small portion of the business that *the judges have any thing at all to do.*

The next point in importance which has been put forward as an objection, is the length of time which is taken up at each place, without any apparent commensurate business to be transacted. It may, at first sight, appear paradoxical to meet this objection, by saying that, instead of an evil, it is in effect a great benefit Rightly to consider this question, it is necessary to take the state of society and property in Wales into view: The community in the principality consists, as far as law proceedings are concerned, only of two classes, the higher and the lower; in the first are to be classed the hereditary proprietors of considerable landed property, almost constantly resident upon their estates; and in the second, the tenantry of those proprietors, holding but small farms, and, indeed, chiefly the old-fashioned hard-working tillers of the soil, totally unlike your modern English agriculturalist, for whom farm has been joined to farm, and who has a host of paid hands to work his extensive holdings, and the members of whose family are brought up to any thing but to dig and delve. The Welsh farmer gains his livelihood literally by the sweat of his brow and the hard-working industry of his own family; and though in one sense he is not poor, having sufficient for his scanty notions of comfort, yet in no sense is he rich; the least deduction from his means strips him at once of his comforts and necessities, for they are one and the same; he has no superfluity. This being so, and remembering that the population of Wales falls very far short of that of England, let us take a view of the assizes in a Welsh county, and let us see how they affect the different branches of society so constituted. It is customary for all the gentlemen of the county to attend the sheriff, and to form the grand jury; and, owing to the comparatively small number, and to their being continually resident in the same neighbourhood, it is natural that a very close intimacy should exist between them; and, generally speaking, the ties of society are much closer in Wales than where there is a greater fluctuation and change, as in the wider sphere of English society. The grand jury are seldom dismissed until the third day of the assizes; and, in the mean time, they usually attend the different courts, and hear the proceedings in the different actions called over, and, in cases of importance, they form

the special juries. Now, we will suppose a question of disputed boundary, or of any other right of property, arising between two gentlemen of this class: the matter of dispute is represented to them, in the first instance, by the agent or gamekeeper, and the claim is directed to be enforced or resisted: an action is commenced; but, before any expense is incurred, the parties meet thus at the assizes, within their own neighbourhood, and amongst their own mutual friends; they hear their names called over in court as parties to a lawsuit, of which, in some instances, this is the first intimation they have had, and they are naturally led to talk over the question between themselves, or they are induced, by the interference of their neighbours, to come to an amicable adjustment. Often the mere talking over of the matter is all that is necessary to explain away the misunderstanding, or an amicable reference takes place before the galling weight of a lawsuit is incurred, or the angry feelings arising from open conflict and public defeat are entertained. Now, suppose that, instead of this opportunity and facility to compromise, thus afforded by the protraction of proceedings, our separate jurisdiction were done away with, and all legal proceedings were to be instituted and carried on at Westminster, and the issue merely *tried* in Wales, or in the adjoining English counties, how different would be the course of things: A claim is set up, the attorney is consulted, proceedings are instituted, and stage after stage process goes on and the suit is ripened for trial; and the very first opportunity afforded the *parties* to confer together and retract, is when the cause is called on for trial, briefs delivered, and all the expense incurred; and even then, if a reference is agreed to, it only increases the expense, and adds to the burthen.

If this is the case with the higher orders, it is tenfold, nay even a hundredfold, more applicable to the lower. Nearly all the questions arising amongst them are questions of debt, to meet which, the simple and efficient form of action called the *concessit solvere* (of which I shall speak presently) is resorted to; the parties themselves almost universally are present at the assizes, and to them the same facility of talking over and settling their demands is afforded, before any more than a few shillings' expense is incurred; this is a great and peculiar benefit to the principality, and one which the removal of the assizes to a distance would deprive such suitors entirely of. And that it is a benefit of general application, all who have had professional experience upon the Welsh circuits will bear testimony, and to the hundreds of actions that are compromised before they have been entered for trial; and every one attending these courts will remember many which, after they have got into the cause paper, have been settled or referred. The action by *concessit solvere* is applicable to all questions of debt upon simple contract: a writ is issued, and a declaration is filed, consisting only of four or five lines, at the most trifling expense, certainly under one pound, if there are no special pleadings; but,

if defended, issue is joined at once; if undefended, judgment goes by default without any further expense. I am now only speaking of the action itself, no doubt improvements and alterations might be beneficially made in the time of its proceedings, and in many other points of practice; but to amend and alter the practice does not affect the question whether the jurisdiction itself is a benefit or an evil, if rightly administered and regulated. It is this confusion alone which has given to Lord Cawdor's pamphlet the plausibility with which it has deceived so many; but the simplicity and conciseness of the *concessit solvere* are so decidedly beneficial, and so peculiarly adapted to questions arising amongst the lower orders in the principality, that, on the circuit with which I am best acquainted, no other declaration is allowed by the bar to be put upon the file, in cases where this will serve; and even this benefit would be done away with, or greatly diminished, if the proceedings were carried on at a distance far out of the knowledge of the parties.

I had proceeded thus far, when I was informed that the Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Courts of Common Law was about to be published, and I waited with anxiety for its publication, as any discussion upon this question, to be satisfactory, must have reference to this Report, and the evidence upon which it is or ought to be founded. I have most carefully gone through this Report, and the evidence published, and my conviction of the great benefit which arises to the principality from its separate jurisdiction, even as it now exists, and the still greater benefit if it were efficiently revised and rightly administered, is greatly strengthened, in spite of the Report being in favor of abolition. With respect to the Report itself, it appears to me to be framed entirely independent of the evidence; it may well have been written previously to the evidence taken, for the generalising tone of the Report steers entirely clear of the particular points set forward in the evidence.

The commissioners, taking the courts of Westminster hall for their model, appear to think that so far as there is any deviation from that system, so far is there an evil; and, certainly, if *the evidence upon this Report* is left out of the question, this is the natural conclusion for those gentlemen (none of them ever having gone a Welsh circuit) to come to; but they should have remembered that, however great their authority upon other subjects with which they were themselves acquainted might be, upon this their opinions are of no value, only so far as they are founded upon this evidence; for no further have they any knowledge of the peculiarities of Wales and its courts. I would not so much complain, if the evidence were as sure of readers as the Report; but, unfortunately, too many of the few who will read at all, will skim over the Report, and seeing what conclusion the commissioners come to, will take it for granted, that conclusion is drawn from the evidence: still more, without looking into the

Report at all, will hear that the jurisdiction is reported against, and will, therefore, join the cry that it ought be abolished. But I would challenge any one competent to form a judgment upon this question; I entreat all who feel any interest upon it, to look carefully through the evidence contained in Appendix (E.) to the Report, and they will find the weight of authority a hundredfold in favor of our separate jurisdiction; and yet how is this mass of evidence disposed of by the commissioners? why, by contrasting it with the opinions of unprofessional gentlemen, and giving to the latter their whole attention! The evidence of their professional brethren, of Mr. Serjeant Russell, of Mr. Serjeant Goulburn, of Mr. Taunton, and of many more equally honourable and able members of the English bar, the commissioners have disposed of in one short sentence, remarkable indeed for its conciseness, and not a little remarkable for its courtesy, and thus it runs: "Though their representations (viz. of the country gentlemen) are opposed by opinions entitled to respect, we cannot fail to observe that these opinions for the most part proceed from professional persons, who may be supposed to feel a partiality for the system in which they are, or have been, personally engaged." Now see, sirs, the fallacious, the flippant manner of this dealing with the only really tangible evidence upon the subject: upon a purely professional question, opinions are to be treated lightly, because they are professional; and upon a question as to the peculiarities of the Welsh judicature, opinions are dismissed with a sneer, because they proceed from men who alone have knowledge of those peculiarities. But independently of the fallacy, is there not much of insult in this sentence? is it to be said that men such as I have named, eminent in their profession for learning, high in character for honour, who certainly do not depend upon the Welsh circuits for their subsistence, cannot these men's opinions, upon a question of general importance to the country at large, of peculiar importance to the principality, in which all of them are well known, and most of them closely connected, upon a question of national jurisprudence, cannot, I say, such men's opinions be depended upon, because of the bias which they derive from the *great* emolument of a Welsh circuit? Surely this is grossly libelling men without a shadow of reason. Are these men entirely or even chiefly engaged in the system of the Welsh courts? Are their names only known on the Welsh circuits? Would their professional importance sink into nothing, if the English circuits were extended throughout the principality? Surely not; these men are far more deeply engaged at Westminster, and on English circuits, than in our country; and a union with the English circuits would increase their emolument, if that is to be set forward as the criterion of the veracity of their profession.

But, sirs, opinions weighty as I contend these are do not make up the whole of that evidence; facts incontrovertible are there

stated in the most conclusive manner. Let any one look to the evidence of E. V. Williams, esq. the son of the late learned Serjeant Williams, evidence more perfectly conclusive I cannot conceive: the whole framework of the matter is detailed in the clearest and concisest manner, and there is displayed an accuracy in technical knowledge, combined with the capacity of adapting that knowledge to enlarged and general views, in a most eminent degree. I wish I could indulge in quoting the greater part of it, but I will content myself with a short passage, which will be found in Appendix (E.), No. 44, p. 438, A. 24: "I look upon the Welsh jurisdiction as a system more convenient and reasonable than that upon which law is administered to the distant counties of England; and I see no reason, because they have to endure the hardship of being compelled to take their causes to a tribunal 300 miles off, why the Welsh should endure it also." A. 28: "A great and general prejudice exists against the Welsh judicature, which I have not the smallest hesitation in asserting arises, in a great measure, from a very general want of knowledge of its constitution and practice. I think I may safely challenge the opponents of the Welsh judicature, to point out any single material ground of complaint which is *not referrible to the incapacity of the judges.*" Let any one interested in this matter turn to the evidence of John Wyatt, esq. the attorney general of the North Wales circuit, whose experience for forty years might have been expected to command the respect of all; on the circuit where he has been so long known, respected, and esteemed, it is difficult to say which is most strongly felt for him, respect or affection; I appeal to his evidence, which is clear, interesting, and satisfactory, as confirmatory of my view as to the great benefit the principality derives from its separate jurisdiction.

But, however little respect the commissioners have shown towards their professional brethren, I think they have shown less regard to the geography of the principality: they seem to have travelled over its mountains as though they were as flat in reality as they are upon the face of the map. It surely can only have been with a pair of compasses that the distances and facilities of getting from one place to another have been judged of; their suggestions as to the alterations in the circuits are so preposterously devoid of local knowledge, that any one, the least acquainted with Wales, must at once see the impracticability of the proposals. To go into particulars would far exceed the limits of this paper; but there is one principle of legislation which appears to me most glaringly unjust. The argument runs thus: That, *because the inhabitants of Wales will not be farther from this assize town, or from the source of legal proceedings, than inhabitants of the distant parts of England are at present, therefore, they will have no cause to complain!* This curing of maladies by comparison may sound well to those unaffected by them; but, whether

it will make forty or fifty miles of mountain travelling appear shorter to the pedestrian suitor and juries, may be questioned; at least, I hope the experiment will not be first tried in the principality. We, at present, possess a great advantage at the expense of no other part of the kingdom; and it is incumbent upon our legislators to show that they can give us an equivalent, before they take it from us. It will be remembered that all I contend for is, that no ground has been made out for the abolition of our separate jurisdiction; that its administration might and ought to be amended or altered, I have all along admitted; and, no doubt, the first and greatest evil is the system of the judges' appointments: indeed, I think in this alone the feeling of opposition of the country gentlemen consists, and thus their evidence may be reconciled with the professional evidence, as the former is founded upon this one objection, without taking other points into view. This objection professional men do not deny; but they see so much benefit arising from other parts of the system, that they are for ever rectifying the evil, without abolishing the whole.

After much consideration, it has struck me that the least violent and the safest and simplest alteration would be, for the two circuits of North Wales* to be joined into one circuit, and the two circuits

* The salaries of the present eight Welsh judges, whose employment renders their circuits little more laborious than a tour of pleasure, and that for not more than two months in the year, would, if we are rightly informed, half pay four judges of the King's Bench, who, to use the phrase of a great judge, are obliged to work like galley-slaves at the oar. Would it be a very profuse expenditure, to add even these four?

The addition of two new judges to the English bench would not be less beneficial to England generally, than to Wales; and if, at the same time, the different Common Law Courts were made branches of one and the same court, we should have a very expeditious and satisfactory dispensation of justice. Mr. Miller has calculated the hours during which these courts generally sit, in the following proportions: King's Bench, six; Common Pleas, four; Exchequer, two; so that the last court does only one third of the business of the first. If the proposed changes were effected, it is obvious that the whole of the labours of the term might be despatched in a much shorter period, and thus the judges would have more time to devote to the duties of the circuit, where many causes are necessarily postponed to the next assizes at a ruinous expense to the suitor. The circuits of North and South Wales would be much less irksome to a judge, than almost any English circuit. North Wales is by no means to be compared in geographical extent with many English circuits; and, although the assize towns at which it would be necessary to stop would be more numerous, this cannot be said to add to the fatigues of the journey, as the amount of the business would be much less. It is not travelling but an overwhelming press of causes that renders one circuit more exhausting than another; travelling through a beautiful country is a delightful relaxation after the sedentary avocations of the inns of court.

We may remark that, if the *welfare of Wales* is intended to be consulted (as is professed) by this measure, a few thousand pounds would

of South Wales into another, thus making two Welsh circuits. Chester I leave to be disposed of as may be judged best; the nature of business there is totally different, nor does it partake of the peculiarities of Wales in any respect. Let two new judges be appointed, who, when not upon the circuit, might be most usefully employed in relieving some of the present overladen courts in London. One of these judges I would have go the North, and the other the South Wales circuit; there then will remain the equity side of the Court of Great Sessions to be disposed of. It has appeared to me, ever since I went the Welsh circuit, that to have a Court of Equity in the principality would be, in a very peculiar degree, advantageous, as a very considerable quantity of equity business has been disposed of on the North Wales circuit, and very satisfactorily of late on the South Wales circuit, and, beyond all calculation, at a less expense than would have been been incurred by proceedings in London. The extensive mining and slate works in Carnarvonshire, and that part of North Wales, have given rise to questions of account, and other questions for equitable decisions; and I think this branch of the separate jurisdiction most desirable to be retained. I am glad to be borne out in this opinion by most satisfactory evidence given by John Wilson, esq. a barrister who goes the Caermarthen circuit: "I consider (says he) the existence of a local court of equity in Wales to be a great and important advantage to its inhabitants. My opinion is that, if it be practicable, it would be advantageous (having regard to the great arrear of business in the High Court of Chancery) that the equitable jurisdiction which now exists in Wales should be retained, even though the legal one should be abolished; and that the advantage to be derived from the equitable jurisdiction would, under existing circumstances, compensate for the maintenance of a separate jurisdiction." To administer this equity, very efficient and satisfactory appointments might be made from men behind the bar of the Court of Chancery, one upon each circuit; and, although it would certainly be more satisfactory to have permanent judges, yet the same objection does not, to the same extent, apply to counsel sitting as judges, as the questions are of so different a nature.* In order to meet this change of four circuits into two, it may perhaps, in some degree, be necessary

be no extravagant expenditure for her sake; but we need ask no such boon; the salaries of the present eight Welsh judges are nearly sufficient to pay two new English judges. In seeing the fund so applied we should have our own interests better consulted, and enjoy the gratification of seeing it, at the same time, an instrument for expediting justice to our English fellow subjects.

* We may remark that, by this arrangement, there is no injustice to Wales, as in the case of counsel doing the business of *common law* judges, since England has no Court of Equity on the circuits; the only Court of Equity for the remotest parts of England are those in London, to which the Welsh suitor may resort, should he prefer sueing there to sueing in his own country.

to shorten the time of the assizes, though not materially, as the Welsh circuits at present are of so much shorter duration than the English circuits; but I think the less they are shortened the better, for the reasons I have before stated. Besides, there is at present an obstacle to any very expeditious despatch of business, which cannot, at least for many years, be removed: many of your readers may hope that that obstacle may ever continue, I mean the existence of the Welsh language. Those who have been only acquainted with business on an English circuit can form no idea of the protracted time necessarily taken up when all the witnesses are to be examined through the medium of an interpreter, your question is to be translated to the witness, and his answer is to be translated to you; to the jury, too, the judge's charge is to be translated into Welsh; thus, necessarily, a cause takes up more than twice the time which would be expended if all understood the same language. Nor let it be thought that this is of rare occurrence; upon the North Wales circuit it generally happens that not one common jury throughout the circuit understands English, and certainly not one witness in twenty. Fancy then a judge coming exhausted from a laborious English circuit, with a bar worn out in the course of weeks by the press of business, accustomed to despatch from a dozen to a score of common-jury causes in a day, fancy them coming into a Welsh town to try one or two or half a dozen causes, will they be likely to bear with patience the fatigue of wading through a cause, to them comparatively trifling, but, to the parties concerned, of the greatest importance? obliged to repeat questions through an interpreter, and addressing the jury in a foreign language, I am confident you would never get them to bear it with satisfactory patience. The country is peculiar, the people are peculiar, and the questions for decision are peculiar, and it would be impossible to have justice satisfactorily administered in Wales when tacked to the tail of an English circuit. I think, if this or some such alteration as I have hinted at were made, and the practice of all the Welsh circuits were submitted to a committee, formed of barristers who possess a practical knowledge of the Welsh courts, with power given to call before them those professional gentlemen who might be most competent to assist them with information, one general code of practice might, I am sure, be framed out of the differing forms which, to meet the local exigencies of the principality, at present exist: many of the offices might be made more efficient, and much expense lopped off; but the abuses which would be found out are by no means so many or so great as to make it a question whether abolition should be resorted to.

Should the gentry of Wales, blinded with one great and crying evil, be led to acquiesce in the annihilation of the Welsh jurisdiction, I am convinced that they would, ere two circuits had passed, deeply repent. Let them but once have to travel out of

their own counties, to be mixed up with the mass of strangers, they would then too late find that much of that importance, so beneficial to their country and so justly gratifying to themselves, would be lost, and the "assimilation," which is so much inquired after by the commissioners, would be hastened in a fearful and fatal degree. Why should we not be allowed to retain our individuality? for it is at the expense of no other people. Let the changes now proposed by the commissioners be adopted, and there is little hope that, forty years hence, a benevolent and liberal mind, such as Mr. Wyatt's, can indulge in the terms with which he has so justly, so beautifully, referred to the peculiarities of our country: it is with his answer to the commissioners' third question that I will conclude: "In regard to the manners and habits of the people, (always confining my observations to the three counties of Anglesey, Carnarvon, and Merioneth,) I have to say that, in my opinion, the manners and habits of the higher orders are as full of urbanity and politeness as those of the higher orders of England; that along the line of the great Irish road, the English language is rather more in use than formerly; but the great bulk of the people speak the Welsh language, and their habits and manners are but little changed; they are a quiet, religious, and loyal, people; their ancient simplicity, and habit of respect to their superiors remain unaltered; and the crimes which disgrace and terrify England, and which her boasted judicature is unable to repress, are little heard of; capital punishments are rarely inflicted; and these three counties boast, with pride and with truth, that, for the last forty years, only two executions have taken place in Merionethshire, two in Carnarvonshire, and none in Anglesey; and, therefore, in my opinion, the manners and habits of these three counties have, in a very immaterial degree, assimilated to those of England."

T.

PROPOSED DIVISIONS OF WALES, FROM THE COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.

	Assize Towns.
IN THE DISTRICT OF CHESTER.	
County of Flint, County of Denbigh, except the two western hundreds of Isdulas and Isaled, .	Chester.
IN THE DISTRICT OF SHREWSBURY.	
The four small eastern hundreds of Montgomery, viz. Deythur, Pool, Montgomery, and Cawrse, .	Shrewsbury.
IN THE DISTRICT OF HEREFORD.	
The county of Radnor, and the hundred of Buallt, and Talgarth, in Brecknockshire, . .	Hereford.
IN THE DISTRICT OF MONMOUTH.	
The hundred of Crickhowel, in Brecknockshire, .	Monmouth.

WELSH DISTRICT.

NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Anglesea, Carnarvonshire, hundreds of Isdulas and Isaled, in Denbighshire, . . .	Bangor.

MIDLAND DISTRICT.

Merionethshire, Montgomeryshire, exclusive of the hundreds mentioned in Shrewsbury district, the hundreds of Geneu'r Glyn and Upper Iar, in Cardiganshire,	Dolgellau.

SOUTH-WEST DISTRICT.

Cardiganshire, exclusive of the three last-mentioned districts, Pembroke, and Carmarthenshire, .	Carmarthen.

EAST DISTRICT.

Glamorganshire, Brecknockshire, exclusive of the three hundreds already disposed of, . .	Neath.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN WALES.

No. II.—Aberystwyth.

"I THINK I have had the pleasure of meeting you before, sir." The words sounded most acceptably in my ears. I had been sitting in solitary state, for three hours, in the common room of the Gogerddan Arms, Aberystwyth, whither the Shrewsbury coach had landed me that evening, in company with some other travellers, of whose acquaintance I was by no means rendered ambitious, by the little communication which had passed between us on the road. The rain descended in torrents; the only newspaper not a week old was bespoke six deep. The fire, which we had ordered in spite of its being July, was particularly unwilling to be called into action at so unusual a season, and glimmered by fits and starts through a pile of superincumbent coal which treatened to roast us all out, when it should once ignite. I tried to take a nap once or twice; but the obstreperous mirth of two Brummejum blades, with white kid gloves and black hands and nail-tips, prevented even this consolation. In despair, I was about to rush to bed by daylight, when the welcome salutation above mentioned roused me to look up: the speaker was a young man about my own age, pale, bilious, and interesting; his face was familiar to me, but, for the life of me, I could not recollect to whom it belonged.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I was almost asleep; I cannot, at this moment, recall your name; I am stupified a little by travelling, sir; I beg your pardon."

"I don't wonder you have forgotten me," answered he, with a smile, "but you may recollect something of a trip to Snowdon, three years ago."

"My dear Mr. Percy, I am shocked to have forgotten you for a moment; I am rejoiced to meet with you again." We shook hands, and were old acquaintances immediately. The trip to Snowdon, referred to, was in truth an adventure worth recording; some time or other I shall venture to lay it before the public.

I rang the bell, and ordered tea. Just then, fortunately, the Brummejum youths jumped up, and said that it had done raining, and they should go out for *a lark*.

"Noisy vulgarians," said Percy, "I wish to my heart they may get their heads broken by some honest Taffy, as they are very likely to do: I am glad, however, we are rid of them. Well, have you been here long enough to see the lions of the place?" "I arrived only this evening," was my reply. "Oh! true; you said you had been travelling; then let me have the pleasure of being your ciceroni; I assure you I understand the place thoroughly, and shall not mislead you, as I unfortunately did in my last attempt at playing the guide." "Let me see," said I: "you have a castle, and an abbey, and.... what else?" "Why," replied he, "I shall not give you a bill of fare at present: tomorrow, if it be tolerably fine, I propose to take you to the Devil's Bridge." "Oh!" I interrupted, "built by the devil, for an old woman to get at her cow, was it not?" "By no means," said he; "there is no old woman in the case. I put the true account of it in my pocket, intending to read it this very evening to a legendmonger of my acquaintance; but, if you like to have the first perusal of it, you are perfectly welcome." "Pray allow me to stand in the place of your legendary friend, and let me hear you read it."

"Just as you please," said he, and drew out a roll of paper from his pocket; a loose scrap fell at my feet. "What! is it poetry?" asked I, all aghast. "No," he replied, laughing; "I did begin to work one part of the legend into a ballad, but far be it from me to inflict that upon you, or any other of the sons of men: come, give me my property." "Stop a bit; let me look at it:

> "'And still the fiend's arch, o'er the cavern deep,
> The mountain shepherds show;
> Where the waters leap o'er the broken steep,
> Down, down to the gulph below.'"

"Pshaw! don't read any more of the trash. There, now I will begin my history." "Stay, Percy, I must speak a word to the reader: 'Gentle reader, you see I cannot enter into the minutiæ of Aberystwyth, at present being engaged otherwise; but, in

No. IV. depend upon much agreeable, instructive, and authentic information thereupon. Now, Percy!"

"My tale, then," said he, "is called

THE WIZARD FRIEND.

Eden Oën, son of Gwaethvoed, was abbot of Llanbadarn Vawr, towards the end of the twelfth century. No priest, indeed, was Oën; but, having a stout castle over his head, and a band of sworded men at his back, the oppressed and cheated monks were fain to put themselves under the shelter of a strong arm that would uphold their rights, though it were at a heavy cost. And so it fell out that the revenues of the holy place were duly paid; no sheep or cattle vanished, by night, from the abbey pastures; their corn was cut down by their own labourers, and housed without hindrance; and, though no small portion of the produce went to feast the retainers of Tŵr Eden, (so was their principal's fortalice called,) yet the house of Llanbadarn was upheld in such comfortable and abundant state, that none could fairly complain of the management of the funds; and the security and tranquillity in which they lived amply compensated, in the minds of the more moderate brothers, for the alienation of their superfluity. Misfortune, and continued vexation, had reconciled them to irregularities which many of their predecessors, in more prosperous times, would have died to look upon.

Eden was a warrior; and, therefore, had small time, and smaller inclination, to perform the duties of an abbot, further than taking upon himself the uncontrolled application of the revenues. But he had taken care to secure the maintenance of his influence, by setting two of his numerous sons as superintendents of the religious colony. The elder of these, Druan Bach, received at once his name and destination, from his sickly appearance, even from his birth. "He will never sit a horse, or hurl a spear," was the father's remark, as the sallow boy crossed the hall, with a loose languishing pace, very unlike the bounding elasticity that had marked the childish movements of his elder brethren, "his arm will never defend his head. Let my holy sons yonder take him in charge, and breed him up to look to the altar, and render me the accounts." To the monks, therefore, he was committed; and grew up with a healthy though slight frame, a quiet subdued demeanour, gentle voice, and placid eye; a mind stored with some learning, sharpened by cunning, and regulated by hypocrisy.

The other brother was placed under the cowl for a very different reason: his mother survived his birth but a few days; and, in a paroxysm of religious enthusiasm, caused by the approach of death, she begged that the child, whose birth had proved so fatal, should be dedicated to the service of God, in the monastery of Llanbadarn. Oën took the required oath with some reluctance; for Archoll

Mam was an unusually large and vigorous child, which circumstance, in fact, caused the event, and gave him his appellation, which signifies the Wound of his Mother. He was not, however, sent to the abbey to be reared like his less personable brother, but was brought up in his father's hall, and trained to his father's pursuits; his brothers took a pride in teaching him the management of the greyhound, the hawk, and the bow; and entertained his boyish wonder with tales of the wild and bloody adventures which they encountered in their military and marauding expeditions. Thus prepared, he entered on his noviciate, which was to be the introduction to his renunciation of the world. At the expiration of this, with whatever feelings, he took the irrevocable vows; and, at the time at which I purpose to begin my history, he held the office of Sacristan, while his brother Druan, with no nominal situation, received the dues, and conducted the affairs of the house, without control or opposition.

At this period, the whole land of North Wales was one scene of confusion and uproar, caused by the claim of Llewelyn to the crown, in right of his father, Iorwerth Drwyndwn, eldest son of Owen Gwyneth, which had been seized upon by David the younger brother of Iorwerth, in the time of the legitimate heir's minority; David was upheld in his usurpation by the English Lords Marchers, to whom he had always paid great observance, as the only supporters he could look to for his rotten title. Wherever there were blows to be given, or booty to be got, Eden Oën was ready to show himself: so, after debating awhile to which party it was his best interest to attach himself, he ordered all to get on their harness, horse and foot, and be prepared to start by daybreak to aid their liege lord, Llewelyn, in the recovery of his rightful dominions; for he had received sure intelligence that the princes of Powys had raised a gallant army, to restore the heir of Gwynedd, and that the people every where received him with the utmost joy and zeal.

Scarce had the troop departed from Tŵr Eden, when the outrages which his presence, or the apprehension of it, had been wont to restrain, broke out in many directions: wild thieves who dwelt in the most difficult and unsuspected recesses of the mountains, in caves formed in the bushy dingles and ravines, or on the very verge of a precipice, or the very edge of a thundering cascade, ventured to prowl out among the rich pastures of the Ystwyth and Dovey, a direction from which the vigilance and cruel justice of Oën in general deterred them. But they supposed him now gone on a distant and uncertain expedition, from which it was possible he might never return; or, at least, with such diminished force, that he would not be able to hunt them from their mountain fastnesses. The very night after his departure, six prime milch cows were driven off from the abbey meadows, within a bow shot of the outer wall.

The morning soon discovered to them the ravage that had been

committed, and no small confusion and dismay arose among the holy fathers. It was not merely the loss, though a heavy one, that affected them; it was the appalling conviction that their property, their lives, were exposed to imminent danger; it was the dreary sense of their precarious and insecure state, to which even their religious character would be small protection: for I grieve to say that, in common with most other communities of the kind, their sanctity was lightly esteemed by the neighbourhood, and not without just cause, "if ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men."

Something, however, must be done: Druan Bach instantly ran over in his mind all the peasantry whose services he could command for watch or ward; and, taking aside his usual counsellers and confidants, he gravely conferred with them on plans of defence, till the return of their warlike abbot. But Archoll, who had been all unused to such cold counsels, thought more of retrieving and revenging the present, than providing against future wrongs; seizing a crook from a shepherd lad, who stood by gaping in stupid dismay, he began eagerly to point out the track by which the beasts had been conveyed away: "Here! see, here, the dew brushed of; on, on; here they crossed the ditch, and— ha! what have we here? blood! and the grass trodden and crushed all round; one of the poor beasts must have resisted here, and they knocked her down; on, on! here they broke down the fence. Now for the marsh! see here, on the soft bare ground, tracks of the scoundrels' feet. *Mammwys Dduw!* but two of them to commit this bold deed! they are not far gone; the prints are scarcely filled with the oozing water yet. Follow, follow! on, on!" And the vehemence of his manner and action induced many of the brotherhood to follow him through the plashing and quaking marsh, much farther than was either cleanly or agreeable. One by one, however, they dropped off: some hastily withdrawing their foot, as it sunk up to midleg into the morass, and skipping back home with infinite agility; others stopping as their breath failed them, and gazing with wonder at the few that still persevered in following their ardent leader, who, regardless of the diminishing numbers, still kept crying "Follow, follow! here I trace them;" till, upon reaching the river-ford, to which the footsteps led, one only of the company remained; and he, staring all aghast at the plunge which the young priest made, without a pause or thought, into the rapid stream, shook his head, and turned slowly back again, just muttering "No, not that, however, for all the kine in Christendom."

But his departure was as unnoticed as that of the rest. Archoll floundered and battled to the other side; and, finding the tracks there fresh, wrung his drenched garments for a moment, and then hurried headlong on. He neither looked to the right or left, nor above nor around him. His eyes were fixed earnestly on the tracks before him, and to these he seemed riveted as by a spell: an old

woman crossed his way, and begged his blessing; he heeded her not; and she dropped upon her knees and prayed for the restoration of the poor priest's senses. A peasant halloed to him to mind the quagmire which he was approaching; he took no notice; and the clown muttered a curse for his incivility. On, on he went: he seemed like one possessed.

Through dells and over hills, across dangerous passes of rock, and shaking bogs, by paths which none but the most experienced in the country could have chosen; the cattle and their drivers had left evident traces of their passage. The sun was now mounting high, and the burning rays fell full on Archoll's bare head: he recked not; on he went. He now traversed a long (endless it seemed to be) range of brushwood, where the broken boughs and crushed wild flowers showed that the objects of his chase had made their way. He made his also, but painfully and slowly: brambles, too stout to be despised, every now and then twisted round his legs, and detained him with a firm and piercing grasp; his feet and legs were torn and bruised by the broken ends of boughs and the stumps of trees. No matter, on he went. The ground rose by a long easy ascent; the brushwood, by degrees, disappeared, and tall trees arose at nearer intervals. As he got nearer to the summit of the hill, he walked more at ease; he gained the top, and looked here, there, everywhere; no more traces were to be seen! He turned back; they were distinctly visible not six yards behind; there they stopped, and all further clue was lost.

He stared in a kind of bewildered amaze for some minutes; and then, for the first time since he had set out, raised his head, like one just awaking from a deep sleep: "Is this a dream?" said he; "have I really been pursuing some flying object, or is it some delusion of the senses? No, no: my torn and discoloured garments, my bruised and bleeding limbs, convince me of the reality of this adventure; let me recollect myself: I set out ere the sun had fairly risen, he has now finished more than half his course; I must have travelled a reasonably long distance, for I lagged not on the road; I would fain know whither I am come, for sure I am this spot is most strange to me." He gazed wistfully around him: he was standing on the brow of a hill, studded with wood, and opposite to another of a similar character. The vale between them was a scene of singular beauty. The wood which he had just quitted swept round irregularly down to the edge of a small clear lake, formed by a rill which tumbled noisily down a perpendicular ladder of rocks, and then, circling briskly round the *llyn*, ran out, in a silvery spiral thread, at the other end, and was quickly lost in the windings of the valley. The turf that clothed the base of the hills was of a bright green, strongly contrasted with the brown heather and pebbly surface of the higher parts, and still more so with the huge masses of rock, whitened with lichen, which were thrown at random here and there. There was no appearance of

habitation; no sound was heard but the rushing of the torrent: it was the stillness of a summer's noon.

The sight of the water was refreshing to Archoll, after his wearisome and vexatious journey. He began to descend the hill, when his attention was arrested by a long loud laugh, that seemed to proceed from behind a gigantic column of rock: Archoll knew no fear; and he ran instantly to the spot, raising his crook, which he had never quitted, with the intention of felling the depredator to the ground, for he had no doubt but that it was the thief who thus mocked his long and bootless toil. He ran round the crags, and encountered, not a stout resisting ruffian, but a lank queer looking lad, sitting quietly on a stone, amusing himself with a large raven. Archoll dropped the point of his weapon, as the lad looked upon him without the least surprise, with a broad grin. "Did you make that shout, lad?" asked he. "I laughed that laugh," replied the other. "What do you here?" said the monk. "Play with my pet bird," replied he, quietly. "How, sirrah!" said Archoll, who strongly suspected he was in league with the marauders, "whence come you?" "From Eryri,* last." "Last!" repeated the astonished ecclesiastic, "why, when left you it?" "Not an hour since." "*Dàl dy davod!*†" said Archoll, "let me hear no more of thy lying jokes, or I will give thee a taste of my crook that shall bang the truth out of thee." "Nay, please your reverence," said the boy, casting a sarcastic glance at the tattered and bedabbled remnants of his canonicals, "I speak the simple truth; and, to prove to you that I do, look here:" he thrust his hand into a hollow of the rock, and pulled forth a mass of hard snow: "I say," continued he, "I rolled this snowball, not an hour ago, in a pit of Eryri, where the sun never yet entered. *Mewn gwir da*, Sir Monk, will you believe that this snow could remain long thus, in such a sweltering day, any where hereabouts." "And how then could you convey it here?" asked the wondering monk. "I could satisfy you there, too," said the lad; "but you look pale and exhausted, as though you had toiled hard to find me out; come, shall I take you where we shall meet with somewhat to refresh your holy reverence?" Archoll bowed in mute compliance. There was something in the boy's manner that amazed and subdued him; but he was, indeed, weary and faint, and refreshment would be welcome, even in a robber's cave, whither he still suspected he was about to be led.

The lad now picked up the raven, who had been cocking his head on one side, the whole time, with the air of an attentive and edified listener, and, throwing him into the air, exclaimed "Fly, Anwylyd!" and the bird darted down, like an arrow, towards the lake, and was out of sight in an instant. "You have lost your bird," said the monk. "He knows his way home," said the boy,

* Snowdon. † Hold thy tongue,

carelessly; and then began to question his companion, respecting the reason of his coming thither. Archoll, though he still believed that he knew the cause as well as himself, yet gave him a full account of his day's adventure, which the youth ever and anon interrupted by loud bursts of laughter. Archoll did not half like his new acquaintance; but, as he was about to become his guest, he deemed it prudent to conceal his feelings.

After walking along the margin of the lake for some distance, a sudden turn brought them to a wild rocky spot, where a huge precipice, with a thousand angular projections, stared them in the face. Behind one of these, and concealed from all chance observation, was a little natural grotto, into which the lad conducted the exhausted monk.

"Here's that will make thee a new man, Sir Priest," said the boy, pointing to a roast kid, smoaking on a wooden platter, beside which was a substantial loaf and a large earthen flaggon, and their late comrade, the raven, sitting knowingly on a slab of rough stone, that served as a bench, by the side of the equally rude substitute for a dining table. There was no time lost in ceremony; the two new friends sat down and fell to work. The monk ate like a famished traveller, the boy slowly and sparingly, with his eye fixed intently on his guest.

In the midst of their meal, a voice from without cried "Davy Sion Evan, want you ought of me?" "Anon," returned the boy, without showing any emotion; "I called thee not; wait my time, babbler." "What is all this?" said Archoll, "with whom dost thou hold converse?" "Heed not," replied he, "thou art in good hands; but, come, hast thou eaten sufficiently, and art thou ready to look after these runagate cattle of thine?" "I am," said the priest, and, drawing another huge draught at the flaggon, which contained a strong and agreeable liquor, to which he was quite a stranger, seized his crook, and stretching his stalwart figure to its full dimensions, exclaimed, "Now then, bring me to the rogue thieves, if thou canst, and 'tis my belief you can lead me to them by as straight and ready a way as to thine own home: boy! I do most strongly suspect that thou art a jackanapes of some rascally gang in these wild hills." "Thou durst not have said so much before thy last draught," said the urchin, laughing, and gazing at the same time with admiration at the fine manly form before him. "But, come, we have work to do; let us begone."

By winding unsuspected paths, less toilsome and difficult indeed, but more wild and precarious, than those he had traversed in the morning, the monk was conducted, for many a mile, by his eccentric guide. It was sunset when they reached the edge of a yawning chasm, that completely stopt their progress. It was a deep, seemingly bottomless, cleft in the solid rock, down which a thundering torrent flashed and roared, amid a cloud of spray,

leaping from one ledge to another, till its deafening crash died into a sullen distant growl, as from a gulf whose depth the hand of man had never fathomed. Here the travellers stopt: "We are at fault," said the lad; "I had forgotten this confounded ditch; I could pass it, perhaps, well enough, but I know not how to bring you over."

"Can we not descend, and pass it below?" asked Archoll."

"No," said the boy, with a look of perplexity, "there is no pass. Thy cattle lie not three bowshots from hence; and a brazen wall from earth to heaven could not stay our pursuit more completely. If we were to take a roundabout, and so avoid this cursed hole, the beasts would be flayed, and cut limb from limb, before we could rescue them. Something must be thought of: Ho! Anwylyd!" he shouted, and, darting down the thick copsewood that bordered the torrent, was soon lost among the thickets.

Archoll stood in mute perplexity: his former suspicions respecting his companion's craft were gone; and all that he had seen of him since filled him with a superstitious reverence, almost amounting to terror. In a few moments, the urchin returned, smiling: "Now then," said he, "come to the edge of this rock, and see the friend I have found in this black gulf." They advanced, and Archoll looked cautiously over the projecting crag, but started back instantly, with a cry of overpowering horror: he saw, seated on a little pinnacle of earth scarcely sufficient for the resting place of a wren, a little deformed old man, with his legs dangling over the impetuous fall, whose very spray seemed enough to overwhelm so diminutive a being. The old fellow was busily engaged in driving stakes, twenty times his own size, into fissures of the rocks; by his side was a trowel and a hod of mortar; he wore a yellow cap on his head; and his whole equipment was that of a country mason; while, with a careless air, he whistled a popular Welsh ditty. "Now come back," said the lad, "Anwylyd loves not spectators of his work." They drew back, and sat beneath a huge blackthorn; while ever and anon the tinkle of the trowel, and the blows of the hammer, and the shrill whistle, heard above the roar of the waters, announced that the fantastic labourer was still at his work. After a time, a voice, cracked and discordant as a worn-out ballad-singer's, called out "Davy Sion Evan, here is thy bridge; come over and shake me by the hand." "Nay, *hen gadno*,"* returned he, "you might know me better than that." "Then, send me over the good priest by thy side, that I may help him to his cattle." "Come and see who it is that invites you," said Davy. They went to the water's edge: there was a rough, but substantial bridge of wood and stone, stretching its firm arch over the yawning cavity; and, on the other side, stood the old mason, with a grin of delight on his face, offering his hand, with much

* Old fox.

cordiality, to the pair opposite. "Come and give me the hand of fellowship, Sir Priest, and I will feast thee like a prince. I have a dinner below that would tempt thy most sanctified brotherhood, aye, to forget morning mass or evening penance. Ha! ha! say I, well, holy father? Or think you that ought on earth could tempt such saintly men from their duty?"

At this moment, the woods rang with the barking of a dog, and a bob-tailed sheep-cur came dashing through the bushes, with his nose tracking the ground. "Poor wretch," said the boy, "thou hast lost thy master, but I will find thee a new one: here, boy, here!" and he took from his bosom a cold remnant of the kid on which they had been feasting, and held it to his nose: the dog, hungry and exhausted, sprang eagerly at it: the lad flung it across the bridge to the other side, and the dog bounded over after it. In an instant, the old fellow threw his arms round the howling beast, and leaped with him over the precipice; but, ere he fell, he turned up a grisly look: "Davy Sion Evan, thy turn shall come yet, thy wit will not hold out for ever." He shook his fist at the lad, and was lost in the fathomless gulf.

"We may now go over in safety," said Davy; "the workman has had his wages;" and, taking the bewildered monk by the arm, led him across the perilous bridge. As he had said, the cattle were soon found, tied to trees, round a miserable hovel, in the centre of a dark glen. Two wild looking fellows, whose bright quick eyes gleamed out of a bush of hair and beard, lay beside them; and setting up a loud scream, when the two adventurers appeared, without further parley, sprung upon their legs, and ran off at full speed. Archoll, and his useful ally, Davy, loosed the kine, and drove them homewards, by a more circuitous, but safer and easier, route.

It was long past sunrise, the next day, when they reached Llanbadarn. At the outer gate stood two stout clowns, with axes in their hands, and bows at their backs: "How now, Hurddgen," said Archoll, as the fellows bowed low at his entrance, "do you watch the chest when the goods are gone!" "Your reverence has brought the goods back, I see; more's the wonder," said the peasant; "but they will be blythe to see you within, father, for bad news has been stirring since you left us; and such counsellors, and doers too, as you can be ill spared." "Is it so?" said the monk, "then I tarry not to ask questions; but hold.... see this youth; feed him with such as the kitchen furnishes, and then put him either to watch here with you, or to do some office for the service of the house."

On his entrance, he found the whole brotherhood assembled, with dismay and consternation pictured on their faces. They had that morning been roused by a horseman from the train of Edno-wain, informing them that that chief, with two of his sons, had

been taken prisoners, in a skirmish with a party of the Earl of Hereford's troops, who were on their march to aid David ap Owen against his nephew. Five hundred pieces of gold were demanded as their ransom, and three days only allowed to collect it; and the captain of the troop roundly swore, if they brought not the sum within the time allowed, he would hang them all three up in front of Llewelyn's camp. No time was lost in despatching messengers to all the dependancies of Ednowain to raise the money, with all speed, and in every way; but more especially he enjoined his dear and holy sons of Llanbadarn to produce all their worldly substance, without delay, for the preservation of their father in the flesh as well as in the spirit. The sum was immense; every one turned an eye of anxious expectation on Druan Bach, who, with tears in his eyes, and a sad shaking of his head, declared it utterly impracticable for their poor plundered society to furnish any thing of moment. After this declaration, all looked in silence and despair upon one another; there seemed to be no help, no hope.

A thought suddenly struck Archoll; he rushed out of the hall into the court yard: "Ho! Hurddgen! where is the lad I gave into your care?" "I victualled him well, father," answered the man, "and then sent him to the field to fright the crows from the corn." "Haste and bring him hither, good Hurddgen," said the monk, "I myself will keep thy guard the while." "There is no need of that," said the clown, as he stopped his incipient run, "for I see him sitting yonder at the barn door, like a lazy loon, instead of earning his bread in the honest way I devised for him." Archoll went briskly up to him: "Davy, why art thou not at the work that was set thee?" "I have done it," answered the lad, sharply. "How mean you? done it! The crows will return to the corn, though you fright them off many times." "Not unless they break open this door," returned the urchin; I drove them in here, that they may be out of the way of doing mischief." And a gaping plough-boy, who stood by, exclaimed "By the might of our lady, I saw him drive them before him like so many geese, and shut them up in this barn." Archoll cautiously opened the door, and, looking in, saw a countless multitude of crows, covering the floor and beams, and looking sorely annoyed at their unwonted confinement. He closed the door; and, looking intently at Davy's undisturbed visage, said "Thou canst help us in our need, if there is help on earth; be thou man or fiend, we must employ thee: follow me!"

[*To be continued.*]

SNOWDON.

King of the mighty hills! thy crown of snow
Thou rearest in the clouds, as if to mock
The littleness of human things below;
The tempest cannot harm thee, and the shock
Of the deep thunder falls upon thy head
As the light footfalls of an infant's tread.

The livid lightning's all destroying flame
Has flashed upon thee harmlessly, the rage
Of savage storms have left thee still the same;
Thou art imperishable! Age after age
Thou hast endured; aye, and for evermore
Thy form shall be as changeless as before.

The works of man shall perish and decay,
Cities shall crumble down to dust, and all
Their "gorgeous palaces" shall pass away;
Even their lofty monuments shall fall;
And a few scattered stones be all to tell
The place where once they stood,—where since they fell!

Yet, even time has not the power to shiver
One single fragment from thee; thou shalt be
A monument that shall exist for ever!
While the vast world endures in its immensity,
The eternal snows that gather on thy brow
Shall diadem thy crest, as they do now.

Thy head is wrapt in mists, yet still thou gleamst,
At intervals, from out the clouds, that are
A glorious canopy, in which thou seemst
To shroud thy many beauties; now afar
Thou glitterest in the sun, and dost unfold
Thy giant form, in robes of burning gold.

And, when the red day dawned upon thee, oh! how bright
Thy mighty form appeared! a thousand dies
Shed o'er thee all the brilliance of their light,
Catching their hues from the o'er-arching skies,
That seemed to play around thee, like a dress
Sporting around some form of loveliness.

And when the silver moonbeams on thee threw
Their calm and tranquil light, thou seemst to be
A thing so wildly beautiful to view,
So wrapt in strange unearthly mystery,
That the mind feels an awful sense of fear
When gazing on thy form, so wild and drear.

The poet loves to gaze upon thee when
No living soul is near, and all are gone
Wooing their couches for soft sleep; for then
The poet feels that he is *least* alone,—
Holding communion with the mighty dead,
Whose viewless shadows flit around thy head.

Say, does the spirit of some warrior bard,
With unseen form, float on the misty air,
As if intent thy sacred heights to guard?
Or does he breathe his mournful murmurs there,
As if returned to earth, once more to dwell
On the dear spot he ever lov'd so well.

Perhaps some Druid form, in awful guise,
With words of wond'rous import, there may range,
Making aloud mysterious sacrifice,
With gestures incommunicably strange,
Praying to the gods he worshipped, to restore
His dear lov'd Cymru to her days of yore.

Or does thy harp, oh, Hoel! sound its strings,
With chords of fire proclaim thy country's praise;
And he of "Flowing Song's"* wild murmurings
Breathe forth the music of his warrior lays;
And Davydd, Caradoc—a glorious band—
Tune their wild harps to praise their mountain land?

Thou standst immoveable, and firmly fixed
As Cambria's sons in battle, when they met
The Roman legions, and their weapons mixed,
And clash'd as bravely as they can do yet.
The Saxon, Dane, and Norman, knew them well,
And found them—as they are—"invincible!"†

Majestic Snowdon! proudly dost thou stand,
Like a tall giant ready for the fray,
The guardian bulwark of thy mountain land;
Old as the world thou art! As I survey
Thy lofty altitude, strange feelings rise,
Of the unutterable mind's wild sympathies.

Thou hast seen many changes, yet hast stood
Unaltered to the last, remained the same
Even in the wildness of thy solitude,
Even in thy savage grandeur; and thy name
Acts as a spell on Cambria's sons, that brings
Their heart's best blood to flow in rapid springs.

* Aneurin Gwawdrydd.

† Vide Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, No. I. page 17.

And must I be the only one to sing
Thy dear loved name? and must the task be mine,
To the insensate mind thy name to bring?
Oh! how I grieve to think, when songs divine
Have echoed to thy praises night and day,
I can but offer thee so poor a lay.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE REV. EVAN EVANS.*

[*Continued from page* 145.]

For my own part, I consider this as no mean argument in favour of what Nennius and the British history affirm respecting the arrival of a colony of Trojans, with Brutus their leader, in this island; and I can no otherwise account for our having so many Greek words mixed with our language. The Irish, Erse, and Manks, which are, I believe, the only dialects now remaining of the Celtic language, are free from such an intermixture; for the Armorican and the Cornish are dialects of the ancient British, and have continued the same as far back as we have any records, insomuch that, though I believe we were originally of the same stock with the Gauls, yet had we a different dialect from all the other *Celtæ*, from the time of the arrival of Brutus here. It is greatly to be wished that learned men would consider this subject coolly and impartially, and account in any other rational manner why we of this island should have any words in our language (as we have very many) which our ancestors borrowed from the Grecians. This could not have happened without some considerable stay in their neighbourhood. I shall here take the liberty of transcribing a few passages from "*Pezron's Antiquities of Nations*," which may conduce to throw some light upon what I have here advanced.

For besides that Saturn reigned in Phrygia, part of which was afterwards called Galatia, from the *Gauls* or Galatians who settled there, it may be observed that no finer scarlet was made any where than in this province; and it is evident that the word κοκκος, *coch*, scarlet, is derived from the Gaulish language; and it is very remarkable that both the Greek and Latin words for this colour may be clearly traced from the Celtic origin, as well as many hundred others not generally supposed to be thence derived. This name, in all probability, was borrowed from the Phrygians, to whom the Greeks, according to the confession

* We are enabled to state that this Article has been transmitted to us by the Rev. Peter Bailey Williams, of Llanrug, Carnarvonshire; a gentleman to whose patriotism and learning we are much indebted.—Editors.

of *Plato*, were indebted for many other words: thus χρονος seems to come from kroone, in British *coronoz*, which signifies crowned; because *Saturn* was the first of the Titan princes who wore a crown, and it was in Phrygia that he kept his court, where perhaps he first took that dignity upon him; and so there is no wonder that the Phrygians should give him this name, and from them it was most probably transmitted to the Grecians. It is known that *Rhea* was both wife and sister* to Saturn, which in these days is considered very strange, and very justly so; but we shall show in another place the reason of this custom, which was also used by the Persians, Egyptians, Carians, and other nations. Rhea, in Celtic, signifies Lady (*Rhiain*); as *Rhi* doth a Lord. The Greeks and Romans are to be pitied that they can give no better etymologies of these names of their pretended deities, which are all false, and have, if I may make use of the expression, nor rhyme nor reason in them. All these names come from the language of the Titans, which was no other than that of the *Celtæ*; and whoever is not acquainted with this language, which is still spoken in some parts of France and Britain, will make nothing of it but guess-work, and wander and shoot beside the mark; and this may be clearly proved from the names of the succeeding princes. And there is a singular circumstance mentioned by Homer with regard to these Titans, which may be noticed here: Speaking in his Iliad of a small river near *Troas*, which ran from Mount Ida into the sea, he says, the Gods gave it the name of *Xanthus*—Ον Ξανθον καλεσσι Θεοι, ανδρες δε Σκαμανδρον, Quem Xanthum vocant Dii homines vero Scamandrum; which the Gods call Xanthus, but men Scamander. Most persons who read this poet know not who those Gods were that gave the name of Xanthus to this river; and, therefore, here we are to understand that those Gods of whom Homer speaks, then, were no other than the Titans, that were with Jupiter and Saturn, and therefore they are by the scholiast frequently called Θεοι Τιτηνες, seu Titanes, Dii Titanes, the Titan Gods; and these divine appellations were given them on account of their being esteemed the descendants of the Gods, that is, of *Uranus*, Saturn, and Jupiter, who, among the Grecians, passed for great Gods in ancient times. Gomer, who was the eldest, must certainly, as well as the rest, be the founder of a people; and who could they be but the Gomerians, from whom, according to Josephus (lib. i., lib. 7), the Celtæ or Gauls were descended. And if Gomer be the true stock of the Gauls, as I have already made out by so many proofs and authorities, they must needs have a language quite different from other people, and that was the Celtic tongue. But, to carry this matter no farther, which indeed appertained to no other than the European provinces towards the west, it was at first the language of the Gomerians in Asia, then of the Sacæ,

* Venus, also, was both the wife and sister of Vulcan; supposed to be the Scripture Tubal Cain, Balcain, Vulcan.

afterwards of the Titans, and also of the *Cimbri* or *Cimmerians*; after all which, that is, in a series of many ages, it became at last the language of the *Celtæ*, who were better known by the name of Gauls. But let us not rest here, for we ought to neglect nothing for the confirming a truth which may be contested, because it has continued hitherto concealed and unknown. It is certain, from what has been offered, that the Celtæ, who extended themselves to the utmost boundaries of the west, that is, into Gaul* were the descendants of those who anciently bore the name of *Titans*. *Callimachus*, who flourished in Egypt 250 years before our Saviour's time, was so satisfied with it, that he took delight to recount it, because it seemed to tend to the honor of Ptolemy Philadelphus, his hero, who played them a very ill trick. I will insert the whole paragraph here (observes Mr. E. Evans), because it is curious, and as it relates likewise to the British history; for *Beli* and *Brane* were Britons, and are the persons here meant by the poet to have come from the farthest borders of the west, which are Great Britain and Ireland. Και νυσσόθι ζυνος τις ελευσεται αμμιν αεθλος υσταῖος, &c. Here Celtæ, Κελλαι, were, according to that author, Οψιγονοι Τίτηνες, Titanum Posteri, or rather Titanum sera Posteritas, the descendants of the Titans, and if I may say, their last and remote posterity; if these Celtæ came from the blood of the Titans, it is not to be doubted but they preserved their language, as being that of their fathers and ancestors, and what I have said before is a clear proof of it; but I have shewn, in treating of these princes who ruled over the Titans, that they were contemporaries of Abraham, and even of his father Terah.

The Celtæ were, therefore, anciently seated on both the extremities of Europe, towards the east and west; besides, we have historians and geographers who fixed the dwellings of the Celtæ from the Danube to the Alps, and in all the west and north, wherein it may be said they were not mistaken. It was upon these topics and authorities that the most ancient Greeks comprehended two-thirds of Europe under the names of *Celtæ* or Celto-Scythæ. Veteres Græcorum Scriptores (says Strabo) universas Gentes Septentrionales, Σκυθας και Κελτο-Σκυθας εκαλουν, (Strabo, lib. x.) This learned man had already said, in his first book, that those ancient Greeks gave also the name of Celtæ and Iberi, and Celto-Scythians, to those people who lived towards the western parts of Europe. His words are, "Celtæ et Iberi, aut mixto nomine Celtiberi ac Celto-Scythæ appellati sunt." We ought to be satisfied, from those ancient Greek authorities, that the provinces of Europe, as well towards the west as the north, were full of Celtæ, which gave Ephorus, who lived a little before the reign of Alexander the Great, occasion to say, that Celtica was of a prodigious extent: Ephorus ingenti magnitudine dicit esse Την Κελτικην, Celticam.

* The author might have added, into Great Britain and Ireland.

The ancient Grecians, we see, understood very well that the Celtæ in ancient times had possessed a great portion of Europe, and they plainly enough own it. But it is strange that they did not know that the same Celtæ, under the name of Titans, continued about three hundred years masters of the Lesser Asia, Thrace, and Greece, without exception, which I have so well proved when I treated of Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter, that it cannot be overthrown. On the other hand, the Latins could not be ignorant that one-third of Italy had for several ages been in the possession of the Cimbrians, who were a Gaulish or Celtic* people: the same thing may be said with respect to the Sabines, Osci or Opici, the Volcians, and Brutians, all of whom (and they were very ancient) were descended from the Celtæ; and indeed I cannot but wonder that the Romans either did not know, or else perhaps dissembled it; and the Greeks did the same with respect to the Titans; for the ancient fragments, which we have still in our hands, both of the one and the other nation, would induce us to think they were not altogether ignorant of this truth.

But here comes another remark of much greater importance, it relates to the Æolic tongue, and plainly makes out that it has borrowed an infinity of words from the Celtic or Gaulish language; and to the end that it may not be thought that I would either impose upon the world, or speak at random, I will produce several expressions of the ancient Æolic language, which could come from no other than the Celtæ, even when they went by the name of Titans, and were masters of all Greece. I might in this place set down all the numerals, from one to ten or rather twenty, from twenty to a hundred, and so on to a thousand: the two languages agree so well in this that there is no room to contest it. These numbers we may perhaps produce in another place, that the reader may the better judge of them; however, by the way, let me ask from whence the Æolians made the word πίλοϱες, *quatuor*, for τέτταϱες, but from the Celtic, *petar*, *pedwar*, four? from whence their πεμπε, *quinque* (for the vulgar πέντε), but from the *pemp* or *pump* of the Celtæ, which signifies five? Again, does not Δεκα, *decem*, ten, come from the *dec* or *deg* of the Celtæ or Gauls; and these also say *deudec*, to signify twelve, from which comes the δυοδεκα of the Grecians. So much of numbers.

We shall now take notice of several other words in the ancient Æolic, in order to shew the similarity there is between them and those of the Celtic tongue. We read in ancient authors that the Æolians said Μεις, *mensis*, a month, for Μην; and *that* also they had from the Mis of the Celtæ. They also said Γοινος, *vinum*, wine, *gwin*, for οινος; because the Celtæ used the word Goin, *gwin*; and from thence, by the way, Baragoin, in that language, properly signifies a man that speaks ill, because he does

* The terms Celts and Gauls, according to the Editor of the Cambro-Briton, were not synonimous. See that work, vol. ii. p. 155, 127.

but begin to speak, and asking for bread and wine, which are the chief necessaries of life, for the word *Gwin* signifies wine among the Gauls, and so did *bara*, bread; and hence came the Greek word *βορα*, in Latin *cibus, esca*, for food in general.

The Æolians used *Δουνος, collis*, for *βουνος*, and that from the Dun, or Din, of the Celtæ, which signifies a hill or eminence.* *Δυνος* was used by the Æolians for *ευνος, ζυγος, jugum*, a yoke, because a yoke is a thing that is carried; and the same comes from the Celtic *dwyn*, to carry.

The Æolians said *πορκος*, instead of *Υς*, for a hog, from the Celtic Porch†; and *πυλιος*, instead of *φρεαρ*, a well, from the Celtic word Pydew, which signifies a pit.

Let us proceed a little further for the better illustration of what I have advanced. The Æolians said *βρυν*, for *mamma*, a woman's breast, which the Celtæ anciently and still call *Bron;* and, when infants want to suck, they say, "*mam bron,*" being as much as in the ancient Latin, "*mamma da mammam,*" i. e. mother give me the breast; for the *mamma* of the ancient Latins came from *mam*, mother, among the Celtæ, and from *mam* came also the *mamma* of the Latins. Again the Tata of the ancient Latins, as also of the Greeks, signified father, because the Celtic or Gaulish word; *Tad*, from which children made *tata*, implied the same thing, viz. a father. The like may be said of Papa, which also signifies father, in Celtic, but this only by the way.

Let us now return to the ancient Greek. The Æolians made use of the word *Καρρον, carrus* or *currus*, because *carr* among the Celtæ was a carriage, cart, or wheeled vehicle. The Æolians also said *Δρυς, quercus*, an oak; and *derw*, in Celtic, means the same thing; and from thence came the word Druid *derwydd*, the term made use of by the Gauls to denote that order of men‡ supposed to have been so called from their being accustomed to divining by oaks. The Æolians said *κανναβις*, and the Celtæ, *canub*, hemp. They also used *αλλος*, for *alius*, from the word *all* (*ar-all*) of the Celtæ, which signified another; *χορος*, chorus, a choir or company, from the Celtic *cor*; *καυλος, caulis*, coleworts, from the Celtic *cawl*; *κρανιον, cranium*, a head or skull, from the *caran* of the Celtæ. They also used *νησος, insula*, an island, and the Celtæ said *inis* or *ynys*. The ancient Grecians said *φορνος, furnus*, and the Celtæ *ffwrn*, an oven; *φορος*, was their word for Forum, and the Celtæ said *Ffair*, or market. The Æolian word *Γυφ* came from the Celtic *gup*, a vulture. They also said *Σκυβαλα, quisquilia*, from

* Hence the modern words, dwynan, tywynan, towyn, sandhills, in some appellatives in Wales; as Towyn Merioneth, Towyn Tremadoc, Towyn Penbre, Towyn Aberteifi, &c.

† At present *Porchell* is the expression made use of.

‡ Hence probably Cerrig y Druidion, the Druid Stones, a place so called, in Denbighshire.

the Celtic, *ysgubell* or *ysgubion*, sweepings or ordures. The ancient word Θρανς, rumor, clamour, they had from the Celtic, *trwst*, which signifies noise; and αμμα, *vinculun*, they had from the Celtic, *amar* [*am-aerwy*], a band. They had also βαρη, from the Celtic, *bac*, a boat, to pass the water. I could easily produce a great many other words, to show, and that plainly enough, that the Greek tongue, especially the Æolic dialect, borrowed a great deal from the Celtic or ancient Gaulish language, which still survives in Bretagne, in France. And if those already produced be not sufficient, I shall elsewhere swell the number to seven or eight hundred, which will place the matter beyond all manner of reasonable doubt.

Note. Υδωρ, *dwr*, *dwvr*, water; and ηλιος, *haul*, the sun, may be added to the foregoing list.

A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF BRITAIN, FROM THE TIME OF MAXIMUS THE TYRANT, SO CALLED,* TO THE RETREAT OF THE LOEGRIAN BRITAINS TO THEIR COUNTRYMEN IN WALES AND BASSE BRETAGNE; AND THE FINAL CONQUEST OF LOEGRIA (NOW ENGLAND) BY THE SAXONS, WHICH TAKES UP THE SPACE OF 300 YEARS, THE MOST OBSCURE AND DARK PERIOD OF OUR BRITISH HISTORY.

Maximus, called the Tyrant, ruled in Britain from the year 383 to 388; our British writers call him Macsen Wledig,† and they assert, that he was a Briton, and that he was married to Elen Luyddawg,‡ daughter of Eudaf, or Idave, king of Britain;§ but others, without any just cause, reason, or foundation, deny that he was born in this island; and, at the same time, cannot tell of what country he was a native. Gildas, the querulous historian, charges him (amongst the other British kings whom he calumniates,) with having destroyed two emperors (his masters), and these were Gratian and Valentinian, A.D. 383. He carried a vast army over to Gaul, which never returned, but settled in Armorica; where they obtained lands from the emperor. Armorica was the name of all the sea-coast from the Rhine to the extremity of the country, now called Basse Bretagne; Armorica, in the Gaulish and British tongues, signifying on the upper sea *Ar y mor ucha*, so that the word ought to have been originally written Aremorica;

* Tyrannus, translated Tyrant in ancient times, signified no more than prince, ruler, or governor.

† *i. e.* Maximus the Sovereign.

‡ *i. e.* Helen the bellicose, or Helen attended by a warlike host.

§ There were two of this: 1. Eudave, or Octavius, son of Carndoz ap Bran, chief of Erging and Euas, who lived about the close of the first century: 2. Eudav, prince of the Cornish Britons, from about A.D. 330 to 370, who seems to be the personage here alluded to.

let antiquaries inquire whether it is so, or whether there are not good grounds for this etymology. The prince or general of these Britons was Cynan (Conan) Meriadoc. This army, which may be called a colony, being only conducted from one Roman province to another (both Britain and Gaul being under the same Roman power, which was then on the decline), these people had a right to establish themselves wherever their emperor thought proper; and, wishing to remain amongst their friends, the Gauls, they took possession of that part of the country now known by the name of Little Britain, in France, but called by them Cornouailles. Our ancient British book, called the *Triades*, mentions this British army* under the title of *Un o dri Arianllu Ynys Prydain*;† and asserts further, that they went to Llydaw‡ under Macsen and Elen Luyddawg, being in number 21,000 men, and that they never returned; Llydaw, or Lledaw, is the British word for Basse Bretagne; but the particular extent of the ancient Letavia is not very well ascertained. The settlement of these insular Britons in Armorica was the means of establishing a commercial intercourse and a friendly communication between them and the Loegrian Britains; and especially between them and their near neighbours, the inhabitants of Cornwall, which was a small principality under the Loegrian crown; and they even called their country in Armorica, Cornouailles, as was before mentioned; and there is a striking affinity between the two languages even to this day, but they differ considerably from the Welsh or British, and much more from the Irish and Erse.

These Bretons (as we shall hereafter call them), being an independent colony, preserved themselves, by their valour, a distinct kingdom for a considerable time; for we find Anthemius, the Roman, desiring their assistance against the Saxons and Visigoths, on the Loire, whither they brought 12,000 men to his assistance by sea, the Visigoths having stopped their way by land; but the enemy, having contrived to compel them to engage before they had joined the Romans, they were defeated, and, with their general or prince, *Riothine*, were obliged (for that time) to retreat to the Burgundians, who were allies of the Romans. As the Roman empire declined, the fate of these Bretons followed it; for, soon after this battle, the Franks, a German nation, who inhabited the banks of the Rhine, made themselves masters of all Gaul. The Bretons, like the other provincials, revolted from the Romans, and set up for themselves. Gaul was then possessed by the Romans and their provincial subjects, the Bretons and Burgundians, and also by the Goths and Franks, who had taken advantage of the weakness of the Roman empire, and had erected a kingdom of their own. Arcadius, the Roman emperor, reigned in the East,

* See Cambro-Briton, vol. i., p. 87.

† *i. e.* One of the three mercenary armies of the Isle of Britain.

‡ Lledaw—Letavia.

and Honorious in the West; when the northern nations poured in upon all the provinces, under the different names of Alains, Vandals, Gepides, Huns, Goths, Burgundians, Saxons, Angles, Franks, Herules, Lombards, Jutes, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, &c.

The Franks, under Pharamond, their first king, possessed the country between the Elbe and the Rhine, A.D. 437; and, under the command of Clodion, or Claudian, their second king, entered Gaul, A.D. 455, and obtained possession of Cambray and Tournay. Meroveer, or Merovius, his successor, beat the Germans and the Belgæ; and his son, Childenic the First, made himself master of Paris, Orleans, and Angers, and routed the Saxons, who then, A.D. 479, fought under the Roman ensigns, on the Loire. After Childeric had defeated the Saxons, they joined their forces and subdued the Alains, to whom the Patrician Ætius had given up Armorica, in order to punish the revolted inhabitants. This was the Ætius, mentioned by Gildas and Bede, who refused the insular provincial Britons the succours they wanted against the Scots and Picts, the old enemies of the Roman empire; for, being himself greatly harassed by the Goths, Franks, &c. he could hardly maintain his ground in Gaul, independent of assisting the provincial Britons. Clovis, the son of Childeric, fought the Romans near Soissons, defeated them, and took their general or king, Siegrus, prisoner, and privately murdered him, A.D. 486; and afterwards claimed a right of conquest to all the provinces of Gaul, which were under the authority of the Roman empire. The Bretons of Armorica entered into an alliance with Clovis, and helped to establish his conquests. Clovis compelled the king of the Burgundians to become his vassal; the king of the Thuringians entered into an alliance with him; and he killed the king of the Allemands in a battle near Zulpick. Clovis's reign was a continual scene of war, and lasted thirty years. After the battle with the Allemands, he passed the Rhine, and brought the Germans, as far as the Rhetian Alps, into subjection, a nation whom the Romans could never conquer; but these people had at this time weakened themselves by seeking foreign conquests. The Visigoths, in Gaul, still remained to be subdued; Alaric was their king: the Ostrogoths, who had obtained possession of all Italy, had Theodoric, his father-in-law, for their king. These joined their forces against Clovis, who rapidly passed the Loire, gave them battle, and thus became possessed of the two Aquitains. This was an age of havoc and desolation over all Europe. The inhabitants of Britain were particularly in great distress, the Romans had taken away all their able-bodied young men as soldiers, and deserted them, and left them, without the means of defence, exposed to the incursions of their relentless enemies; and thus the island, deprived of its warriors, became an easy conquest to the first invaders. Thus, about the year 447, when the Franks and some of the Northern tribes took possession of Gaul, the

Saxons obtained a footing in the Isle of Britain: and a long continuance of war at last brought on a famine, which was soon after followed by a pestilence, and such a one as seemed to threaten to depopulate the whole island: the cold northern climates escaped it best, as may reasonably be supposed; and the consequence was, that the warlike tribes of these regions spread their conquests southerly, where the pestilence had left but few inhabitants to oppose them.

The Scots of Ireland, and the Picts of Albania, or North Britain, whose situation protected them from the Roman vassalage, became too powerful for the Loegrian Provincial Britons, who, on account of the island having been made the seat of empire, were enervated by the luxuries of the Romans, and the country drained of its youth to supply the continual wars carried on by their conquerors, and these foreigners had left them a mixed and degenerate race, corrupted by all their follies, vices, and dissipations, without any emulation of national honour, to rouse and stimulate them to great actions. They could call themselves, properly, neither Britons nor Romans; and the greatest oppressor was considered the greatest man; and he who could copy best after their old masters, the Romans, was principally caressed, admired, and imitated. In this situation of affairs Gwrtheyrn Gwrtheneu, or Vortigern, a general, under the influence of the Roman party, arose; he was earl of Euas and Erging, *Jarll Euas ac Erging*, countries bordering on the Wye, in South Wales; and took possession of the Loegrian crown by treachery, to which Cambria, Albania, and Cornwal, had formerly been tributaries. The Picts and Scots, who inhabited some parts of Albania, now Scotland, despising his authority, made inroads upon his dominions. It happened that some German sea-rovers, in three ships, were driven upon the coast of Kent, who offered Vortigern their services to chastise the Picts and Scots, of which he accepted, and these people returned home and brought over with them a great number of Angles, Saxons, Jutes, and other Northern tribes, who inhabited the countries bordering on the Baltic. These strangers, attacking the Scots and Picts upon the sea-coasts, while Vortigern, *Gwrtheyrn*, surprised them by land; and, with the assistance of the Caledonian and Strathlwyd Britons, they were entirely defeated, and driven to the extreme parts of the north; for which service the king gave the Saxons the Isle of Thanet, in Kent. The Saxons seem to have been the most powerful party of them; and their chiefs or admirals were two brothers, namely, Hengist and Horsa: their language was the Teutonic, or German, then spoken by all these different nations, though it was afterwards called the Saxon; their religion was Paganism; and they had not the use of letters. They were, from their infancy, inured to war and hardships; and, by being allowed a multiplicity of wives, they increased so fast, that they were obliged, by the law of the country,

to send out colonies, which swarmed all over Europe. These warlike piratical nations, having tasted of the sweets of the Island of Britain, and having observed the dissentions among the natives, and finding there was another competitor for the crown, namely, Emrys Wledig, *Aurelius Ambrosius*, who had been under the necessity of seeking an asylum among his friends in Armorica, and who pretended to be of Roman extraction, was expected over soon to try his right to the crown, in opposition to the reigning prince. Upon learning these particulars, the Saxons took an opportunity of quarrelling with their employers, and demanded more land and better wages; but, as the Britons supposed they would have no further need of their services, they resisted these demands. These foreigners, however, sent over for more succour to the continent, in order to take by force what was denied them by fair means; and the Britons, being apprehensive that Vortigern was favorably inclined towards them, he having espoused Rhonwen, the daughter, or, according to others, the niece of Hengist, they set up Gwrthevir, *Vortimerus*, in his room. Gwrthevir fought several battles with these new-comers, but was at last poisoned, as it is generally supposed, by the artifices of his father's Saxon wife. Upon Gwrthevir's, *Vortimer's*, death, Gwrtheyrn, *Vortigern*, had interest enough to be again reinstated king of the Roman party. But whether he feared the power of the friends of his competitor, Emrys Wledig, *Ambrosius*, in and about London, or whether he was apprehensive of an invasion on the Loegrian coast, he chose to secure himself within the castle of Gwrtheyrnion, *Gwrthyrynion*, in Cambria; in which country there was, at that time, a person, of great skill and knowledge in arts and sciences, called Myrddin Emrys, *Merlinus Ambrosius*, his skill in natural philosophy, mathematics, mechanics, and poetry, obtained for him, among the vulgar, the name of a prophet. His mother was a nun, daughter to the king of Dyved, *Dimetia*, who became pregnant in a nunnery, and, in order to save her reputation and her life, she gave it out, that some angel or spirit had lain with her in her sleep. Her character for sanctity, and the circumstance of her being of royal blood, assisted in propagating this story, so that it was generally believed. But the writers of *that* and the following ages knew better things, for, by them, he (Merlin) was frequently called "*Anop y Lleian*," *i. e.* the nun's mischance.

Dr. Davies, in his dictionary, mistook this for a proper name: see his Catalogue of Writers, at the end of that publication, where he calls him "An ap y Lleian," *i. e.* AN the son of the nun. One of the poets tells us plainly, that his father was concealed

"Tad y Mab nid adnabu
(An ap ei Vam) neb pwy vu."

[*To be continued.*]

YMÐIÐANION VY MAM.

I.

Hwn! vy Mam, pa edn yw?
O Hedyð yw,
Vy Mab, eheda vry i'r entrych draw,
Pob bore gyda'r wawr, tan voli Duw
Yn velus iawn; ac yn ei ol ni ðaw
I'r ðaear mwy, hyd nes gorpheno ei gân;
Gan ðysgu dyn mai ei ðyledswyð yw
Pob bore, ar ol ymolchi yn lân,
Gwir wneuthur cofa am ðaioni Duw.
O vy Mab, tebyga di yr Hedyð ar ei daith,
Yn wresawg byð mewn gweði cyn dexreu dim o'th waith.

II.

Hwn! vy Mam, pa edn yw?
Colomen vach,
Vy Mab, yn trydaru wrthi ei hun,
Un voð a'th nain, neu ti, pryd nad wyt iax;
Colomen hof! mor harð ei lliw a'i llun!
Mor fyðlawn ið ei xymhar hevyd yw!
Vy Mab, na thavla gareg at ei phen;
Mae mor, ðiniwaid! O gad iði vyw,
Na xlwyva hi, goðeva hyn o sen.
O vy Mab, tebyga di y wâr golomen hon,
O hyd mewn diniweidrwyð a thawel vyð dy vron.

III.

Hwn! vy Mam, pa edn yw?
O Alarx gwyn,
Vy Mab, o don i don yn noviaw'n harð,
Nes cyrhaeð tawel ðwr, o tan y bryn,
Lle cân ei varwnad uwx no'r mwynao varð
A llais melusax noc erioed o'r blaen;
Ac yna gorweð ar ei wely llaith
I varw, ac ei esgyll gwyn ar daen;
Mal hyn yr Alarx a dervyna ei daith.
O vy Mab! tebyga di yr Alarx. Yr un weð
Mwy nevawl boed dy eiriau wrth nesu at y beð.

TRANSLATION.

I.

Mother, what bird is this?
A Lark, my son,
That heavenwards, in the dawn, begins her strain,
Nor, till her morning orisons be done,
Doth she revisit this sad earth again.
And thus she teaches man, that ne'er should he
Rise to his daily task of toil and care,
Till, with uplifted hands and bended knee,
He pours to God thereverential prayer.
Then imitate the Lark, my son, through all thy future days,
In lifting to thy God, each morn, the voice of prayer and praise.

II.

Mother, what bird is this?
A Dove, my son,
That, like thyself, when sickness dims thy blue
Eye, murmurs forth a low and plaintive tone.
Beautiful dove! how fair in form and hue!
And oh! her mate she loves how faithfully!
Let not a stone, by thee, my son, be sent
Against her gentle head, nor ever try
To harm a thing so soft, so innocent.
But, like the Dove's, let all thy life be pure as it is now,
And peace shall dwell within thy soul, and beam upon thy brow.

III.

Mother, what bird is this?
A snow-white Swan,
That sails in beauty o'er the heaving surge
To that blest waveless haven winds ne'er fan,
Where she may chant her last and sweetest dirge—
Oh sweeter far than highest Minstrel's tongue!
Thus she, reclining on her liquid bed,
Pours out her soul in music and in song;
Her gleaming wings in ecstacy outspread.
Oh! like the Swan's, my gentle boy, such be thy couch of death,
May heavenly song be borne upon thy last-expiring breath.

Jes. Col. Oxon. E. DAVIES.

WANDERINGS IN WALES.

NO. II.

Towyn—Ynysmaengwyn—The Ghost of Pont Vathew.

"....And well I know those mountain wilds,
And ev'ry bosom'd vale and valley stream
Are dear to memory." *Southey's Joan of Arc.*

VARIETY is the charm of human existence. To a mind loaded with satiety, and, perhaps, stung with misfortune, a long abiding in one place, is by no means agreeable. Mountains look less, rivers are not so refreshing; and the still and silvery lake, which at first sends such reviving energy to the wearied spirit, degenerates into a tame and placid pool; even the very woods, with their broad green glades, fail to communicate their customary sensations of secluded consolation. And so we left Tal-y-llyn, on our way to Towyn Merionydd, eight miles distant, and celebrated no less for the sanative powers of its miraculous wells, than—and we record it with due reverence—the simplicity of its inhabitants. A bright summer sun, an unclouded sky, with scarcely breeze enough to ruffle the dark waters of the lake, were no very encouraging indications of sport: nevertheless, we resolved to try our fortune in some of the deep dark-sheltered pools, which we knew we should find in the river of Maes-y-pandy.

A stroll of nearly two miles brought us to a spot well calculated, from every outward and visible sign, to afford us some diversion. Here the river, after brawling over and battling with every stone implanted in its uneven bed, came tumbling over a rock, with a deep, dark, and shady basin, bounded on the side where we stood by a slightly elevated bank of green moss, and on the other by a higher bank, on which some large sycamores had once grown, their roots now only remaining, and projecting over the stream, so as effectually to shade off the sunbeams from its waters. A slight descent from one path brought us at once to the mossy margin of the stream; and, before we could properly arrange our tackle, we were tantalised by some grand and most tempting *rises*. Now, then, began the work of delusion and of death; and our angling readers will sympathise with us, as we watched our flies dancing lightly o'er the ripples of the pool. They will, also, readily picture to themselves our ecstacy, when we saw a fine yellow-bellied, dark-finned, hog-backed trout, just thrust his Epicurean nose out of the water, and *suck in* our fly, with as much gusto as a gourmand would swallow a transparent piece of *green fat*. Then comes the run, and away he goes *up* the river—for he is a three-pounder—swift as the wind: till, after a quarter of an

hour's idle play, he is securely landed on the green bank of the river; and, after a convulsive *flop* or two, he is safely consigned to our fishing-basket, to provide a most inviting grill for our *petit soupé*.

After spending a profitable half hour in this sweet spot, we wended on our way along the green margin of the river. Our course lay at first between two ridges of hills, on which were displayed some spirited attempts at cultivation; and which, although they confined the prospect, imparted notwithstanding a feeling of lowly grandeur to the scene. Soon, however, did these rocky barriers expand, and, receding as we advanced, finally disappeared in an extensive moorland waste, where grandeur, silence, and desolation, reigned triumphant. We know of no district in this part of Wales, nor indeed of any other, where there is a bolder display of mountain scenery. High above all, the pyramidal *Craig Aderyn**, or the Bird's Rock, lifted its dark pinnacle into the clear blue sky; while the round, billowy, and sterile mountains of *Llwyn-dû* and *Llwyn-gwril*, present a more stupendous boundary to the prospect. This is, in truth, a rude and rugged region, with few traces of cheerfulness and joy, and not many of cultivation and industry. Here are no corn-fields, no "dew-bespangled meads," and no mountain rivulet, rippling between mossy banks and lulling the ear with the murmuring melody of its waters. Often, in my boyhood, have I traversed this sublime solitude, the deep stillness of which was only interrupted by the sound of my footsteps or the echo of my voice, by the hoarse croak of the rock-raven, or the shrill scream of the kite, as it wheeled in circling eddies far far above me:

> "And scarce mine eye encounter'd living thing,
> Save, now and then, a goat loose wandering,
> Or a few cattle, looking up aslant,
> With sleepy eyes, and meek mouths ruminant."

But this scene of desolation and dreariness is not extensive. The moorland waste terminates in a ridge of hills, the north-western declivity of which leads to a broad and fertile valley, interspersed by the river Dysynwy, and comprising the rich broad lands of Peniarth and Ynysymaengwyn. This, which may be called the Vale of Towyn, stretches away towards the north-west, where it is bounded by the Bay of Cardigan, and from which Towyn is situated rather more than a mile. Here we arrived soon after mid-day, and quartered ourselves at the Raven, the only respectable *cabaret* in the place.

Towyn, we have already intimated, is a secluded and poor place; and, in saying so, we are guilty of no exaggeration. Situated at one of the extreme points of a country, possessing, in itself, but

* This very curious and inaccessible rock derives its name from the immense multitude of birds, aquatic as well as terrestrial, which build and breed in its holes and ledges: their clamour is most discordant, especially towards evening, when they prepare to roost.

few resourses of wealth, it serves no other purpose than a mart to which a portion only of the produce of the neighbouring lands is brought for sale; and the absence of all busy traffic, added to its secluded situation, will probably preserve it for centuries in its present humble condition. Yet, poor as it is, it possesses a blessing, at least in the estimation of the natives, in a WELL, which, like the Pool of Bethesda, cures, or is supposed to cure, the maladies of all who bathe in its waters. Here the athritic, the asthmatic, the rheumatic, the phthisical, the hipped, and the hurt, find a sure remedy for their diseases; and a journey to Towyn Well is equal in efficacy to a pilgrimage to the Holy City, in the romantic times of Pagan Chivalry. The number of persons, all, however, of the lower order, who resort to it is astonishing. While we were there one evening we saw three patients undergoing ablution; in a field on one side were several more preparing to perform the same ceremony. That many persons have really derived benefit from bathing in Towyn Well is not improbable; as its water, being strongly impregnated with sulphur, may be found serviceable in many cases of chronic diseases; but the majority of those individuals who now resort to it are impelled to do so by a superstitious infatuation, for which it would be difficult to account on rational principles. Some of the most zealous devotees go so far as to *drink* the savory beverage, which must be rendered infinitely more efficacious after it has washed a score or two of invalids, and pursued its course through the sepulchres of the neighbouring churchyard.

The only river near Towyn, worthy the notice of the angler, is the Dysynwy, which is an enlarged continuance of the waters that have their egress from Tal-y-llyn. This river, after rolling through as rude an assemblage of rugged mountains as is to be found in Wales, flows through the flat and fertile Vale of Towyn, passing, first by Peniarth, a seat belonging to the Wynne family, and then, by Ynysymaengwyn, the fine old mansion of the Corbet's; and, finally, entering Cardigan Bay, about a mile or rather more eastward of Towyn. This is an excellent river for salmon, and it contains some remarkably dark and deep pools, more especially near Peniarth, where the river winds close by the house, which has been known to furnish fish to the amount of nearly two hundred pounds worth in the year. We would not, however, recommend to the angler whose time is precious, to spend more than two or three days at Towyn, as he will find quite as good, if not better, sport farther up among the mountains. We ourselves did not sojourn there more than three days; and should not have been tempted to have tarried so long, had it not been for the warm hospitality of two or three "auld acquaintance," whose kindly welcome made our visit very agreeable.

Before we leave Towyn we must mention one or two of its lions. First, comes old Griffith Owen, *the harper*, whilome butler,

at Ynysymaengwyn, afterwards landlord of the Raven, and now an invalided infirm old man. In his younger days Griffith Owen was, undoubtedly, one of the best harpers in the principality. To a good knowledge of music, he added so much taste and delicacy of touch, that it was one of the greatest treats possible to hear him play. He was a great favorite at Ynys, and, on all grand occasions, repaired thither with his harp, and played during dinner for the entertainment of his patron's guests.

And here let me say a passing word or two respecting this same patron, the late Edward Corbet, esq. of Ynysymaengwyn. Of all eccentric, odd, inconsistent, and heterogeneous mortals, Mr. Corbet was the most extraordinary. To a mind well cultivated by education, were added a quickness of intellect, and a love of satire, so keen and powerful as to render the possessor at once the object of envy and of fear to his less enlightened neighbours. Lawyers, and all connected with the law, Mr. Corbet could not abide, neither had he much veneration for the members of the clerical profession. Yet was he often courteous and hospitable to persons of all denominations, whom chance or business brought to Ynysymaengwyn. He was a cynic and a wit; a man of the world; and, when he pleased, a very polished gentleman. He was, by turns, petulant and affable; entertaining every one with the flashes of his wit, and the bitter, but often just, severity of his satire. He was always charitable, but not always considerate in his bounty; and, while early habits of imprudence had marked his character with a stain that time could never wholly obliterate, his manners and mental qualifications were such as might well adorn the highest noble of the land. Proud, Mr. Corbet never was, although he possessed a domain that produced him several thousands *per annum*, and was, in the district where he resided, *the sole* and absolute ruler. One example of his charity will be exhibited by the following fact: When he came into possession of this fine property, he determined to study medicine, with a view to benefit his numerous tenantry. To this end, he placed himself under the tuition of a celebrated physician, in London, from whom he acquired a sufficient knowledge of the practice of physic to enable him to render very essential benefit to the poor peasants on his estate. When I last saw him at Ynysymaengwyn, he took much pride in descanting upon the great good he had done by indulging this propensity; for, knowing that I had been educated to the medical profession, he gave me credit, I suppose, for duly appreciating his proficiency in the art of healing. He had fitted up a small apartment in the house as a dispensary, and a very abundant supply of useful medicines it contained. This fancy was really of great utility to the inhabitants of a district which is distant at least twelve miles from the residence of any respectable practitioner; and Mr. Corbet told me that he had recently conducted several families through the measles, attending them daily,

and prescribing for them with all the gravity, and certainly with all the sincerity, of the most erudite physician.

Mr. Corbet died about seven or eight years ago, in London, and was buried, with some pomp, at Towyn, after "lying in state" at Dolgelly, *en route*. His memory will long be remembered in Merionethshire, and with very different feelings.

> "Some good he did, some harm, so hope all 's even,
> And that his soul, through mercy, 's gone to heaven."

We left Towyn in the afternoon, intending to walk as far as Bryn Mawr, the beautiful residence of Mr. Morgan. A young man from Dolgelly went with us part of the way, and told us, as we walked along, the following tale of

THE GHOST OF PONT VATHEW.

"I had been spending a few days in the neighbourhood of the little town of Towyn, which we have just left, and had set off on my return to Dolgelly, about seven o'clock in the evening. It was in the autumn, and the day had been beautifully fine, and even sultry, but the sun had finally set amidst a golden canopy of glowing clouds, which an experienced shepherd would have said foreboded a tempest. But a kind mother expected me at Dolgelly that evening, and these portentous signs had no influence to retard my departure. I rode on, therefore, slowly and silently among the quiet hills, and thought only of reaching my journey's end before nightfall. Of all the districts in the wild but beautiful county of Merioneth, undoubtedly that which I was then traversing, and which we are *now* traversing, is the wildest. It may be justly called the highlands of Merionethshire; and the peasants have bestowed upon this desolate tract the name of *Fordd Ddu*, or the Black Road. Being entirely out of the usual route of English travellers, its inhabitants have retained their language and their customs almost in their pristine purity; and the rugged hills which enclose them have hitherto presented an impenetrable barrier to the innovating effects of civilization. My path lay through a tract as desolate as it was rugged and romantic: a deep wood bounded this path on the left, and you may see it stretching out yonder, while a long and dreary ridge of heather-covered hills shut out the prospect in an opposite direction; before me were the wooded mountains of Peniarth and Celynin, and behind me were Towyn and the sea.

"I had not ridden more than two miles before the wind arose, at first sighing plaintively amongst the foliage of the trees, and afterwards rocking them to the very roots with violent and fitful gusts. The sky, too, was overcast with black clouds, and I had the very comfortable prospect of being overtaken by one of those

sudden and tremendous storms which sometimes agitate our mountainous districts.

> " Loneliness
> Hung o'er the hills and vallies like a shroud,
> And all was still; sombre the forests lay,
> A mass of pitchy darkness, in the scowl
> Of that dark sky, a solitude of death!"

" I had already arrived opposite Craig Aderyn, or the Bird's Rock, when a few drops of rain fell, and my horse, startled at the discordant screaming of the birds, began to plunge in a way not very agreeable to his rider. I had, indeed, no small difficulty in guiding the terrified animal through this desolate defile; for the birds on Craig Aderyn were so clamorous, as if in deprecation of the coming tempest, that my spirited horse became almost unmanageable. I succeeded, however, in gaining the extremity of the pass, and, wrapping my riding cloak around me, rode on as briskly as the rocky road would permit; but I could not escape the tempest. The thunder soon began to rumble at a distance, each clap becoming louder and louder, and being preceded by a more vivid flash of lightning. The rain, too, fell in such torrents, that I determined, if possible, to reach the rude village of Pont Vathew, which was about a mile distant, rather than pursue the road to Dolgelly. My sagacious companion seemed to have discovered my design; for I had scarcely conceived it, before he set off at a round trot, and, in a few minutes, brought me safely to the door of the humble pothouse of the hamlet. Pont Vathew, or Matthew's Bridge, as you will presently see, is merely an assemblage of some half-dozen huts, near a rapid river, about four miles from Towyn; and can boast of no place of public entertainment, except the miserable house before which my horse had stopped. But this house, humble as it was, was quite sufficient to shelter me from the storm; and, giving my horse in charge to " mine host," I entered it.

" The principal apartment in a Welsh pothouse is, like that of most others, the kitchen, and into the kitchen of the Blue Lion, at Pont Vathew, I proceeded, and found there several persons; some, like myself, seeking shelter from the storm; others prevented from quitting their carousals by the fury of the raging tempest. I was known to most of them, three or four, indeed, were tenants of my mother; so that, upon my entrance, I was respectfully greeted, and the seat of honour was immediately ceded to me. Thus I soon found myself in the large settle by the fire, with a jug of excellent ale on a small round table before me. There is a sort of freemasonry amongst the guests in an inn kitchen, which is admirably conducive to conviviality and good humor; and this is more particularly the case on a stormy night, when the churlish tempest levels all distinctions, and respects the poorest peasant quite as much as the proudest patrician. The conversa-

tion, therefore, goes on uninterrupted by the arrival of a new comer, and every one who has been benighted on a tempestuous evening is well acquainted with the usual conversation in an inn kitchen on a stormy night; more particularly in those pastoral districts where superstition so powerfully sways the minds and manners of the people. All the horrible incidents of the district are revived, all imminent "perils by flood and field," from time immemorial, are related, and the time is beguiled by strange stories of ghosts and goblins, "black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, with all their trumpery," all are solemnly attested, and all implicitly believed.

> 'Meanwhile, the landlord rouses up the fire
> While well attested, and as well believed,
> Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
> Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.'

"Thus it was with us at Pont Vathew; and divers strange and marvellous narrations were related by my untutored and honest companions. The principal subject, however, was a murder, which had been perpetrated many years ago, close to the spot where we were assembled, and under circumstances of particular mystery and atrocity: A young man, the son of a neighbouring farmer, had for some time paid his addresses to the daughter of a widow, whose husband had been bailiff to the Owen's, of Ynysymaengwyn. She was a pretty, modest, good girl, and had, unfortunately for our young farmer, already fixed her affections upon another individual. Nothing daunted at this, however, Evan Davies still preferred his suit with ardour and perseverance, but in vain: the maiden loved him not, and all his addresses were rejected. Indeed, he was one whom very few maidens could love. His disposition was as brutal and passionate as his manners were boisterous and dissolute; and it is said he was connected with a gang of smugglers, who frequented the neighbouring coast. In the secluded districts of North Wales, all the inhabitants of such districts are known to each other, and so are all their virtues and vices; Ellen Owen, therefore, was no stranger to the profligacy of Evan Davies, and she began to be alarmed for the result of his persevering attentions.

"She had gone one day to Towyn market, to dispose of some eggs and butter from her mother's little farm, where it was Ellen's delight to carry its humble produce, for Morgan Griffith, her own true love, was generally at the market, and a meeting with him always increased the innocent pleasures of this virtuous girl. On the present occasion, however, Morgan was not there, for he had gone to another part of the country upon business for his father. Ellen sold her little stock, and then went to see a kind old aunt, who lived in the town. Now, kind old aunts are proverbially given to gossiping, and the time passed away so pleasantly, that evening had already arrived before Ellen had quitted the cottage; and

oh! how she wished that her dear Morgan was with her, as she thought of the long lonely way which she had to traverse. But, thinking how delighted her good mother would feel, when she wrapped round her the warm woollen shawl which she had purchased with a portion of her own little savings, and, it may be, not wholly unmindful of the affectionate kindnesses of her lover, she tripped merrily on her way, and hoped to reach her home before night. She was seen to cross the brook, which runs across the road just at the entrance to Towyn, by one of the persons who was present with me at Pont Vathew, and he spoke to her as she passed, cautioning her to speed quickly on her way, as there would be a storm that evening, and it might come on suddenly. Ellen thanked him for his advice, and passed on. But she had not left Towyn long, before a tempest, such as is rarely seen even in that district of storms, arose, agitating earth and heaven with its violence. The peasant who spoke to Ellen as he entered the town, hoped that she might reach her home in safety, but shuddered when he thought of the long, dreary, rugged path which led thither.

"Dreadful, indeed, was the devastation wrought by that sudden tempest! houses, cattle, and trees were carried away by the mountain torrents, and the woods and meadows by the river-side were overflowed with water for many a day afterwards. But what became of the poor solitary maiden in that dreadful commotion? alas! she never reached her happy home again.

"On that terrible evening there were assembled at the Blue Lion, at Pont Vathew, several individuals who took shelter from the tempest as they were returning from Towyn Market. Once they thought, when the storm was at its height, that they heard a shriek near the house; but, looking out, they could not see any thing in the thick darkness, and hear nought but the splashing of the troubled waves, and the soughing of the furious wind. The next morning, however, a peasant from a neighbouring cottage, was going over the bridge, when his attention was attracted by something in the river, which appeared to him like the carcass of a drowned sheep. It had passed under the bridge, and, just beyond it, had become stopped by the depending branches of an osier tree. As he approached it, he was undeceived in his conjecture, and found, to his utmost horror and astonishment, that it was the dead body of a female, and, lifting it out of the water, he discovered the well-known features of poor Ellen Owen. Running to the hamlet, he made known his discovery, and the corpse of the ill-fated girl was conveyed to the Blue Lion, till her unhappy mother could be apprized of the event. On looking at the body, a bystander perceived an unusual appearance about the neck: it seemed as if it had been violently grasped, for it was nearly surrounded by livid streaks, plainly indicating the indigitations of a large and powerful hand. In a country like North Wales, murder

is a crime very rarely perpetrated; and the simple peasants could scarcely persuade themselves that any one could exist sufficiently brutal and wicked to destroy the life of so meek and blameless a being as Ellen. The proof, however, was before them, and they soon found an individual upon whom they could fix the commission of that most foul and horrible deed: first one recollected, then another, that he had seen Evan Davies loitering on the road to Towyn on that terrible evening; and the suspicion that he was the murderer was powerfully corroborated by his total disappearance, from that day to the one on which I heard the story at Pont Vathew. No one saw or even heard of him afterwards, although Morgan Griffith used every effort for his discovery and apprehension; and the corpse of the maiden was consigned to the silent dust, amidst the tears and lamentations of those who knew and loved her. Time passed on, and twenty years had elapsed since the perpetration of a crime which was yet fresh in the memory of all, and the relation of which never failed to beguile the winter's evening in many a peasant's cottage. But Pont Vathew was haunted ever afterwards by the beautiful apparition of Ellen Owen: a storm never occurred without bringing with it the troubled spirit of the murdered maiden; and there are few of the peasants of that part of the country who have not seen it struggling in the foaming waves of the rapid mountain river. I was particularly interested by this narrative, and this interest was augmented when I found that it was exactly twenty years ago, that very day, that the murder was committed; the coincidence was remarkable, and the sequel more so.

"The evening had become far advanced, and the storm was still raging with violence; the lightning, however, was less vivid and frequent, and the thunder was not so loud and prolonged. We were sitting very comfortably round the fire, and commenting upon the horrible recital which I have just related, when, in one of those intervals of tranquillity when the tempest seemed, as it were, to pause for breath, we heard a long, loud, and almost unearthly scream, and then a plashing of water, as if some one was struggling in the river. 'There, sir!' exclaimed several voices, 'hear the ghost! the Lord have mercy upon us!' and we were all instantly and completely silent. Now, the Welsh are a highly superstitious people, but they are also generous and heroic; and upon my representing that it might have been the shout of some drowning person which we heard, with one accord, we all rushed out towards the river. It was dark as pitch, excepting that part of the river immediately above the bridge, and this was illumined by a broad red light, which threw a lurid reflection upon the opposite bank, and encircled the body of a man, who seemed striving with some unseen and terrible power in the troubled waters. In an instant, the light was quenched, and the struggling ceased; but, on hastening to the river-side, we saw, by the light of a

lantern which we had brought with us, the body of a man, floating down with the current. A boathook being at hand, we succeeded in arresting its progress, and, eventually, in bringing it to land. We carried it to the Blue Lion, and used every means for restoring animation, but all in vain; life had been utterly extinguished; and the swollen and distorted features of the corpse indicated the severe struggle of the final contest. The deceased appeared to be a stranger; he was a middle aged man, rather genteelly dressed; and, as no one knew him, his pockets were searched, to lead to the requisite discovery. Several papers were produced, most of them relating to nautical affairs, and nearly all of them indorsed 'John Oliver.' In a pocketbook were also found bank notes to the amount of about thirty pounds; and, upon a more careful scrutiny, a letter was discovered, which cleared up all the mystery relating to the stranger's name and destination; it was very illegibly written, and evidently the production of a sailor, who was then a prisoner in the county gaol of Dolgelly, for smuggling. It seemed that for twenty pounds he could effect his release, and he had written to the deceased, urging him to come forward with the money, and arrange matters respecting his liberation; at the same time, threatening, in the event of his refusal, to disclose the particulars of a certain murder which he, John Oliver, had committed, some twenty years ago, at Pont Vathew. The horrible truth now flashed upon us: the drowned stranger was Evan Davies; but none of us dared to ask what was the lurid light which we had seen on the river."

By the time our companion had related his story, we had reached that part of the road where a path leads over the hills, by Llys Bradwen and Llyn-y-Cregenau, to Bryn Mawr, so, bidding him farewell, we struck up into the mountains, and as we wended our way in joy, we heard him whistling merrily as he pursued his way along the turnpike road to Dolgelly.

MABINOGION.

[*Continued from p.* 179.]

The men of the south journeyed with miserable wailing towards their country, and nothing wonderful; they had lost their lord, with many of their choicest warriors, and their horses, and their arms, the greatest part.

Gwyr y deheu á gerddynt ag argan truan gantynt parth a'u gwlad; ac nid edryvedd, eu harglwydd á gollysynt, a llawer oc eu goreugwyr, ac eu meirch ac eu harvau ganmwyav.

The men of Gwynedd returned home joyfully triumphant.

Gwyr Gwynedd á ymchoeles drachevn yn llawen orawenus.

"My lord," said Gwydion to Math, "would it not be right for us to liberate the noblemen to the people of the south, whom they have pledged with us as hostages for peace, and whom we ought not to imprison?

"Arglwydd," ebai Gwydion wrth Math, "ponid oedd iawn ini ellwng eu dy lyedawg i wyr y deheu, à wystlysant ini àr dangnevedd, ac ni ddylywn eu carcharu?"

"Then let them be liberated," said Math.

"Rhyddâer, ynte," ebai Math.

So the youth and the other hostages that were along with him were permitted to depart after the men of the south.

Ac y gwas hwnw, ac y gwystlon à oedd gyd ag ev, á ellyngid yn ol gwyr y deheu.

Then Math repaired to the fort of Dathl.

Yntau Math á gyrchwys gaer Dathl.

Gilvathwy, the son of Don, and the family that had been left with him, proceeded to make the circuit of Gwynedd, as they had been accustomed, and without approaching the court.

Gilvathwy vab Don, ac y teulu à vuesynt gyd ag ev, á gyrchynt i gylchaw Gwynedd, màl y gnotaysynt, a heb gyrchu y llys.

Math repaired to his chamber; and then he ordered a place to be prepared for him whereon to rest his elbows, so that he might put his feet in the lap of the damsel.

Yntau Math á gyrchwys ei ystavell, ac á beris cyweirdw lle iddo i benelinaw, màl y cafai ddodi ei draed yn mhlyg croth y vorwyn.

"My lord," said Goewin, "seek now a maid, who may be beneath thy feet: a woman am I."

"Arglwydd," ebai Goewin, "cais vorwyn à vo is dy draed weithan: gwraig wyv vi."

"What is the meaning of that?" said Math.

"An attack was made upon me, my lord, and that privately: and yet I was not silent; there was not in the palace any one who could not hear me. Thus the attack came; thy nephews, sons of thy syster, sir, Gwydion, the son of Don, and Gilvathwy, the son of Don, did accomplish violence upon me, and shame also to thee: I have been slept with, and that too in thy chamber and in thy bed."

"Well," said Math, "all that I can I will do: I will bring it about for thee to obtain redress first; and in pursuit of my own redress I will also proceed. And, in respect to thyself, I will take thee to be my wife; and I will also give possession of my property into thy hand."

And in the mean time Gwydion and Gilvarthwy kept aloof from the court, but continued going the circuit of the country, until there went a prohibition against them as to their meat and drink.

In the first instance theywould not come into the presence of Math; then at length they came to him.

"Sir," they said, "a good day to thee!"

"Well," said he, then, "is it to make reparation to me that you are come?"

"Sir, at thy will, are we."

"If my will, I should not have lost of men and arms all I have lost: my shame you cannot repair to me, besides the death

"Pa ystyr yw hyny?" govynai Math.

'Cyrch, arlwydd, á ddoai am vy mhen, a hyny yn ddirgel; ac ni bum ddystaw innau; ni bu yn y llys neb nis gwypai. Sev cyrch à ddoai; dy neiaint, meibon dy chwaer, arlwydd, Gwydion, vab Don, a Gilvathwy vab Don, trais arnav á orugynt, a chywilydd i tithau; cysgu á wnaethbwyd gènyv; a hyny i'th ystavell ac i'th wely di."

"Je," ebai Math, "yr hyn à allav mi ei gwnav: mi á barav it gael iawn yn gyntav; ac yn ol vy iawn y byddav innau; a thithau, mi yth gymerav yn wraig im; ac á roddav veddiant vy nghyvoeth i'th law dithau."

Ac yn hyny, ni ddoynt Gwydion a Gilvathwy yn nghyvyl y llys, namyn trigaw i gylchaw y wlad á wnaynt, yni elai gwahardd iddynt àr eu bwyd a llyn.

Yn gyntav ni ddoynt yn nghyvyl Math; yna y delynt wy ato ev.

"Arglwydd," ebynt wy, "dydd da it!"

"Ie," ebai yntau: "ai i wneuthur iawn imi y daethawch chwi?"

"Arglwydd, i yth ewyllys, ydd ydym."

"Pei vy ewyllys, ni chollwn o wyr ac arvan à gollais; vy nghywilydd ni ellwch chwi ei dalu imi, heb angeu Pryderi. A

of Pryderi. And since you then are come thus to my will, I shall begin a penance upon you."

chàn daethawech chwithau i'm ewyllys innau, mi à ddechreuav boen arnawch."

And thereupon he took his wand of illusion, and struck Gilvathy so that he became a well-sized hind; he then turned upon the other quickly, who, though he wished to escape, could not, and, striking him with the same wand of illusion, he too becomes a hart.

Ac yna y cymerai ei hudlath ac y terewis Gilvathwy yni vydd yn daran ewig: ac achub y llall á wnai yn gyvlym, cyd mynai ddianc nis gallai, ac ei daraw ag yr un hudlath yni vydd yn gerw.

"For," said Math, "you are now in confinement; I will cause you to walk together; and you will be coupled as fellows, and of the same nature as the animals in whose appearance you are; and, in the nature that progeny may be to them, be the same to you likewise: and, in a year from this day, come you here to me."

"Canys," ebai Math, "ywch yn rhwymedigaeth; mi á wnav ywch gerdded ygyd; a byddwch gymharedig, ac yn un anian ag ydd aniveilaid yd ywch yn eu rhith; ac yn yr un anian y bo etivedd iddynt hwy, i vod i chwithau; a blwyddyn i heddyw dowch yma atavi."

At the end of a year, to the same day, Math could hear an uproar beneath the wall of the chamber, and the barking of the dogs of the palace mixed with the uproar.

Yn mhen y vlwyddyn o'r undydd, llyma y clywai Math odorun a dàn bared yr ystavell, a chyvarthva cwn y llys am ben y godorun.

"Look," said he, then, "see what there is out of doors."

"Edrych," ebai yntau, "pa beth y sydd allan."

"Sir," said one, "I have looked: there are a hart and a hind, and a fawn along with them."

"Arlwydd," ebai yr un, "mi ei hedrychais: y mae yno garw ac ewig, ac elain gydag wynt."

And thereupon he then arose and came out; and when he was come, he beheld three beasts; those three beasts were, a hart and a hind, and a strong fawn: so what he did was to exert his illusion, saying,

Ac àr tryny cyvodai yntau, a dawai allan; a phan daeth, y gwelai y trillydn; sev tri llydn oeddynt, carw ac ewig, ac elain cryv. Sev á wnai eve derchavael ei hud, a gwedyd,

"The one that has been of you as a hind last year, be it a wild boar this year; and the one that has been a hart last year, be it a wild sow this year."

"Yr hwn à vu o honawch yn ewig yr llynedd, bydded vaedd coed eleni; ac yr hwn à vu garw yr llynedd, bydded garnen eleni."

And thereupon he struck them with the wand of illusion.

"The young one, however, I will take, and I will order it to be nurtured, and to be baptized."

So this was the name imposed upon him, Deerborn.

"Go you then, and be you the one as a wild boar and the other a wild sow; and the nature that may belong to the wild swine, be it to you also; and in a year from this day, be you here beneath the wall, and your progeny along with you."

In the conclusion of the year, lo, they heard the barking of dogs beneath the wall of the chamber, and the court in commotion about them besides. Thereupon Math arose, and went out; and on coming out he could see three beasts; such the kind of beasts that he saw: a wild boar and a wild sow, and a goodly well-grown young one along with them; it was large for the age it seemed to be of.

"Well," says Math, "this I will take to myself; and I will order it to be baptized."

And he struck the young one with the wand of illusion, that it becomes a youth of brown complexion, large and beautiful. So the name imposed upon that one was Swineborn.

"And you then, the one that was a wild boar of you last year, let him be a wolf-bitch this year; and the one that was a wild sow last year, let her be a wolf this year."

Thereupon, striking them with the wand of illusion, they became a wolf and a wolf-bitch.

Ac àr hyny en tarawai ag yr hudlath.

"Y mab, hagen, á gymeravi, ac á barav ei veithrin, ac ei vedyddiaw."

Sev enw á ddoded arnaw, Hydwn.

"Ewch chwithau, a byddwch y naill yn vaedd coed, ac y llall yn garnen coed; ac yr anian à vo i'r moch coed, bid i chwithau; a blwyddyn i heddyw, byddwch yma y dàn y pared, ac ych etivedd gyda chwi."

Yn mhen y vlwyddyn, llyma y clywynt gyvarthva cwn dàn bared yr ystavell, a dygyvor y llys i am hyny am eu pen. Ar hyny, cyvodi á orug Math, a myned allan; a phan daw allan; trillydn á welai sev cyvryw hydnod á welai: baedd coed a charnen coed, a chrynllwdn da gyd ag wynt; a braisg oedd yn yr oed oedd arno.

"Ie," ebai Math, "hwn á gymeravi atav; ac á barav ei vedyddiaw."

A tharawai y llydnyn ag yr hudlath yni vydd yn vab braswineu telediw. Sev enw à ddoded àr hwnw, Hychdwn.

"A chwithau, yr un à vu vaedd coed o honawch yr llynedd, bydded vleiddast eleni; ac yr hwn à vu garnen yr llynedd, bydded vlaidd eleni."

Ar hyny, eu taraw ag yr hudlath, yni vyddant blaidd a bleiddast.

"And the nature of the animals that you are in appearance, be it also to you; and be you here in a year from the present day, beneath this wall."

"Ac anian yr aniveilaid ydd ywch yn eu rhith, bid i chwithau; a byddwch yma vlwyddyn i'r dydd heddyw, y dàn y pared hwn."

That same day, in the conclusion of the year, lo, Math could hear a commotion, and a barking of dogs, beneath the wall of the chamber. He then arose and went out; and when he was come, there he saw a wolf and a wolf-bitch, and a strong whelp along with them.

Yr undydd yn mhen y vlwyddyn, llyma y clywai Math dygyvor a chyvarthva cwn y dàn bared yr ystavell. Yntau á gyvodes allan; a phan daw, llyma y gwelai vlaidd a bleiddast, a chrybothon cryv ygyd ag wynt.

"This one I will take," said he, "and I will order his being baptized; and there is his name ready; that is to say, Wolfborn. The three children they are yours: and these three are

"Hwn á gymeravi," ebai eve, "ac á barav ei vedyddiaw; ac i mae ei enw yn barawd; sev yw hyny, Bleiddwn. Y tri meib y sydd i chwi; ac y tri hyn ynt

"Doubly false Gilvathwy's progeny,
Three in conflict, firm their loyalty:
Wolfborn, Swineborn, Deerborn, are the three."

"Tri meib Gilvathwy enwir,
Tri trech ryseddad cywir:
Bleiddwn, Hychdwn, Hydwn hir."

And thereupon, striking those same two likewise with the wand of illusion, they appear in their own flesh.

Ac àr hyny eu taraw ell dau ag yr hudlath yni vyddant yn eu cnawd eu hun.

"Ha, men!" said Math, "if you have done a wrong to me, sufficiently you have endured punishment; and great shame has befallen you, by there being children to each one of you from the other. Order a bath for the men, and the cleaning of their heads, and the putting of them in decent condition."

"Ha, wyr!" ebai Math, "or gwnaethawch gam imi, digawn y bnawch yn mhoen, a chywilydd mawr á gawsawch, bod plant i bob un o honawch o'i gilydd. Perwch ennaint i'r gwyr, a golchi eu pènau, ac eu cyweiraw."

And that was done to them; and, after they had adjusted themselves, they repaired to Math.

A hyny á berid iddynt; a gwedi ymgyweiraw o honynt, at Math y cyrchynt.

"Ha, men!" said he, "you have obtained peace; and you shall have the right of kindred.

"Ha, wyr!" ebai eve, "tangnevedd á gawsawch, a charennydd á gefwch. A rhoddwch im

And now give ye counsel to me, as to what maiden I may seek."

"My lord," said Gwydion the son of Don, "it is easy to council thee: Arianrod, the daughter of Don, thy niece, the daughter of thy sister."

She was brought to him. The maid having entered,

"O maiden!" says Math, "art thou then a maid?"

"I know not, my lord, otherwise than my being so."

Thereupon he then took the wand of illusion, and stepping over it, "Step thou over this," said he, "and, if thou art a maid, I shall have cognition."

Then she likewise stepped over the wand of illusion: and upon so stepping over, she left there a chubby, fine, yellow-haired boy. After the cry of the child, she sought the door; and thereupon, she felt as if leaving something tiny behind*; and before any one could get a second sight of her, Gwydion took it up, and wrapped a velvet veil about it, and concealed it; and the place where he concealed it was at the bottom of a chest, by the feet of his bed.

"Well, I shall order this to be baptized," said Math ab Mathonwy, as to the chubby, fine, yellow-haired boy, "this is the name I impose upon him, Dylan."

The baptizing of the boy was accomplished; and after he was baptized he sought the sea; and

gynghor, pa vorwyn á geiswyv."

"Arlwydd," ebai Gwydion, vab Don, "hawdd yw dy gynghori: Arianrod verch Don, dy nith, merch dy chwaer."

Hono á gyrchid ato. Y vorwyn á ddaeth i mewn,

"A vorwyn!" eba Math, "á wyt vorwyn di?"

"Ni wn i, arlwydd, amgen no'm bod."

Yna y cymerai yntau yr hudlath, ac ei chamu, "Cama di dros hon," ebai eve, "ac od wyt vorwyn, mi á adnabyddav."

Yna y camai hithau dros yr hudlath; ac àr y cam hwnw, gadaw mab brasvelyn mawr á gorug. Yn ol diasbad y mab, cyrchu y drws á orug hi; ac àr hyny, teimlai adaw o ryw bethan o honei; a chyn cael o nel weled yr ail olwg arnei, Gwdion ei cymerai ac á droes lèn bali yn ei gylch, ac ei cuddiai; sev lle ei cuddiai, y mewn llawr cist is traed ei wely.

"Ie, mi á barav vedyddiaw hwn," ebai Math vab Mathonwy, wrth y mab brasvelyn, "sev enw à barav arno, Dylan."

Bedyddiaw á wnelid y mab; ac vàl y bedyddid, y mor á gyrchwys; ac yn y lle, ygyd ag y

* There appears in the original a studied ambiguity, as well as brevity, in this recital, in the birth of the twin-born children of Arianrod, which it is not easy to render intelligibly.

immediately as he came to the sea, he acquired its nature; and he could swim equally well with the best swimming fish in the sea.

dawai i'r mor, anian y mor á gavas; a chystal y noviai ag y pysg goreu yn y mor.

And it was on that account he was called Dylan, Son of the Wave.* A wave did never break beneath him. The blow from which came his death was inflicted by Govannon, his uncle: and that was the third fatal blow.

Ac o achaws hyny y gelwid ev Dylan Eildon. Ni thòres tòn y dano erioed. Ac yr ergyd y doai ei angeu o hono á vyriai Govannon ei ewythr. A hwno á vu drydydd anvad ergyd.

As Gwydion was, on a certain day, in his bed, and awaking, he heard a cry, in the chest at his feet; though it was not loud, yet it was so loud as for him to hear it. Then he arose quickly and opened the chest; and, on opening it, he saw a little boy extending his arms from the fold of the veil, and spreading it open. He took the boy between his hands, and proceeded with him to the hamlet, where it was known of there being a woman with a breast of milk; and he bargained with the woman for nursing the boy.

Màl ydd oedd Gwydion ddiwarnawd yn ei wely, ac yn defröi clywai ddiasbad yn y gist is ei draed; càn ni bai uchel hi, cyvuch oedd ag y cyglyu evo. Sev á orug yntau cyvodi yn gyvlym, ac agori y gist; ac vàl ei hagorai, eve á welai vab bychan yn rhwyaw eí vreichau o blyg y llèn, ac yn ei gwasaru. Eve á gymerai y mab y rhwng ei ddwylaw, ac á gyrchwys y drev ag ev, lle gwyddiad bod gwraig â brònau genti; ac ymobryn á wnai ag y wraig veithrin y mab.

During that year the boy was nurtured; and before the end of it, he seemed to those about him as if he were two years old; and the second year he was a big boy, and able, by himself, to seek the palace. Gwydion, also, after coming to the court, regarded him, and the boy became familiar with him, loved him more than any other person.

Y mab á vagid y vlwyddyn hòno; ac yn oed y vlwyddyn hof oedd gantynt ei vreisged bei dwyvlwydd; ac yr ail vlwyddyn mab mawr oedd, ac yn gallu e hun gyrchu y llys. Yntau e hun Gwydion, gwedi ei ddawed i'r llys, á syniwys arno; ac y mab á ymgynnevinai ag ev, ac ei carai yn vwy nog yndyn.

Then the boy was nurtured in the court until he was four years

Yna y magid y mab yn y llys, yni vu bedeirblwydd: a hof oedd

* *Dylan Eildon,* or, as the name is mostly written, in a uncompounded form, *Dylan ail Tòn,* implies, *Dylun second of,* or progeny of, *a Wave.* Many of the names in this tale are mythological.

old; and he was like a boy of eight years, as being equal in size.

i vab wythblwydd vod yn gàn vreisged ag ev.

And, on a certain day, he followed after Gwydion, to perambulate abroad; so Gwydion repaired to the fortress of Arianrod*, having the boy along with him. After coming to the court, Arianrod arose to receive him, welcoming and greeting health to him.

A diwarnawd eve á gerddai yn ol Gwydion i orymdaith allan; sev y cyrchai Gwydion Gaer Arianrod, ac y mab gydag ev. Gwedi eu dawed i'r llys cyvodai Arianrod yn ei erbyn, ei raesawu a chyvarch gwell iddo.

"May heaven prosper thee," said Gwydion.

"Nev á roddo da it!" ebai Gwydion.

"What boy is that behind thee?" said she.

"Pa vab y sydd i yth ol di!" ebai hi.

"This boy? he is a boy of thine;" he replied.

"Y mab hwn, mab i ti yw eve," atebai yntau.

"Listen man! what is come to thee, thus to shame me; and to pursue my shame, and to harbour it so long as this?"

"Oia wr! pa doai arnat ti vy nghywilyddiaw i, a dilyn vy nghywilydd di gadw yn gyhyd â hyn?

"Unless there shall come upon thee greater shame than by nursing a boy so goodly as this, verily a trifle of a thing will be thy shame."

"Oni bydd arnat ti gywilydd mwy no meithrin o honaw vi vab cystal â hwn, ys bychan a beth vydd dy gywilydd."

"What is the name of thy child?" asked Arianrod.

"Pwy enw dy vab di?" govynai Arianrod.

"Doubtless," said he, "there is not any name given him, as yet."

"Dioer," ebai eve, "nid oes arno enw etwa."

"Well," said she, "I swear this destiny to him, that he shall not have a name, unless he obtains it from me."

"Ie," ebai hi, "mi á dyngav dynged iddo, na chafo eve enw, oni chafo genyvi."

"I bear to heaven my confession!" said he, "but thou art a mischievous woman; yet, a name

"Dygav i nev vy nghyfes!" ebai eve, "diraid wraig wyt; ac y mab á geif enw, cyd boed drwg

* The ruins of this is still called *Caer Arianrod.* It is some way in the sea, nearly opposite *Dinlleu,* about three miles south of Caernarvon bay. It is seldom dry at low water, at present. The name is literally *the rampart of the silver circle.* It is the name of the constellation of the Northern Crown; and sometimes is applied to the galaxy, the *Caer Gwydion,* or rampart of *Gwydion,* i. e. *Woden's* rampart.

shall the boy have, though it should be offensive to thee. And thou too, who art enduring the wrath of one upon thee, for that thou art not called a maiden, thou wilt never henceforth be called a maiden."

gènyt ti. A thithau, yr hwn ydd wyt ti ag ei var arnat, am na'th gelwir yn vorwyn, ni'th gelwir bellach byth yn vorwyn."

And thereupon he walked away in his anger, and proceeded to Caer Dathl; and there he tarried that night.

Ac àr hyny cerdded ymaith drwy ei lid á wnai, á chyrchu Caer Dathl; ac yno y bu y nos hòno.

The following morning he arose, and took his boy along with him, and went to perambulate by the side of the ocean, between there and Aber Menai*; and in that place he saw sedges and sea-rushes; from which, by illusion, he produced a ship; and from the wrack and the sedges he produced cordwain, and that in abundance; and he painted it, so that no one had seen finer leather than it seemed to be.

Tranoeth cyvodi á orug, a chymeryd ei vab ygyd ag ev, a myned i orymdaith y gàn làn y weilgi, rhwng hyny ac Aber Menai; ac yn y lle y gwelas delysg a morwiail; a hudai long o honynt; ac o'r gwymon ac y delysg hudai gordwal, a hyny lawer; ac eu brithaw á orug, hyd na welsai neb ledr tegach nog e.

Thereupon he trimmed a sail on the ship, and came to the entrance of the port of Caer Arianrod; he and the boy in the ship.

Ar hyny, cyweiriaw hwyl àr y llong á wnai, a dawed i ddrws porth Caer Arianrod; eve ac y mab, yn y llong.

Then he began to form shoes, and to sew them. And thereupon they were observed from the fortress. So when he was aware of their being observed from the fortress, he took away their own semblance, and imposed another semblance upon them, so that they might not be recognized.

Yna y dechreuai luniaw esgidiau, ac eu gwnïaw. Ac yna eu harganvod o'r gaer. Pan wybu yntau eu harganvod o'r gaer, dwyn eu heilyw ehun á orug, a dodi eilyw arall arnynt, màl nad adnapid.

"What men are those in the ship?" said Arianrod.

"Pa ddynion y sydd yn y llong?" ebai Arianrod.

"Shoemakers," answered they in her train.

"Cryddon," atebynt wy yn ei gosgordd.

* The efflux of the Menai, at Caernarvon bay, which divides *Mon*, or Anglesea, from *Arvon*.

"Go you and see what kind of leather it is they have, and what kind of work they are doing."

"Ewch i edrych paryw ledr ys y gantynt, a pha ryw waith á wnant."

Upon that resort was had to them; and on coming there, Gwydion was variegating the cordwain, and it was done with a golden colour. Then the messengers returned; and relating that to her,

Yna y daethbwyd atynt; a phan ddaethbwyd, ydd oedd Gwydion yn brithaw cordwal, a hyny yn ewraid. Yna y dychwelynt y cenadau; a mynegi iddi hyny,

"Well," said she, then, "take the measure of my foot, and desire the shoemaker to make shoes for me."

"Ie," ebai hithau, "dygwch vesur vy nhroed, ac erchwch i'r crydd wneuthur esgidiau imi."

He then made the shoes, and not according to the measure, but larger.

Yntau á luniwys yr esgidiau, ac nid wrth y mesur, namyn yn vwy.

Coming with the shoes to her: "Mark, the shoes are oversize; much oversize be these," said she. "He shall have the value of them; and let him make some that shall be less than these."

Dawed ag yr esgidiau iddi: "Nycha yr esgidiau yn ormod; rhy ormod yw y rhai hyn," ebai hi. "Eve á geif werth y rhai hyn; gwnaed hevyd rai à vo lai nog wynt."

So he then made some others less by much than her foot; and sending them to her,

Sev y gwnai yntau rai ereill yn llai lawer no'i throed; ac ev hanvon iddi,

"Say to him these will not go on my feet," said she.

"Dywedwch iddo nid â imi y rhai hyn," ebai hi.

That was communicated to Gwydion.

Mynegid i Wydion hyny.

"Well" said he, then, "I shall not make any shoes for her, until I see her foot."

"Ie," ebai yntau, "ni luniavi esgidiau iddi, oni welwyv ei throed."

And that was told her. "Very well," said she, "I will so far go to him."

A hyny á ddywedid iddi. "Ie," ebai hi, "mi á av hyd ato ev."

Then she came to the ship; and when she was come, he was cutting out, and the boy sewing.

Yna y doai hi hyd y llong; a phan ddoai, ydd oedd eve yn lluniaw, ac y mab yn gwnïaw.

"Well, lady," said Gwydion, "good day to thee!"

"Ie, arlwyddes," ebai Gwydion, "dydd da iti!"

"May heaven give thee luck!" said Arianrod. "It is strange

"Nev á roddo da iti!" ebai Arianrod. "Eres yw genyv na

to me that thou couldst not contrive a medium in making shoes by measure."

medr it gymedroli àr wneuthur esgidiau wrth vesur."

"I have not been able," then, said he: "I shall hit it now." And at that instant a wren is seen standing on the deck of the ship; so the boy shot at and hit it between the tendon of its thigh and the bone. So Arianrod then laughed.

"Na medrais," ebai yntau: "mi ei medrav weithan." Ac àr hyny llyma y dryw yn sevyll àr vwrdd y llong; sev á wnai y mab ei vwrw, ac ei vedru y rhwng giewyn ei esgair ac yr asgwrn. Sev á wnai Arianrod chwerthin.

"Doubtless," said she, "with a correct hand did the lion hit it!"

"Dioer," ebai hi, "ys llaw gyfes y medrwys y llew ev!"

"Yes," said Gwydion: "be thankless heaven to thee! for he has obtained a name; and sufficiently proper is his name: Lion of Correct Hand is he henceforth."*

"Ie," ebai Gwydion: "anniolwch nev iti! newr gavas ev enw; a da ddigawn yw ei enw: Llew Llawgyfes yw bellach."

And then the work disappeared in sedge and wrack:† and no longer than that did he follow his work. And on that account he was called the third gold shoemaker.‡

Ac yna y divlanai y gwaith yn ddelysg ac yn wymon: ac y gwaith nis canlynwys eve hwy no hyny. Ac o'r achaws hwnw y gelwid eve yn drydydd ewrgrydd.

"Doubtless," said Arianrod, "thou wilt not be the better from behaving ill to me."

"Dioer," ebai Arianrod, "ni hanvyddi well di o vod yn ddrwg wrthyvi."

"I have not behaved ill yet to thee," said Gwydion.

"Ni buais drwg vi etwa wrthyt ti," ebai Gwydion.

And then he suffered his son to appear in his own form.

Ac yna ydd ellyngwys eve ei vab yn ei bryd ehun.

"Well," said she then, "I swear a destiny to this boy, that he shall never obtain arms, unless I array him in them."

"Ie," ebai hithau, "minnau á dyngav dynged i'r mab hwn, na chafo arvau byth yni wisgwyvi amdano."

"Between me and heaven!" said Gwydion, "come what may of thy mischievousness, but he shall obtain arms."

"Y rhyngov a nev!" ebai Gwydion, "handid o'th direidi di, ac eve á geif arvau."

* Or Lion Sure of Aim.

† Sea-weed, sea-ware, or alga.

‡ The other two were Caswallawn ab Beli, and Manawydan ab Llyr.

Then came they, Gwydion and his son, towards the camp of Dinlleu; and there Llew of Correct Hand was nurtured, until he was able to ride every horse, and until he was complete of mien, and growth, and symmetry. And Gwydion remarked of his being in tribulation, for want of horses and arms, and he called the boy to him.

Yna y doynt hwy, Gwydion ac ei vab, parth â dinas Dinlleu; ac yno meithrinid Llew Llawgyfes, oni allwys varchogi pob march, ac yni oedd gwbl o bryd a thwv a maint. Ac adnabod á wnai Gwydion arno ei vod yn cymeryd dihirwch o eiseu meirch ac arvau, a galwai y mab ato.

"Ha, youth!" said Gwydion, "we, I and thou, will go on an errand tomorrow: and be thou more cheerful than thou art."

"Ha, was!" ebai Gwydion, "ni awn ni, 'mi athi, i neges evory: a bydd lawenach nog ydd wyt."

"And that I will do then," said the youth.

"A hyny á wnav innau," ebai y gwas.

And in the infancy of the day next morning, they arose, and took the sea-coast up towards the hill of Arion, and, in the highest part of the ridge of Clydno, they equipped themselves on horses, and came towards the fortress of Arianrod; and there they altered their appearance, and approached the gate in the guise of two young men, excepting that the appearance of Gwydion was more sedate than that of the youth.

Ac yn ieuenctid y dydd dranoeth, cyvodi á wnaynt, a chymeryd yr arvordir i vynydd parth â Bryn Arion; ac yn y pen uchav i Gevn Cludno, ymgyweiriau àr veirch á wnaynt, a dawed parth â chaer Arianrod; ac yna amgenu eu pryd á wnelynt, a chyrchu y porth, yn rhith dau was ieuainc, eithr bod yn bruddach pryd Gwydion nog un y gwas.

"Porter," said Gwydion, "hie thee in, and tell of there being here bards from Morganwg."*

"Y porthawr," ebai Gwydion, "dos i mewn, a dyweda vod yma veirdd o Vorganwg.

The porter has gone.

Y porthawr á aeth.

"The blessing of heaven attend them! let them enter in." said Arianrod.

"Graesaw nev wrthynt! gellwng i mewn wy," ebai Arianrod.

There was extreme gladness expressed on receiving them. The hall was prepared; to eat they went; and, after making an end of eating, she conversed

Dirvawr lawenydd á oedd yn eu herbyn. Y neuadd á gyweirid; i vwyfa ydd elynt; a gwedi darvod bwyta, ymddyddanai hi â Gwydion am chwedlau a chy-

* The Welsh name of Glamorganshire.

with Gwydion about news and information. Gwydion, too, was a good historian. When it was time for parting with compotation, a chamber was prepared for them, and they went to sleep.

Long before daybreak Gwydion arose; and then he called his illusion and his power to him. By the time that the day was illumining around, there was a general commotion, with trumpets and shouts resounding over the country.

When the day was appearing, the guests heard a knocking at the door of the chamber; and upon that Arianrod requested it to be opened. The young man arose and opened the door; she then came in, and a damsel along with her.

"Ah, good men!" said she, "we are in a bad plight!"

"Yes," said Gwydion: "we hear trumpets and shouting: and what dost thou imagine from that?"

"Doubtless," she replied, "we could not obtain a sight of the ocean, because of so many ships athwart one another: and they are approaching the land as quickly as they can: and what shall we do?"

"Lady," said Gwydion, "there remains for us no counsel but to shut the fortress upon us, and maintain it the best that we can."

"Yes," she replied, "may heaven reward you! and do you also assemble; and here you shall obtain abundance of arms."

And thereupon she has gone for the arms: and behold she

varwyddid. Yntau Gwydion cyvarwydd da oedd. Gwedi bod yn amser ymadaw â chyveddach, ystavell á gyweirid iddynt wy, ac i gysgu ydd elynt.

Hir pylgaint, Gwydion á gyvodes; ac yna y gelwis eve ei hud ac ei allu ato. Erbyn pan oedd y dydd yn goleuâu, ydd oedd cynniwair, ag utgyrn a llevain yn y wlad yn gynghan.

Pan ydoedd y dydd yn dawed, y gwesteion á glywynt daraw drws yr ystavell; ac àr hyny Arianrod yn erchi agori. Cyvodi á orug y gwas ieuanc ac agori; hithau á ddoai i mewn, a morwyn gyda hi.

"Ha, gwyrda!" ebai hi, "yn lle drwg ydym!"

"Ie," ebai Gwydion: "ni á glywn utgyrn a llevain: a pha á debygi di o hyny?"

"Dioer," atebai hi, "ni chawn weled lliw y weilgi, gàn bob llong àr dor ei gilydd: ac y maent yn cyrchu y tir yn gyntav à gallont: a pha beth á wnawn ni?"

"Arglwyddes," ebai Gwydion, "nid oes ini gynghor onid cau y gaer arnom, ac ei chynnal oreu á gallom."

"Ie," ebai hithau, "nev á dalo iwch! a chynnullwch chwithau; ac yma y cefwch ddigawn o arvau."

Ac àr hyny yn ol yr arvau ydd aeth hi; a llyma hi yn dawed, a

returns along with two damsels, bringing arms for two men with them.

"Lady," said Gwydion, "do thou array this youngster; and as to myself, I with the damsels, will array me likewise. I hear the tumult of the men coming."

"That will I do gladly."

And she arrayed him completely.

"Is it done?" said Gwdion, "is the youngster arrayed."

"It is done," replied Arianrod."

"So it is done as to me also," said Gwydion. "Let us put off our arms now: there is no necessity for us to have them."

"Oh! wherefore?" she then exclaimed. "See here the fleet about the house!"

"Ha, woman! there is not any fleet there."

"Oh!" said she then, "whence was there such a commotion?"

"A commotion to break thy sworn destiny as to thy son, and to obtain arms for him," said the other. "And surely he has obtained arms, without their being thanked for to thee."

"Between me and heaven!" said she then, "a bad man art thou: and it might have been possible for many a youth to lose his life, because of the commotion that thou didst raise in this district today. And I swear a destiny to the boy, that he shall not obtain a wife ever of the generation that is on this earth at present."

dwy vorwyn gyda hi, ag arvau deuwr gantynt.

"Arglwyddes," ebai Gwydion, "gwisga amdan y gwrainc hyn; a minnau, mi ac y morwynion, a wisgav amdanav innau. Mi á glywav odorun y gwyr yn dawed."

"Hyny á wnav yn llawen."

A gwisgai hi amdano ev yn gwbl.

"A dderw," ebai Gwydion, "wisgaw amdan y gwrainc hwnw."

"Derw," atebai Arianrod.

"Neur derw i minnau," ebai Gwydion. "Diodwn au harvau weithan: nid rhaid ini wrthynt."

"Och! paham?" gwaeddai hithau. "Llyna y llynges yn nghylch y ty!"

"Ha, wraig! nid oes yna un llynges."

"Och!" ebai hithau, "pa ryw ddygyvor á vu o honei?"

"Dygyvor i dòri dy dyngedven am dy vab, ac i geisaw arvau iddo," ebai yntau. "Ac neur gavas eve arvau heb eu diolwch i ti."

"Y rhyngov vi a nev!" ebai hithau, "gwr drwg wyt ti: ac e á allai i lawer mab golli ei enaid, am y dygyvor à beraist ti yn y cantrev hwn heddyw. A mi á dyngav dynged i'r mab, na chafo wraig byth o'r genedl ysydd àr y ddaiar hon yr awron."

"Well," said Gwydion, a mischievous woman hast thou ever been; and no one ought to be a support to thee: yet a wife he shall have notwithstanding."*

"Ie," ebai Gwydion, "direitwraig vuost erioed; ac ni ddylyai neb vod yn borth iti: a gwraig á geif eve, màl cynt."

They then, Gwydion and Llew, came to Math, the son of Mathonwy, and complained in the severest manner possible against Arianrod; and he related how all the arms had been produced for them.

Hwyntau Gwydion a Llew á ddoynt at Vath vab Mathonwy, a chwynaw yn lutav yn y byd rhag Arianrod á wnaynt; a mynegi vàl y parysid yr arvau iddynt oll.

"Well" said Math: "let us then, I and thou, seek by our illusion and our phantasy, to obtain a wife for him also, from the flowers, as he is now in the state of manhood, and the handsomest youth that any one ever beheld."

"Ie," ebai Math: "ceiswn ninnau, mi a thi, er an hud ac an lledrith hudaw gwraig iddo yntau, o'r blodau, yntau yna â maint gwr ynddo, ac yn dylediwav gwas or à welas dyn erioed."

And thereupon they took the flowers of the oak, and the flowers of the broom, and the flowers of the meadow-sweet; and out of such of these they obtained that one damsel the fairest and most beautiful that men have looked upon; and they then baptised her of the baptism, and imposed Flower-aspect upon her.

Ac yna y cymerynt hwy blodau y deri, a blodau y banadl, a blodau yr erwain; ac odd y rhai hyny asowynaw yr un rian decav a thelediwav à sylwynt dynion arnei; ac ei bedyddiaw o'r bedydd á wnaynt yna, a dodi Blodeuwedd arnei.

After the sleeping of them together, at the banquet,† "Not easy," said Gwydion, "is it for a man without a revenue to maintain himself."

Gwedi eu cysgu ynghyd hwy àr y wledd, "Nid hawdd," ebai Gwydion, "yw i wr heb gyvoeth iddo osymdeithaw."

"Well," replies Math, "I will give him that one best territory for a young man to obtain."

"Ie," ateba Math, "mi á roddav iddo yr un cantrev goreu i was ieuanc ei gael."

"Sir," said Gwydion, "what territory is that?"

"Arlwydd," ebai Gwydion, "pa gantrev yw hwnw?"

* The original phrase means *as before*, in allusion to the events brought about by Gwydion.

† No allusions to marriage ceremonies occur in the Mabinogion.

"The cantrev of Dunodig,"* said the other.	"Cantrev Dunodig," ebai yntau.
And that is called at the present time Eivionydd and Ardudwy.	A hwnw á elwir yr awrhon Eivionydd ac Ardudwy.

* This *cantrev*, or hundred, comprised the comot of *Ardudwy*, in Merionethshire, and the comot of *Eivionydd*, in Caernarvonshire, being separated by the *Traethau*, or sands.

[*To be continued.*]

PART OF THE COMMENCEMENT OF A POEM ON THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

Illlustrious Spirits of the mighty dead!
Thro' polar seas the dauntless path who led,
Who wooed not Science by the classic stream,
Or in the silent bower of Academe,
But where she sits a cold retiring bride
Dimly thro' cloud and icy storm descried.
And ye on whom, with deeper mightier spell,
The mantle of their skill and daring fell.
Ye living brave!
For you I now aspire,
To wake, with trembling hand, a nameless lyre,
Giving its faint uncertain symphonies
To float awhile upon the wandering breeze.
Oh! were to me those eagle pinions given,
That lift the bard to inspiration's heaven,
Then should your names, in music full and free,
Wake the loud echoes of eternity!

E. D.

For the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

ODE TO THE REV. JOHN HUGHES,

Author of Horæ Britannicæ; Honorary Member of the Cymrodorion Society, &c.*

"Veterum volvens monumenta virorum."—VIRGIL.

I.

FROM Pengwern's brow and Havren's shore,
Which oft have blush'd with Cambrian gore,
A Saxon Minstrel weaves a wreath,
Pluck'd from the peaceful meads; no more
Plough'd by the fiery steeds of Death.
Thee, Sage of Brecon, thee I hail!
Whose pages, rich in British lore,
Display thy honour'd country's tale,
Whose rescued glories ne'er shall fail,
'Till Snowdon's eagle brow shall stoop to Arvon's vale.

II.

Long from the Saxon race, conceal'd,
In mystic tongue, hath Cambria veil'd
Her deeds of olden time, and bid
The moss and rust of age obscure
The records of that pyramid
Of valour, which shall aye endure:
But now the hearts, once coldly steel'd,
Glow o'er thy page of history pure,
And Loegr's sons may burn to claim
The long ancestral pride of Gomer's rolls of fame.

III.

Thy country's genius too shall crown
With grateful wreaths of long renown,
The bard who thus her withering form
Restores, array'd in glory's dress;
To captivate the young and warm,
And win the sage's grave caress.
She, too, rejoices as she hears,
Again the Car-borne chieftain's calls,
Again the clash of patriot spears,
And harp resounding through her many-trophied halls.

* We are happy to hear that this work, the first volume of which is now out of print, is about to be republished by the author.

IV.

Nor less where brooding memory weeps
O'er Mona's shore and cloud-wrapt steeps,
With Bard and Druid murder dyed;
The sable flag of sorrow sweeps
The Conqueror's lurid star to hide;
No more uncheck'd her foes shall swell
Her barbarous years with deeds of hell,
Lest some *their* reckless rage should chide,
Her sons' awakening powers redeem
Their injured father's rights, and chace the vulture's scream.

V.

Land of the Cromlech and the cave,
The harp, the oak, the warrior's grave,
And grove of dark unspoken rite;
In thee, from pass to shore, a slave
Hath never sprung, to curse the light,
Which seems from Breidden to describe
Its course t'wards Madog's islands bright;
Free as thy mountain flocks each tribe
Still glows with unbent pride to hear
In Picton's fame renew'd her Arthur's proud career.

VI.

From rolls with carnage red return,
To view the peaceful cross adorn
Britannia's flowery hills with peace;
No more the mystic altars burn,
The deeds of godless worship cease;
A purer glory fills the page,
Dearer to thee, O reverend Sage,
Than beams from victory's flaming urn
On Britain's captive daughter shed,
When through the happy isle the Gospel freedom spread!

VII.

Still, oh still research pursue!
Thy Albion's earlier times renew,
Or trace the long descent of years;
Let Cambria's later ages view
Their mirror in thy stream of tears!
Tell how her dauntless sons withstood
The Saxon, Dane, and Norman yoke,
And, when their mountains were imbrued
With all their bravest blood, still shook
Defiance, and would none but native chieftains brook.

VIII.

Now, 'neath a king of Tudor's line,
The Rose, the Leek, the Thistle, join
With green Ierne's leaf, and claim
The homage of the World, to twine
Their blended glory round his crown;
Thrice honour'd be the ancient brave,
And blest the hand that graves their fame.
And when Siluria decks thy grave,
Her sons, to emulation prone,
Shall strike the kindling harp, and rally round the throne!

Shrewsbury; May 15, 1829. C. A. H.

APPEAL TO CAMBRIAN ETYMOLOGISTS.

"*The Foreign Review, for July* 1828, (No. 3.)"

LETTER FROM A CELEBRATED PROFESSOR AND PHILOLOGIST OF COPENHAGEN ON THE TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME OF THE ARCHÆOLOGIA.

DEAR SIR,

ALTHOUGH the subject of this letter be pretty different from our usual topics of correspondence, yet, knowing your erudition and love of truth and science, I hope you will not be displeased at seeing my opinion of such a matter as this.

Some days ago I got a sight of the twenty-first volume of the London Archæologia, or Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Antiquity, published last year. By running through the table of contents, I was particularly attracted by two papers of Mr. Hamper, containing explanations of two Runic inscriptions, the one on a gold ring, in the possession of the earl of Aberdeen; the other on a jasper ring belonging to Mr. Cumberland. In the *Antiquariske Annales*, (Copenhagen, 1820, vol. iii.) there is an *Essay* explanatory of the first-mentioned inscription, by Professor F. Magnusen, which was, according to the author, originally written in Latin, and published by the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with great elegance, in 1820. This treatise (I speak of the Danish as later and more complete) is certainly not satisfactory, nor did it satisfy the learned author himself; for, in speaking of another ring, bearing nearly the same inscription, and proposing the reading of it, he very modestly concludes thus, (page 349), "whether these words belong to the Welsh, Gaëlic, Saxon, or other languages, I cannot determine." Of course, seeing

a new explanation published in England seven years later, I expected some new discovery, some step at least towards extrication from those puzzling difficulties; but how greatly was I disappointed in the papers mentioned above. Mr. Hamper has quoted neither the Danish nor the Latin dissertation of Professor Magnusen, nor the curious work of Mr. W. C. Grimm on German Runes, published at Göttingen, 1821, nor any other Danish or German author, on this matter; but, contented with his own knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon, he declares the inscription to be a most ridiculous sort of spell in that language, and gravely explains it as such, although, in fact, it belongs to a very different tongue, so that not a word, not even a single syllable, is right in the reading and explanation he proposes. This the author himself, or any body else, may convince himself of without even knowing much of the Anglo-Saxon; for, 1st, if the cross, as the author states, be the mark of beginning or end, which on a ring is equivalent, you must begin the reading from that mark, or it must evidently be false. Now our author passes by the first nine letters, and begins with the tenth, and, after transposing those first nine letters, he throws them into the middle of the inscription: of course his reading is disturbed and false. 2. In an inscription of merely thirty letters, distinctly and accurately executed, you cannot reasonably suppose entirely different figures to represent the very same sound, especially if the alphabets existing of that kind of writing assign different powers to those characters. Now our author has taken two figures for G, two for E, two for O, nay three for D: of course his reading is evidently erroneous. 3. The ring being of gold, and pretty fine workmanship, and, consequently, made for a chief of some distinction, by an artist of considerable skill in his time*; moreover, the inscription, consisting merely of three words,—for there are only three distinctions marked on the other ring quoted in Drake's *Eboracum*, which our author himself considers as a clue of great importance, you cannot possibly admit two or three blunders in every word; as you might, perhaps, on a monument in a country churchyard, or over some shoemaker or tailor of the common people; especially as there is another similar monument, bearing almost the very same inscription. Now Mr. Hamper, after having begun the reading, transposed the words, and fixed the power of

* Perhaps the learned writer does not know that a massive gold ornament, the Torçh or Torques, though *now*, intrinsically, on account of its weight and purity, of much worth, was, in olden times, a mark of no very unusual distinction (see Dr. William O'Pughe's Account of the Torçh, in our 2d No. page 242,) and, with this line of reasoning, the ring in question need not be supposed to have belonged to any illustrious person, at least, no such argument can be sustained upon the fact of its superior workmanship.

The Torch alluded to perplexed the most eminent goldsmiths in London as to the mode of forming its spiral ornaments, and they confessed that, *in the present age, they* could not undertake to execute a similar instrument.—How could such a people be termed barbarous?—EDITORS.

the letters most arbitrarily, has still found himself obliged to insert three letters, throw away one, and change the power of one, occurring twice, however, in his two first words of the inscription, in order to make it look like Anglo-Saxon. Of course it is certainly not Anglo-Saxon. 4. The most curious circumstance is still, perhaps, that the reading thus violently extorted by our author, but not really existing on the ring, is not Anglo-Saxon, any more than this letter is Anglo-Saxon; for, besides the preposition *on*, there is not a word of true Anglo-Saxon in it, and that *on* is cut out of the middle of one of the three words, and composed of letters which probably neither signify *o* nor *n*, nor even belong to one syllable! If the author would have us believe it to be Anglo-Saxon, he ought, I think, to have referred to some grammar, where such forms are proved; to some dictionary, where those words are recorded; or to some other monuments or passages of known Anglo-Saxon books, where such expressions occur: but he has not troubled himself the least about any proof of the justness or accuracy of the words he has formed. The only thing of probability in his explanation is a quotation from Drake's *Eboracum* (1736), "whose reveries," he says, "shall be thrown into a note." The passage quoted contains the learned Swedish minister's (the Rev. Mr. Serenius) idea of this inscription. He was not able to make out more than one word, which he read *Glasta-ponto* (it should be *Glasta-pontol*), and which he thought had some reference to the abbey of *Glastonbury*. This seems to be pretty correct, though, according to most of the alphabets, it ought to be *Glæstæ-pontol;* as the word *pontol*, however, is not Anglo-Saxon, I suppose the inscription to be of a more ancient date, for instance about the time of the Saxon war and conquest, and the language to be Welsh or Ancient British. It would be interesting indeed, on this occasion, to know the early history of Glastonbury, which you perhaps may supply, being much nearer; as to the rest, *it is certainly to the Welsh scholars we must look for the true explanation of these curious monuments.* From dictionaries alone, without a thorough knowledge of the ancient British and living Welsh, it will scarcely ever be found out, the structure of that language being so very singular, in changing the initial letters of the words, and the orthography having undergone several vast alterations at different times, even some of the letters having changed figures. The inscription on the gold ring, for instance, might be read, Ærcriuflt criurivon (or criuripon Glæstæ-pontel,) and the first word might be a compound of Welsh *aer*, acies, prælium and *creuled*, cruenta, contracted like the English *past* for *passed;* the second word might be another compound of the syllable *creu*, which is derived from *crau*, blood; and the last word might be thought to contain the Welsh *pont*, a bridge. But the character here taken for *c* is sometimes used as the vowel *y*, which of course changes the reading very considerably.

The explanation of the inscription on the jasper ring, which is in the same character, and, in all probability, in the same lan-

guage, as that of the golden one, also presents some very strange phenomena. 1. The author has not thought right to give us any drawing, nor so much as the dimensions, or the least description of the ring, how it is made, whether the letters are relieved or engraved, whether the dots or marks of distinction between the words are clear and sure, and made in the same manner as the letters or not. Nor do we obtain the least information of these curious things from the perfectly useless dissertation on the runic jasper ring, by *Mr. Fr. Douce*, following the explanation of Mr. Hamper; so that one must think that neither of these gentlemen have ever seen the ring, and, consequently, the accuracy of the inscription, if not the real existence of the ring, must appear doubtful. 2. The same letters as you see on the gold ring, are here quite otherwise; for example, one and the same character that is read there N, is here E; another is A on the former, O on this; the N of the golden ring, is here P; nay, one that was taken for O on the former, is here declared to be F; but how the letters have come to change power in such a singular manner, from page 26 to 117 of the same volume, the author has not been pleased to inform us. I know not whether the beginning of Mr. Douce's dissertation does not contain a hint of the explication of this mystery; it runs thus, "The explanation of the inscription on Mr. Cumberland's runic ring, which has been presented to the Society (of London Antiquaries), by its truly learned member, (Mr. Hamper,) is in all respects so lucid and satisfactory, that not a shadow of doubt could have fallen on its accuracy and propriety(!) but it will be no small gratification to that gentleman to learn that *previously* to the application which he received on the subject, a copy of the inscription on the ring had been conveyed to *Professor Finn Magnusen*, at Copenhagen, and that this gentleman *has reduced the inscription to precisely the same words*, the parties differing only in one letter, where the advantage is evidently on the side of Mr. Hamper."

But certainly one would think some spell had occasioned Mr. Hamper's now reading the letters quite otherwise than before. Mr. Douce, it is true, explains it otherwise, intimating that Mr. Hamper had now found a clue to the words (meaning *the* letters) of the inscription in the Cotton Library of Manuscripts; but Mr. Hamper honestly declares it is that alphabet engraved in Hicke's, lib. ii. and quoted also on account of the golden ring, page 26. Be this as it may, justice requires me to observe, that Professor Finn Magnusen merely agrees with our author in the reading of the inscription, but has not meddled the least with the transforming it into the fictitious Anglo-Saxon, or with the explanation proposed by Mr. Hamper, although he thought the two first lines *looked somewhat like the Dano-Saxon.* "Qui linguæ *Hæcce verba adscribenda sunt jam non discernere audeo* quamvis duo priores lineæ Dano-Saxonico idionati *cognatæ* appareant," are his own expressions, alleged by Mr. Douce, p. 120.

Our author tells us that this inscription is less difficult than most other relics of the same kind; and that it is a Dano-Saxon amulet against the plague, which he reads wonderfully well:

Eryri uf mol
Yri uri wol
Wles te pote nol.

But afterwards he most unluckily translates into what he is pleased to call Anglo-Saxon; this he renders again into Latin; nay, even (to show he is a poet) into English verse. As to his Dano-Saxon text, he does not explain a single word of it, nor is there one word of Danish in it, as far as I am able to discover: and as to his Saxon translation, I shall merely analyze one word of it, viz. *yri*, in the text. This he translates *ara*, which, again, he renders into Latin by *remitte* (nostram pestem); but the Anglo-Saxon *ara* is, in reality, the imperfect of *arian* honorare, and, consequently, ought to be rendered *honora* (nostram pestem)! which is a most ridiculous phrase, but, very happily, not at all existing in the inscription. If you look at the legend itself, as exhibited, pretty correctly I think, here above, you will easily discover, that it is neither Anglo-Saxon nor Dano-Saxon, but, in all probability, the very same description as on the golden ring, and on the ring quoted from Drake's *Eboracum*, with some small variations, being perhaps merely dialects of the same words; so that each of these three lines corresponds with one of the words on the other rings. The first word, *Eryri*, is purely Welsh, and even the appellation of a mountainous tract of North Wales. As I showed Professor Finn Magnusen the article Eryri, in Richards's Welsh Dictionary, he was struck with another word close by, viz. *Eryrai*, an eaglestone, and thought the jasper of the ring might possibly be such an eaglestone. But, if the representation of the inscription, exhibited page 117, be correct, there is a distinction between these syllables, thus, "Ery-ri," which would make one imagine that it was two distinct words, and the last a form of *rhi*, a prince or lord. As to the word *wol*, which is, in reality, an Anglo-Saxon expression for plague, it may also, in Welsh, be a form of *mol*, or perhaps of *mawl*, praise, or *moel*, a hill; for instance, *y voel*, the hill.

I do not pretend at all to determine any of the words, *which I most willingly leave to the Welsh antiquaries to explain*, I merely think I have discovered the true language of these monuments; as also, most likely, of the Bræteades, and the lost gold horn of Copenhagen: if, however, I should be mistaken in this, I hope I have discovered, at least, that Mr. Hamper's explanations are just as good as none.

Copenhagen; June 12, 1828. DANUS.

This appeal to Welsh etymologists, by the learned philologist, displays a mind far superior (at all events in freedom from prejudices) to neighbouring antiquaries. The more distant an individual

is placed from the petty jealousies created by provincial prepossessions, the more enlightened may we expect to find his researches; and the learned professor, profound in the ancient and modern languages of Europe, is undoubtedly no mean authority, on a subject which relates to the honour of Cambria, in restoring the snatched laurel to its rightful owner. We have examined the disputed inscription, and feel no hesitation, as far as our own opinions go, in pronouncing it pure Welsh.

THE INSCRIPTION.

The original characters are omitted.

Eryri üf môl
Yri uri wol
*Glaestæ pontol.

IN MODERN WELSH.

Eryri wyf moli
Erai vriwol
Gloesau, pan wyt'nôl.

I praise Eryri,†
Tho' a fragment of the rock,
It is painful to be separated from thee.

We should be happy, however, to gain further information from our learned correspondents.—EDITORS.

TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

PARISH OF MEIVOD, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

BY G. M.

PREVIOUS to my entering on the account of this parish, I beg leave to add a supplementary note to each of the accounts already published of the parishes of *Llan-Silin* and *Llan-Wynnog*.

1. In the Cambro-Briton, vol. i. p. 458, I endeavoured to correct an erroneous opinion then prevalent, that the *Sycharth* (buarth y beirdd), the mansion of Owain Glyndwr, where his bard, Iolo Goch, wrote his well-known Invitation Poem, descriptive of his munificent patron's house, park, deer, and fishponds, was situate in Glyn-Dyvrdwy, or the Valley of the Dee, between Llan Gollen and Corwen. On the contrary, I made it manifest to any unbiased

* By the system of Welsh mutations, the same character may be used for G and W.

† Snowdon.

mind, that Glyndwr's mansion of Sycharth was in the parish of Llan-Silin, full twelve miles south of the valley of the Dee. I then thought that I was the first who had found out the site of this mansion of Glyndwr, in the year 1792: but since I published the discovery in the Cambro-Briton, in 1820, I have been favored with evidence that the Sycharth of Llan-Silin had been noticed six years before my visit to the spot; as appears by the following extract of a letter from the late John Evans, of *Llwyn y groes*, esq., to the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, bart.

May 17, 1786.

.... "We rode on to *Sycharth*, where the fuller's house and mill made a picturesque appearance, from the ruinous and shattered state they are in. I made a sketch of the former, but had not time to carry off the mill, which I longed to do, and will do the first favorable opportunity. We then visited the house, which stands pleasantly upon a round green knoll, and corresponds exactly with the site of Owen Glyndwr's habitation; as described in a poem of a British bard of that time, called Iolo Goch, previous to his higher advancement in life, and residence at *Glyndwrdwy*. The name of this place was *Sycharth*, and had a park on high ground adjoining. This is exactly the case; and what still confirms the opinion is a high keep or castellet just above the house, surrounded with a deep ditch and high mound, similar to that at his subsequent place of residence. The court of the manor of *Cynllaith Owen* (so called from him I suppose) was kept in the parlour of this house till within these few years. The roof is now in ruins, and the spars and the timbers exposed to the weather."*

2. In the history of the parish of Llan-Wynnog, in the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, p. 31, a short notice is taken of a monument in the church, to the memory of Mathew Pryce, of Park, esq. The copy of the inscription being then mislaid, and since found, is here subjoined:

"Math^{w} Pryce, of Park pen pryce, in the C^{o} of Montg^{y}, esq. eldest son of John Pryce, of Park, esq. by Mary dau^{r} of W^{m} Reed, * * * of the Newtown family. Mathew Pryce served in the two last parliament of Charles II. for the Borough of Montgomery. He died 23^{d} Jan^{ry}, 1699, aged 60."

Over the monument are the arms of Mathew Pryce, partly per pale. 1. Gules, lion rampant regardant, or. 2. Argent, fess or,

* On another visit to *Sycharth*, in 1821, I examined the timber materials of a roofless outbuilding, and found a partition in a cow-house to consist of a part of the "*palis*" of the hall of Glyndwr. "*Sic transit*," &c. In old timber-built mansions, the partition between the hall and kitchen commonly consisted of upright oak planks and boards in alternation; the inch boards grooved into the two-inch planks. On representing the state and quality of these materials to the present proprietor of *Sycharth*, they were taken down and removed to Llan Gedwyn, about two miles distant, in order that they might be preserved.

between three boars' heads couped sable, tusked or. Near this monument, there still remains the escutcheon put up on the funeral of John Pryce, of Park, the father of Mathew Pryce. The shield has nine divisions: 1. Gules, lion rampant regardant, or, quartered with argent, three boars' heads couped sable, tusked or; the former being the arms of *Athelstan* the Praiseworthy, the stem of the fifth royal tribe of Wales, and the latter those of his son *Cadogan*, and are still borne thus quartered by their descendants, and, among others, by Earl Cadogan. 2. Party perbend sinister, ermine and ermines, surmounted with a lion rampant guardant, or. (*Tudor Trevor.*) 3. Three flambeaux. 4. Three roses, leaved and seeded proper. 5. A nag's head erased, qu.? 6. A chevron inter three spear heads. 7. Three greyhounds courant, collared gules. 8. Quarterly, 1st and 3d argent lion passant gules, 2d and 4th gules lion passant argent. 9. Gules lion rampant, or. The colours are so much faded, that some of them may have been here misnomered. Motto. *Sat prostrâsse leoni.*

MEIVOD.

Section 1.—*Name.* The most common names of parishes, in some parts of Wales, are compounded of *Llan*, a village-church, or place of meeting, prefixed to the name of the adopted patron saint of the place, as *Llan Wynnog*, the church of *Gwynnog*, &c.; Meivod, therefore, it is more than probable, bore its present name previous to the introduction of Christianity. Many conjectures have been offered as to the origin of the name, to refute which would be only wasting time and paper. Some men are too fond of showing their skill in etymology by rejecting some letters and substituting others, than which nothing can be more objectionable. By taking such liberties, a door is opened for ever-varying absurdities; for one guess would be as good as another equally forced and fanciful. If the etymology of a word or name be not obvious at the first glance, the Peloponnesians should let it rest in its original and uncorrupted form. Fortunately for *Meivod*, Dr. O. Pughe has inserted it in his Welsh-English Dictionary, in its simple state, with the explanation that it signifies *a champaign place of settlement.* Meivod, then, is a very proper term, and may have been applied to this fine valley by its first settlers, when they migrated westward from the plain of Salop, (as now called,) and followed the course of the *Vyrnwy.*

Here, then, is an end put to many fanciful etymologies; to the fairy tale of *yma-i-vod* (here to be) loudly uttered by a supernatural voice at every midnight hour, whilst uninspired mortals were busily engaged in endeavouring to build the parish-church in a wrong place, near a yew tree, still standing, about a mile more northward. *Yma-i-vod, yma-i-vod,* was repeatedly uttered, for many nights, without being attended to; at length the warning voice

burst out indignantly, with greater vehemence, into "*Yma-mynna-i-vod!*" (here I *must* be!) The builders became alarmed, and still more so when their work each day fell in the night; their masonry was but a cobweb to encounter the shears of fate; the midnight yell in the valley still continued: it was the warning voice of *Gwyddvarch*, the hermit, who had a few months before breathed his last on his stony bed on a neighbouring cliff, a bed still shown to the curious tourist. The parishioners, at a vestry assembled, obeyed the invisible monitor, built the church on the spot, and elected Gwyddvarch for their tutelary saint.

Here, also, is an end put to *Mau-vod*, to *Ymwy-vod*, and especially to *Meudwy-vod*, (the hermit's cell,) which, as a better designation for a growing village, was, they say, converted to *Meudwy-lan*, and afterwards Latinized to *Mediolanum*. Of this latter term, more will be said in a future section.

Section 2.—*Village, Churches, Vicars, &c.* Liverpool has, by the aid of commerce, from a village of fishermen's huts, become one of the greatest seaports in Europe: Merthyr Tudvil, from a poor mountain hamlet, by its mineral resources, has become the most wealthy and populous town in Wales: and Meivod, without trade, commerce, or mines, has, from a village of a few thatched cottages, without a single slated dwelling a few years back, now become a small town of well-built, and all slated, stone houses, though its only thoroughfare be for lime and coal, to supply more western parts with manure and fuel.

Churches. The assumption that Meivod, inconsiderable as it must have been as a village, should, notwithstanding, have three distinct places for religious worship, all within the precincts of the present churchyard, rests upon no frail foundation. Thomas Price, of Llan Vyllin, esq. a sound antiquary upon most subjects, excepting the authenticity of Geoffrey of Monmouth's history, and the situation of Mediolanum, says of Meivod, in a letter to Mr. Babington, dated April 12, 1701: "Besides the parish-church now standing, I myself have seen the ruins of two others." The *first* in point of time may be that dedicated to *St. Gwyddvarch*, the hermit already mentioned, although I am not informed in what century he practised his self-denials. We are, however, told that he was a son of Amalarus, *Brenin-y-Pwyl*, which some writers have rendered "Prince of Poland." But Sclavonian, or *Polish*, as Amalarus may sound to a Welsh ear, yet, probably, we need not go out of Montgomeryshire to find his place of residence. Tradition fixes the spot where the church of Gwyddvarch stood, namely, at the western gate, near a house called "*the Jail*," in Bridge street. This location is confirmed by an old parish register, specifying what portion of the present churchyard fence were to be kept in repair by the freeholders of the several townships. This document has one item as follows:

" Fencing of the churchyard belong to certaine messuages, &c. within the townships of Glascoed, Dolobran,* and Dyffryn, upon the west end of the church of Myvot, and begining at the corner of *Gwyddfarch* churchyard, vidt. in the place where one Jonet's house stood, every glat conteining seaven foot in length, &c."

The *second* church was dedicated to *Tysilio*, a saint and a writer of the seventh century. He was second son of Brochwel Ysgythrog, who, according to the author of Historia Divæ Monacellæ, had his palace where the old church of St. Chad's, in Shrewsbury, once stood. History is silent as to the time this church was erected. Cynddelw, the poet laureate of the twelfth century, composed a poem, which is published in the Archaiology, in honour of Tysilio, his favorite saint. He describes the edifice as contiguous to that of *Gwyddvarch*, having cloisters with towering azure spires. The matins, the lighted tapers, the whole service, the whisperings of the morning breeze, all unite in inspiring the bard with devotion and praise. He seems enraptured when he describes the collective beauties of his "*Meivod wen*," glorying in its station between two rivers. He eulogizes one *Caradoc*, whom he styles archdeacon of the church, as a munificent patron. Of the churchyard he says "gwydd vynwent, gwyddva breninedd," conspicuous enclosure, the burial-place of princes.

Accordingly, we are informed by Caradoc of Llan Carvan, a contemporary historian, that, in the year 1159, Madoc ab Meredydd, prince of Powys, was buried in *this* church, "yn eglwys Tysilio yn Meivod:" and subsequent historians add, that Gruffydd Maelor, Madoc's eldest son, and lord of the lower moiety of Powys, was buried in the same church, in the year 1190. From Cynddelw's expression, "gwyddva breninedd," we may infer that most of the princes of the two races of Mervyn and Convyn, who resided at the neighbouring castle of Mathraval, had their sepultures in the fane of this popular saint. Churches dedicated to him, and bearing his name, are widely spread throughout the four provinces of Wales. Meivod had its three saints, but the festival of Tysilio only was observed by the parishioners in their annual wake, Nov. 1st, O. S., until of late years, when such encænia, having degenerated from their original intention, fell deservedly into disrepute.

The *third* church, the only one now standing, is dedicated to St. Mary, and, according to Caradoc, was consecrated in the year

* These two townships of *Glosgoed* and *Dolobran*, sometime subsequent to the date of this specification, were added to the township of *Bryn y Bwa*, to form one constablewic, under the apposite appellation of *Teirtrev*, (Three Townships.) On a late division and enclosure of waste lands, it would have been fortunate for the freeholders of *Bryn y Bwa*, if the consolidation had never taken place, and the name *Teirtrev* never been known among the townships of the parish of Meivod.

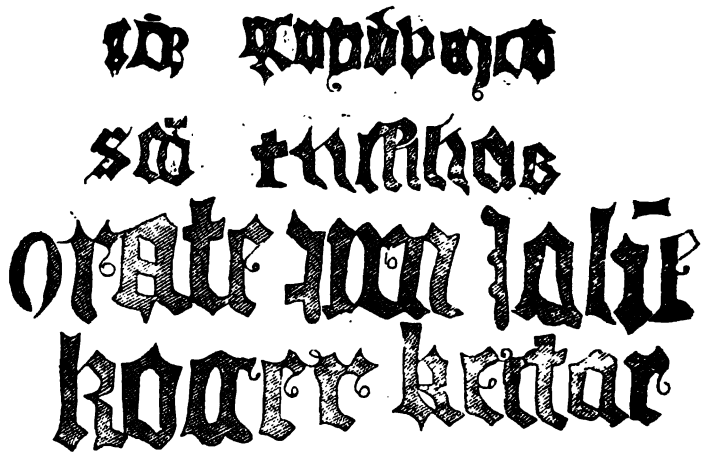
1155. There is much discrepancy in the accounts given of these churches by modern writers. Mr. Pennant states that the present church is that of Tysilio, and that Eglwys *Vair*, (St. Mary's,) together with that of *Gwyddvarch*, have disappeared. But Cynddelw's description of Tysilio's church does not accord with the present edifice. Others suppose that Madoc ab Meredydd was the founder of St. Mary's church. But this prince, owing to his situation on the marches, between the eagle of Owain Gwynedd and the vulture of England, politically thought he had more need of building castles than churches. He had already built the castles of Oswestry and Overton; and in the very year in which St. Mary's church in Meivod was consecrated, he was engaged in erecting the "castle of Caer Einion, over against Cymmer." Madoc quitted the scene of perpetual hostilities in 1159, only four years after the consecration of St. Mary's; and, had he been the founder of that new church, he would, most probably, have ordered his sepulture there. But Caradoc, the only light we have to dispel the gloom of that dark age, says, positively, that Madoc was buried in the elder church of St. Tysilio, where his family vaults were.

The present church is a capacious edifice, consisting of a double-roofed nave, and an aisle on the north side, with a quadrangular tower furnished with three bells. Internally, it is far from being either elegant or commodious. Near the font is an antique tombstone, without inscription, save rude sculptures in bass-relief of a St. Catharine's wheel in chief, a sword, and the edges garnished with figures in humble representation of what are called "true love's knots." In the chancel is a monument, from which the following inscription is copied:

"Here lieth the body of Meriel Williames, youngest daughter of Richard Powell, of Worthyn, in the county of Salop, esq. by Elizabeth, his second wife, one of the daughters of Richard Corbet, of Adderley, esq. and Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of the Lord Chancellor Bromley. The said Meriel having married John Williames, of Ystym Colwyn, esq. descended of the ancient family of *Cochwillan*, in the county of Carnarvon, who died 21st December, 1685, is here interred in the same grave with him, in hope of a joyful resurrection; and afterwards continued a sorrowful widow to her death, which happened on January 13th, 1702, in the 75th year of her age, to the unspeakable grief of all her friends and relations, and the great loss of the poor, who never wanted her charitable assistance. To whose pious memory, E. Powell, her nephew and executor, erected this monument of her great worth and his own gratitude."

In the chancel window, a few years ago, was a legend, in old characters, commemorating the names of the two saints of the churches which have disappeared. It is not improbable that they

were preserved out of the ruins of those edifices by a John Roger, rector of this church, at a period now unknown, as Brown Willis has not given us a list of the rectors of this parish. The painted glass here referred to having disappeared, the legend, as copied in the year 1796, is here preserved.



Ste. Guydbarch, Ste. Tussilian, Orate pro Johē Roger, rector.

Rector, Vicars. The only rector recorded by Br. Willis is Dr. Magnus, a foundling, he says, of Newark upon Trent. Henry VIII. employed him as a foreign ambassador. He afterwards became archdeacon of the east riding of York, canon of Windsor, rector of Bedall, Yorkshire, and, in 1537, he was collated by Bishop Warton to the three rectories of Meivod, Guilsfield, and Pool. How long this great pluralist held them we are not informed; probably until Cardinal Wolsey procured a grant of them, from the king, to endow his college, now Christ Church, Oxford; and since then the three parishes have had vicars only. The site of the rector's house at Meivod is still known by the name of the *Moat*, a square area, surrounded by water, in a field called the moat meadow; for which, and other rectorial glebe, the vicar pays rent to the dean and chapter of Christ's church, for the time being.

A.D. 1578. Bishop Hughes, of St. Asaph, held the vicarage in his own hands for this year only, contrary to his general practice. Strype, in his Annals of the Reformation, says that he held sixteen livings, *seven* with cures, and *nine* sinecures, in commendam. Lord Keeper Egerton presented others to two of these livings, and the queen to two more; and, at last, in the year 1601, the prelate

having held some of the benefices for twenty-seven years, he was deprived of all, by a power superior to that of the lord keeper or the queen.

In 1579. David Powell, vicar of Rhiwabon, became also vicar of Meivod; he was admitted D.D. in 1583, and is well known as the first publisher of *Caradoc's* History of Wales in English, and annotator on the Itinerary, &c. of Giraldus Cambrensis. The Doctor had six sons and six daughters; the names of his five elder sons all ended in *el:* Samuel, Daniel, Gabriel, Raphael, and Michael. He was also sinecure rector of Llansantfraid yn Mechain, and prebendary of Llan Vair Talhaern, in the cathedral church of St. Asaph. He resided chiefly at Rhiwabon. According to Brown Willis, his son Samuel, succeeded him as vicar of the latter benefice; but I have seen a statement, *in manuscript*, that Dr. Powell's eldest son, Samuel, died young, and was buried on the same day as his father.

Three vicars intervened between Dr. Powell and Randolph Davies, A.M. who was collated vicar of Meivod, and sinecure rector of Cwm, near St. Asaph, by Bishop Gruffydd, in the year 1661, according to Edwards, in his edition of Brown Willis's Survey, vol. ii. pp. 268 and 393; but the register of Meivod varies considerably as to dates, as will appear by the following extracts:

> "Matrimonium legitimum contrat fuit inter Randolphum Davies vicarium hujus parochiæ et Mariam filiam Johannis Williams clerici, 10° die Junii, 1648."

Again: "Johannes filius Randolphi Davies Vicarii hujus parochiæ baptiz. fuit 8° Julii, 1651."

By the former extract, it appears that Randolph Davies was vicar of Meivod at least thirteen years previous to the date of his collation in the "*Survey.*" The register certifies the vicar's burial thus: "Dom̃ Ranulphus Dauies Cler̃ de Peniarth Sepultus, 25° Feb. 1695." The *Survey* dates the collation of his successor, "Richard Derwas, by Barrow, 1697." Could the living be two years vacant? If so, it occurred during Bishop Jones's prelateship.

The register contains the baptisms of thirteen children of Randolph Davies, vicar, and Mary, his wife, from the year 1649 to 1666. According to the above dates, he held the living forty-seven years. During his incumbency, quakerism, &c. had made a considerable schism in his flock; and, as an endeavour to arrest the progress of dissent, he published, in the year 1675, a tract of 237 pages, 12mo. in excellent Welsh, with a dedication of five pages, in the same language, to Edward Vaughan, of Llwydiarth, esq. The first titlepage, in English, thus: "A Tryall of the Spirits, or a Discovery of False Prophets, and a Caveat to beware of them; or a short Treatise on 1 John, iv. 1. Wherein is discovered, by the light of God's Word, expounded by antiquity,

that several Doctrines of the Papists, Presbyterians, Independents, and Quakers, are disagreeable to the Holy Scripture, and carefully to be avoided by every Man that loves the Salvation of his Soul. *Pro Ecclesia clamitant, et contra Ecclesiam dimicant.* Cypr."

There is a tradition preserved in the parish, that this vicar's wife had a sister living at Pentre' Go', and one Sunday morning they met at Pentre' Parog, to cross each other's path at right angles, one due south, towards church, the other due west, towards the friend's meeting-house, at Coed Cowryd, near Dolobran. After a few words of salutation had passed, and each preparing to depart, the vicar's wife said, "If you *had grace*, my dear sister, you would come with me." A reply was instantly given: "If *thou* hadst grace, *thou* wouldst come with *me*." And so, both orthodox in their own minds, they departed towards their respective places of worship.

Randolph Davies was succeeded by Richard Derwas, in 1697, according to Willis. He bought a tenement in Nantymeichiaid, now let at about £16 *per annum*, which he bequeathed to the vicar and church-wardens, for the time being, for the use of the poor.

One vicar intervened between Derwas and Salusbury Pryce, D.D. who was collated by Bishop Tanner, in 1741. He held the living fifty-three years, and was grandfather to the late Dr. Trevor, of Eastham, prebendary of Chester, &c., and of the present John Humphreys, of Bod-Heilin, esq., and of the late brave naval officer, Capt. Salusbury Humphreys, who committed a bold, yet justifiable error, in firing on the Chesapeak, an American ship of war.

Section 3. *Situation, Divisions, Rivers, Springs.* The village of Meivod is about twenty-four miles distant from Shrewsbury, sixteen from Oswestry, and seven from Welshpool. The parish is about eight miles in length, and nearly four in breadth. It was, formerly, a portion of Powys Wenwynwyn, or that moiety allotted by Meredydd ab Bleddyn to his grandson, Owain Cyveiliog. It was, however, for reasons not very clear, dismembered, and divided between three several hundreds; the townships in each as under:

In the hundred of Llan Vyllin, formerly *Cantrev y Vyrnwy*,	1. Teir Trev. 2. Nant y Meichiaid. 3. Peniarth. 4. Dyfryn. 5. Main.
In the hundred of Pool lower, formerly *Cantrev Ystlyc*,	6. Ystum Colwyn. 7. Cevn Llyvnog. 8. Ystrad y Vyrnwy. 9. Cwm. 10. Cîl. 11. Trev Edryd.
In the hundred of Deuddwr, formerly *Cwmwd Deuddwr*, in the *Cantrev of Ystlyc*,	12. Trev-Nannau.

Since the year 1776, the township of Ystrad y Vyrnwy, (No. 8,) has disappeared from the leet-roll, having been united either to Cevn Llyvnog or to Ystym Colwyn, to reduce the number of constables. It was but of small extent, as its tithes, in 1776, were valued at only £22 12s. the township of Peniarth, in the same year, being valued at £99 9 6.

Brooks, Rivers.—1. *Colwyn* (a whelp) is a small stream, rising in Peniarth, flowing by Bwlch y Cibau, through Cennant mawr, into the *Vyrnwy*, near Ystym-*Colwyn* (super *Colne.*)

2. *Brogan*, a rivulet, rising above *Nant y Meichiaid*, and, after performing one of the most meandering courses on the map of nature, along the flat of that valley, enters the parish of Llan-Armon yn Mechain, joins the *Cain* below Bron Gain, which, in its turn, pays its tribute to the master-drain of the district, the *Vyrnwy*, above Llansantfraid bridge.

3. *Vyrnwy* is a well-known and easily-defined river, from the western boundary of this parish to its junction with the Severn, at Cymmerau, on the verge of Shropshire. Drayton, in his Poly-olbion, canto vi., says,

> *Forkt* Vurnway, bringing *Tur* and *Tanot;* growing rank,
> She plies her towards the *pool.*

What *pool* the versifying topographer meant in this place is not evident. His term "*forkt,*" is, however, very appropriate; for it has two very extensive feeders issuing from different parts of the backbone ridge of a large district of country, extending from Pumplummon, on the south, to the skirts of Aran Vawddwy, on the north.* Whether both these forks, or either of them, can, with propriety, be called *Vyrnwy*, is a point not as yet satisfactorily decided. *Both* of them have had this name upon paper, in grants, in tours, and on maps; but *neither* of them has had that name in the vernacular language of the native inhabitants dwelling on their banks; which should be considered as evidence paramount to any written document. It is, however, fair, that the evidence on both sides should be here stated.

That the *southern* fork had the name *Vyrnwy*, is supposed to be proved by the following vouchers:

1. *Gwenwynwyn*, prince of Powys, grants, "to God, to the B. V., and to the Monks of the Cistercian Abbey of *Ystrad Marchell*, a certain tract of mountain pasture, whose boundaries are thus defined, "follow *Nodwydd* from its fall into *Evernoe* to its source, thence through the middle of *Cwm-brwynen* to *Blaen-bolo*,

* This backbone line, the springs on one side of it flowing towards the west, and those on the other side towards the east, may be traced farther from Aran Vawddwy to the source of the river Conwy, from thence to the Peak of Snowdon, and even to Menai bridge.

thence to *Blaen Cannon*, thence follow the boundary of *Kereinaun* and *Keuellyauc* to *Blaen-Evernoe*, then follow *Evernoe* to Aber-*nodwydd*." This grant is dated in the year 1200.

2. Another grant, dated 1201, from the same prince to the same monks, of an immense tract of upland pasture, in Cyveiliog, the boundaries defined by about thirty names of places, and among others, "*Rhyd Derwen*, and follow *Derwen* to *y Vyrnwy**, and *Nant yr eira*."

3. Lease of a tenement, called *Tyddyn havod y Voel*, in the parish of Llanbryn-Mair, by John, abbot of Ystrad Marchell, to John ab Howel Vychan of Llwydiarth, esq., dated August 30, 1530, nine years before the dissolution of the abbey: the specification of the boundaries thus, "A rivulet called *Nant y Gwythil*, on the *east*, another called *Nant-hurdd*, on the west; a rivulet called *Vyrnwy* on the north, and another called *Yaen* on the south part."

That the *northern* fork had also the name *Vernwy*, is supposed to be proved by the following grant, &c.:

From *Gwenwynwyn*, again, to the same monks, dated at the abbey of "Stradmarchell," in 1204, of a great portion of Mochnant; "in breadth from *Kenneureon* to the river which is called *Evernoe* and *Llanwothin*."

Let us now hear evidence on the opposite side. A writer in the Cambrian Register, vol. ii. p. 368, who had lived upwards of sixty years on the bank of the *Evernoe* of Gwenwynwyn's grants, says, positively, that it is not known to the people on its borders by any other name than *Avon gam* (Mœander). He adds, that the *Avon gam* receives the *Cledau* and the *Nodwydd* (the Needle), and at length falls into the *Banw*, below Llan Gadvan church. This *Banw* (a hog) which he states to be the chief stream of the southern fork, rises near *Bwlch y Vedwen*, on the confine of Meirionedshire; and, below Garth-beibio church, receives the *Twrch* (another burrowing *hog*†); a little lower, it takes in the *Avon gam* above mentioned. On its progress towards Llanvair, it passes by a farm-house called *Glan Banw* (Banw bank.) This is a proof in point that this southern branch should not be called by any other name than *Banw*, which, with the article (*the*) prefixed, would be *y Vanw*.

* This is too modern orthography for the year 1201. It is taken from a copy of the original by the Rev. E. Evans. He probably modernised *Evernoe* to *Y Vyrnwy*. The extent of this grant (being the prince's patrimony within the six parishes of Cyveiliog) to the drones of an abbey, is an instance, out of many, of the necessity for passing the *Mortmain* Act, by Edward I. in 1279.

† Rivers of similar character have these names in other parts of Wales; such as *Banw*, in the vale of Usk; and *Twrch*, a mountain torrent, dividing the counties of Brecon and Glamorgan, in Ystrad Gynlais.

The northern fork, if we prefer popular usage from time immemorial to the suppositions of abbots, priors, and conveyancers of the thirteenth century, has no other name than *avon* prefixed to several places it passes by: such as *avon* Llan Owddyn, *avon* Dolanog, &c. And near the junction of the two forks, before they unite, the southern is generally named *Avon Lanvair*, and the northern *Avon y Bont*; but, as soon as the united stream enters the parish of Meivod, it is universally recognized as *the* Vyrnwy. Then, in future, let the southern branch bear its real name, *Banw*; and the northern *Owddyn*, from its source being in that parish, on the borders of Meirionyddshire. In the history of rivers it is not uncommon to find them changing appellations as they proceed. Pliny says of the Danube, "Primo *Danubius*; ubi primum Illyricum alluit, *Ister* dicitur." And in England, the Isis, as soon as it receives the Thame, at Dorchester, becomes Thame-isis, the Thames.

Vyrnwy must be an inflection of some radical word beginning with *M*, for no Welsh word, in its primary state, begins with *V*. Then, the origin of *Vyrnwy* may be *Maran-wy*, the salmon river. The article *y* prefixed, would form *y Varanwy*; and, by contraction and long usage, *Vyrnwy*, without the governing prefix. There is some reason to think that Dr. Powell had an eye upon this derivation, when he called the Vyrnwy *Marnovia*, in his annotations on Giraldus Cambrensis. The Doctor was vicar of Meivod, and well acquainted with the Vyrnwy, and its various finny tribes. Mr. Pennant says (vol. iii. 221, last 8vo. edit.) that the Vyrnwy merited the name of "*piscosus amnis*," as much as any he knew. He names twenty species of fish to be found in this river, from the salmon to the Miller's thumb, with the time of their being respectively in season. He further informs us, that out of these twenty species, only *seven* are to be found in the *Tanat**, a considerable river falling into the Vyrnwy, at or near Aber-Tanat, above Llan y Myneich. But he excludes the *salmon* from the Tanat, except it be an error of the press; which all the spearmen from Aber Tanat to Llan Gynog, know to be wrong: and some strong salmon speared in the Tanat, during the spawning season, have at a sudden jerk, drawn the poacher, unwilling to lose his trident, over head and ears into the stream.

Springs of salubrious water are here as numerous as in other parishes of similar character, diversified with hills and dales. There is one in the township of *Teirtrev*, called *Fynnon darogan*, or the well of divination, covered with a cupola of many years standing; but it cannot be said of it, in these days, "thereto hangs a tale." There are but two springs in the parish supposed to possess medicinal virtues.

* "Such preference (Mr. P. adds) do fish give to certain waters."

1. *Fynnon y Groftydd,* in Teirtrev, which is strongly sulphureous, and has performed cures in cases of cutaneous eruption, &c.

2. *Fynnon y clawdd llesg,* in Trev-edryd : here are two springs, close to each other, but of no great issue. One slightly impregnated with hepatic air, and not much used; the other has not the least appearance of any mineral ingredient in its composition. It has, however, been a place much resorted to in the spring of the year, by invalids afflicted with scrofula, or any other inveterate ulcers; and many of them have found relief by holding the parts affected under the spout of the spring, immediately upon its issuing out of the rock. These springs are upon *Plas isa* farm, the property of the Rev. Nathaniel Roberts, of Oswestry.

At this limpid spring it was customary, until within these few years, for the youth of the vicinity to assemble on the evening of the eighth Sunday after Easter, to waste an hour or two in drinking *aqua fontana,* dulcified with the produce of the West-Indian cane; and then retire to a convenient green plot, or a house, to finish the day in dancing. The origin of this ridiculous custom is veiled in obscurity. It might formerly have been an hydromelian wake, before the introduction of sugar, in honour of the three saints of the three churches of ancient Meivod. From the day on which it was celebrated, it seems to have been what may be catachrestically termed a *Christian* superstition.

Similar assemblages annually met, and on the same day, in the other end of the parish, at a fountain of clear rock-water, on *Gallt y Main.* The devotees at this spring usually retired, to finish their day's sport, to a fine *green,* fenced on four sides, like a Roman camp, called *Bryn y bowliau* at *Bwlch y Cibau,* where athletic exercises and dancing closed the ceremony.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the gloomy spirit of the age triumphed, for awhile in the suppression of these ill-timed amusements. Near the midway between the above-described *fountain* and *green,* " the Hinnoms of execrated abominations," a place of worship was established, which, from the great length of the orations delivered therein, had the denomination of *Capel Hirbryd* (the long-fasting chapel), a name by which the house on the spot is still known. On the *restoration* of a prince, upon whose moral principles neither the lessons of adversity nor the dictates of common prudence made any impression, the national character underwent a retrogade metamorphose, and " Sunday sports" became again the order of the day. The *wells* and the *greens* recovered the attendance of their periodical votaries, until within these few years, when a besom of superior efficacy to the puritanic one of the seventeenth century, eventually swept away the anniversary of the hydromel festival; never again to be the cause of assembling a thoughtless rabble to celebrate antiquated rites, of the origin of which they must have been entirely ignorant.

As I am now, almost unintentionally, on the subject of *dancing*, in justice to libelled Wales, I must here protest against the veracity of a paragraph in a work of no less notoriety than Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia. Under the head *Dance*, we there read:

"The descendants of the original inhabitants of our island, the Cambro-Britons, in *our own memory*, on Sundays, used to be played out of church by a *fiddle*, and to form a dance on the *churchyard* at the conclusion of the sermon. These could hardly be called religious dances, though in some measure connected with the service of the *church*, where the people are assembled; but, however harmless the practice may originally have been, it has, *we believe*, been totally discredited and abolished by the dissenters and methodists."

The editor, a Welshman, at least by name, birth, and parentage, should not have exposed to public derision any party among his own countrymen, however odious that party might be to himself, without substantiating his sweeping charge with the place *where*, and the time *when*, such an unseasonable *fiddling* was practised in Wales.

[*To be continued.*]

DAVYDD AP GWILYM TO THE WHITE GULL.

Bird that dwellest in the spray,
Far from mountain woods away,
Sporting,—blending with the sea,
Like the moonbeam—gleamily.
Wilt thou leave thy sparkling chamber
Round my lady's tower to clamber?
Thou shalt fairer charms behold
Than Taliesin's tongue has told,
Than Merddin sang, or loved, or knew—
Lily nursed on ocean's dew—
Say (recluse of yon wild sea),
"She is all in all to me."

Maelog.

ELEGY WRITTEN BY ROBIN DHU AB SIENCIN,

AN EMINENT BARD, WHO FLOURISHED FROM ABOUT A. D. 1340 to 1370, ON THE SEVEN CHILDREN OF GRYFFYTH AB RHYS OF GLODDAETH, WHO DIED IN THE SAME WEEK, OF THE PLAGUE, 1348. MARGARET, THE INFANT ALLUDED TO, BECAME SOLE HEIR, AND MARRIED HOWEL AB IEVAN VYCHAN OF MOSTYN, FATHER TO RISIART AB HOWEL, THE FIRST THAT TOOK THE SURNAME OF MOSTYN, ABOUT 1536.

There was weeping and lamentation heard in Creuddyn,
A great tree has lost its branches,
And that tree is Gruffydd ab Rhys,
Who has plenty of venison and metheglyn in his white palas*.
Alas! that the scion of his house should have fallen, and not fallen alone,
Except one poor little branch all are gone.
God grant that this branch may bear good fruit, and ever flourish in pure verdure;
The whole country feared that the last bud of Gloddaeth was sinking beneath its sod.
There was weeping and lamentation heard in Creuddyn,
Alas! that Creuddyn should be the scene of such misery.
The valley groaned when the sod covered so many lovely descendants of Sir Gruffydd Lhwyd;
Creuddyn, the once happy Creuddyn, is lonely and deserted;
Gruffydd is become as the naked body of a tall tree robbed of its branches,
Gruffydd is melancholy, and walks alone by the side of his mountain,
And he seems like the tall spear of Gronw ab Tegerin despoiled of its head:
Even the Men of Oswallt† shed many a tear when they heard of thy misfortune.
Thou root of an honourable branch,
Much as thou lamentest, there is one who feels thy sorrow doubly,
It is Jenet, thy companion, thy friend, the chosen among women,
Who was proud to be called the mother of men;
That would hunt the wild deer on the rocky mountains of their father,
And seek the timid doe 'mid the gloomy glens of Gloddaeth;
The bosom that nourished them is now beat by the agonized hand,
And she who was so meek before dares murmur at the will of her God.
And the voice utters, "why are my lovely ones gone
I had seven who called me mother,
And proud was I of the name; but no one speaks it now;
I will teach it my babe, who shall be to me as the seven which I have lost.
There was Davydd, the promising heir of Gloddaeth,
Full was the feast that celebrated his birth,
A light beams,—he saw heaven, and wished to be there;
And the same night Gwilym followed him;

* The Cambro-British word *palas, plas*, is the original of *palace*.

† Oswestry, between whom and Gruffydd there had been a feud.

Rhys, thou dear one! tarry awhile with thy mother,
Or leave Llewelyn to soothe thy father for the loss of his sons;
Ievan, thou daybeam of hope to Gloddaeth,
Sad was the night that saw thee expire, thou fifth and last heir;
Oh! hide Catrin, white as the winter snow and brilliant as the autumn moon,
Although the eldest, few were the months she saw.
Annes, thou fair one, and could not thy beauty save thee from being a seventh in this mournful procession."
One mother bore them, one father owned them,
One week saw them laid in one grave,
One heaven contains them;
One tree produced these seven flowers, which are now seven blossoms blooming in Paradise.

ROBIN DDU.

THE PASSENGERS.

NO. II.

[*Continued from p.* 210.]

When all the previous arrangements had been completed, and the coachman was mounting his box in front of the Owen Glyndwr's Inn, at Corwen, our Passengers resumed their seats, and soon left the gray and white houses of the town, with its rocky background of heath and bushes, far behind them.

The steam-engines, however, (which our readers will recollect was the term by which a certain coachman described their conversation) did not begin to work until they reached a bridge over the Dee, not far from Corwen: the interval being one of those pauses which are said to be characteristic of English conversation, and which, we are persuaded, always occur wherever there is any thing worth hearing. Nothing can be more beautiful in society than these pauses; without them, conversation would become a heartless, careless, unreflecting, and absurd employment. No expression of opinion could have any weight; no communication of knowledge could be well remembered: at no time does the human face appear so attractive and intelligent as during that interval of speaking when the new impressions are travelling to the hearer's memory. Having, therefore, as we hope, justified the silence of our Passengers on this occasion, we now find that, in consequence of their renewed animation, it has again become necessary to have recourse to the form of dialogue in order to record what passed between them.

Allansley. Clanvoy, is this river still the Dee?

Clanvoy. It is: and look well at it, as we pass over the bridge, for if ever you saw beautiful water it is here.

Larndon. This is indeed the perfection of a pastoral river; wide, shallow, rippling, and clear. It has the motion of a stream and the calmness of a lake. Indeed the whole of this river scenery, that we have passed hitherto, is full of study for the artist. You may recognise the vignettes of Bewick, and his masterly touches, almost as if he had been here to make them.

Clanvoy. That reach [looking up the river] is of a remarkably peaceful character. It is not quite a subject for drawing; but how much might be gained by studying the peculiar mixture of quiet flowing water and rippling foam; just indicating, as it were by stealth, a mountainous neighbourhood; and the "gentle roar," that was remarked in this river by Spenser, is no where more delightful than here.

Allansley. How far are we from Bala?

Clanvoy. Bala is twelve miles from Corwen, to our left, and here we bid farewell to the Dee.

Allansley. I am sorry for that.

Clanvoy. At the upper end of Llyn Tegid, (the lake of Bala,) some first-rate mountains are seen together. Cader Idris, and Arran Penllyn are both in full view from the town of Bala; while the lake is about four miles in length, almost as long as any picturesque lake need be. It is an exceedingly fine thing; and I do not know why, but it is much undervalued. If you are so unlucky as only to see a place during bad weather, you can give no fair opinion of it. If the mountain tops are always hid, they are to you as if they did not exist. There is no place more dull than Chamouni, when the Aiguilles of Mont Blanc are clouded; and the lamentations of the tourist are recorded there in every language, with as much eloquence as in our own uncertain climate. However, justice has, in general, been done to North Wales. It has acquired, in our days, a poetical character in public estimation that nothing can shake. The difference of language makes it quite a foreign land within our own: and, in spite of all drawbacks, ignorance, rudeness, and vice, it still remains a land of Druidic, Bardic, and Feudal glory. No where, except at Killarney, have I found the genius of the place breathing such a spirit of poetry. Something more than mere outward magnificence is required in order to create that influence which varies in depth and extent according to every man's own mind.

Allansley. There is a tinge of pleasing sadness in the Welsh national airs, and a very peculiar, but not ungraceful, style of melody.

Clanvoy. The sadness may partly be accounted for by the character of Welsh history, which is almost a continued succession of misfortunes. In the last battle, in the reign of Edward I. almost all the nobility and gentry perished. From such a blow, a nation is not likely to recover; consider, for a moment, what the effect

of such a misfortune must always be; the language, the habits, and the manners, of the lower classes, are, from that period, those of the nation; example, authority, and literature, are destroyed. A long period of Welsh history succeeding the conquest is nothing but a calendar of robberies and murders. The population of Wales appears to have been greater in those days than it is now; but, as most of their houses were built of wood, no traces of them remain. The only fair prospect for Wales, at present, is a closer and more intimate union with England; which this magnificent road is of all things most likely to promote.

Allansley. O Clanvoy! the Providence that watches over nations, and by whose appointment injustice itself punishes the guilty, cannot have permitted such ruin as you describe.

Clanvoy. Do you remember what one of the highest classical authorities* required in order to form a tragical character? not perfection: for misfortunes quite undeserved are odious to behold: nor utter depravity; for with such a man we cannot sympathise: but a character compounded of goodness and error, whom we may pity; whose misfortunes may be such as we also might undergo: while these impressions of pity and fear are rendered pleasing by external pomp, and the custom of long-past ages, and the illusions of poetic art. Never did any history so completely correspond with all this as that of Wales. The whole aspect of it is in some degree tragical,—by which word I do not always mean dreadful, but heroic. Whatever the Welsh have endured, I am certain they have deserved. Indeed, I think so of unhappy nations, in all ages, but not of all individuals, in any.

Look at those hills on the right in the neighbourhood of Corwen. You can see the traces of a British encampment called Caer Drewen, where Owen Gwynedd's army was posted when Henry II. invaded Wales.

Allansley. Who was Owen Gwynedd?

Clanvoy. Prince of North Wales, in the reigns of our Stephen and Henry II., in the middle of the twelfth century. He was the son of Gryffith ap Conan, who was a great patron of Welsh music and poetry. Owen Gwynedd's reign was long and prosperous, thirty-two years; and he left nineteen children, two daughters and seventeen sons, most of whom were eminent for bravery.

Allansley. I was confounding him with Owen Glyndwr.

Clanvoy. You will never do so again, if you remember the curious fact, that Owen Gwynedd opposed Henry II., and Owen Glyndwr, Henry IV. almost on the same ground, and with almost equal success.

Allansley. Was any battle fought here?

* Aristotle.

Clanvoy. No, nothing that could be called a battle. There was a desperate skirmish on the borders, in the neighbourhood of Chirk, which then went by the name of Crogen; and the English were so vexed at their loss on that occasion, that, whenever they spoke with anger of the Welsh, they were in the habit, for a long time after, of calling them those Crogen Welshmen. In fact, I believe this term continued so long in use, that the common soldiers would call the Welsh Crogens, by way of reproach, not being at all aware that it was the record of a Welsh triumph. During this invasion, the same sort of thing occurred to King Henry that Bonaparte mentions as happening to himself, at the siege of Acre. They were both indebted for their safety to the heroism of a soldier. Napoleon found a shell ready to burst at his feet; and one of his attendants throwing his cloak over him, and embracing him, at the hazard of his own life, they rolled together into the hollow formed in the sand by the explosion. Henry was aimed at by an arrow, when Herbert of Colchester perceiving it, stood before the king, and received it in his heart. It is curious to observe how frequently this kind of self-devotion has been recorded in history. The power collected on both sides on this occasion was, probably greater than has been ever known, before or since, in any Welsh war. Henry's army was drawn from all his dominions, comprising England, Normandy, Anjou, Gascony, and Guienne, with additional forces from Flanders and Brittany; while Owen's confederate army consisted of his own forces, those belonging to Prince Rhys, of South Wales, those of Radnorshire, and those of Powisland. After all this preparation, "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" the two armies watched each other for some time, till Henry, being drenched with rain, and half-starved for want of provisions, went away in a fit of ill-humour. The English camp must have been somewhere hereabouts, for the historian says that he "kept the open plains." Now this is the only place within the border that can be called an open plain, in the neighbourhood of Corwen. Moreover, there is no doubt whatever, that the camp you see was Owen Gwynedd's. Caradoc of Llancarvan,* however, in that part of his history which relates to this invasion, has not been quite so accurate as usual.

Allansley. What a strange medley of people Henry the Second must have brought here on that occasion, and all for nothing!

Clanvoy. I think I see the Gascon, jabbering his husky French, and abusing the weather, for it invariably rained when the English invaded Wales; you know that they say a large army will always attract a thunder storm. Then there was the Norman, of Normandy, and the Anglo-Saxo-Norman, or whatever you choose to call him, of England; the Flemish volunteer, and the soldier of

* See Powell's Translation, augmented by W. Wynne, of Jesus College, 1774, pp. 191 and 223.

Brittany, who, by the bye, must have almost found himself at home here as to language; what a Babel of confusion it must have been! I am rather at a loss to account for Henry the Second's failures in Wales. He never succeeded here; yet in his reign all Ireland was conquered, you may say without any trouble or ceremony, by a few hundred men. That was an age of some interest: what with Strongbow in the field, Becket in the church, Giraldus in the study, and fair Rosamond in the bower, there was no dearth of adventure in any department.

Allansley. Had Strongbow any thing to do with Wales, as well as Ireland?

Clanvoy. I believe his family was Flemish. His father received the lordship of Cardigan, to hold under Henry the First, in case he could conquer it. The king dispossessed Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, the native lord, on account of the turbulent behaviour of his son, Owen.

Allansley. I am aware that several Flemings, as well as Normans, were transplanted into South Wales; but I do not remember, or perhaps I never knew, how and why the Flemings came there.

Clanvoy. I'll tell you how it was: There was a local deluge, which laid the Netherlands under water, in the beginning of the twelfth century. Several of the Flemings came to England, where Henry the First, in the excess of his generosity, forbore to assign to them any part of his own large dominions, but took the poor Welshmen's land, which he distributed among these wayfaring men, his new visitors. The earlier English kings were much in the habit of doing thus; and the Flemings remain in South Wales to this day. The other Strongbow, son to Gilbert, was earl of Strigill, or Striguill, in Monmouthshire, and of Pembroke, as well as lord of Cardigan, to which dignities he afterwards added that of being the first viceroy of Ireland. His conquest of that country, for ease, cheapness, and rapidity, has, I believe, no parallel in history.

Larndon. What grounds are these, Clanvoy?

Clanvoy. This is Rheeg, which they spell, in the Welsh way, Rûg, about three miles from Corwen. It belongs to Colonel Vaughan, brother to Sir Robert Williames Vaughan, of Nannau, near Dolgelly, and owner of Hengwrt a place in that neighbourhood. You just catch one glimpse of the corner of the house from the road, but nothing more. The woods that surround it are extensive; he has large preserves, and plenty of pheasants. You see, although far advanced in Wales, we are still on level ground, with good English-looking cultivation. This is the Vale of Edeirnion, inferior in beauty to Llangollen, and in grandeur to most of the Welsh vallies; but, nevertheless, a very pleasing neighbourhood, better adapted for living in than a more mountainous one.

Larndon. What a picturesque old bridge that is, with two very flat arches, at some distance from this that we are passing!

Clanvoy. Flat arches are peculiarly well adapted for bridges. By them you get rid of needless piers, and needless height. They carry the eye to the bank more evidently; they harmonize better with all the upper outlines; and they are somewhat more secure than most others: in short, they deserve to be adopted exclusively for all bridge-work.

Allansley. Larndon, do you remember Clanvoy's remarks upon Llangollen bridge, that it was the most elegant bridge he knew? and do you remember that those arches were any thing but flat ones?

Larndon. I do, perfectly well. We have caught him in a *flat* contradiction of himself.

Allansley. Decidedly. Henceforth, his opinions upon bridges and arches are not worth a straw.

Larndon. They are evidently the mere caprice of the moment, and are not founded either on principle or conviction.

Allansley. Or they are the result of a sincere but ill-governed feeling, which leans first on one side and then the other.

Larndon. It is neither in the power of language to explain, nor of charity to excuse them.

Allansley. And some author said once, it matters not how short the fit of conviction may be, provided you have it on you when you wish to make an impression.

Clanvoy. Go on, two to one, till your breath fails. A scandalous observation that last of yours, Allansley!

Larndon. I *guess* we have demolished him sufficiently.

Allansley. We need not bring up any more of our artillery.

Clanvoy. Now then for mine: Langollen bridge is the most elegant one that I know; in fact, it is the only pure Gothic bridge, of more than one arch, that I am acquainted with, except that clumsy piece of work, the old London bridge. At the time of its erection, the flat arch was almost, if not quite, unknown. The buttresses between the arches, that present only one angle as a breakwater against the stream, are, in my opinion, simpler, and far more satisfactory, than pairs of columns that support a projecting balustrade. The flat Gothic, or Tudor arch, although so convenient, has not, I believe, been as yet employed in bridges. But, if I fancy to myself the perfection of a bridge, I take the Waterloo bridge, for my model, in the number and width of its arches. Then I convert these from their present elliptic form into flat four-centred Gothic-Tudor arches, with appropriate mouldings. Next, I turn the Doric columns and their entablatures, which form a sort of pier between the arches, into such buttresses as you see

at Llangollen. Lastly, instead of a balustrade, I place a perforated Gothic pattern of quatrefoils, or some such form, along the top, and then I have, as before me, all the essential beauties of the Waterloo bridge, enhanced by the nobler inventions of the Gothic architect.

Allansley. Well, I own, Clanvoy, that you have defended yourself better than I expected. The observation that I quoted, you must remember, was not of my own making.

Larndon. Your description is so clear, than an artist, with an elevation of the Waterloo bridge before him, could easily make a drawing of your design. What place is this that we are stopping at? O! I see the sign of the Druid.

Clanvoy. The Bala road goes off to the left, and, of course, appears to some disadvantage after this broad magnificent highway, that carries you along through rugged or smooth ground with equal grace and ease. In road-making, all must allow that we have surpassed the classic Romans. How any man of common sense could drag his carriages over a steep hill, instead of going round it, I cannot conceive. This last improvement, however, is one of those inventions that, when they are put in practice, tempt us to say, I wonder I never found this out before.

Allansley. To be sure, the Roman roads, when you consider their expensive construction, and their needless changes of level, were great absurdities.

Clanvoy. Instead of taking rivers for their guide, they went bolt over hill and dale, quite forgetting that up and down alter the direction of a road full as much as right and left.

Larndon. It was very stupid of the Roman roads forgetting that.

Clanvoy to Allansley. See, how he lies in wait for the accidental negligence of conversation!

Clanvoy. We are coming to a beautiful spot, presently. So put your eyes in order, and get all suitable expressions ready.

Larndon. A deep, woody, rocky glen, to begin with; roaring waters out of sight. O! a bridge, and a waterfall! A round arch, Clanvoy!

Clanvoy. I can't help that. The chasm beneath and the woods around are compensations.

Allansley. A fine romantic scene; the horizon rather too tame.

Larndon. No foreground.

Clanvoy. I suppose we might get a good subject for sketching, by going above these rocks, which have been blasted in order to make the road.

Larndon. Were you ever there?

Clanvoy. No; I took my sketch from the road. But I once

went lower down in quest of a subject, and failed. This place is called Glyn Diffwys, and Pont y Glyn. You cannot get into any one view the winding of this grand road through the rocks, and the bridge, and the glen itself. Now you may bid farewell to fine scenery, for several miles. Coachman! you stop for five minutes or so at the next public-house, don't you?

Coachman, Yes, sir.

Clanvoy. Then let us get down here, if you please, and we will overtake you before you set off again.

[*They get down.*]

We shall just have time to walk over that bridge, and get a clearer view of the glen.

Allansley. I think I never saw trees growing on so steep a bank before.

Larndon. The scene would be improved if some of them were away.

Clanvoy. They hide some fine massy crags of rock here and there.

Larndon. There seems to have been a great deal of rock to cut away, before they made the present road.

Clanvoy. The old road went along the same place, but it was very narrow; and, a few years ago, they blew up vast quantities of rock, to make it wider. In one part, I believe it would have been cheaper to have carried the road through a gallery, than to remove the rock entirely.

Allansley. How far are we from Cernioge?

Clanvoy. Seven miles.

Allansley. And from Corwen?

Clanvoy. Six. The whole stage is about thirteen miles. Now just put your head over the parapet of this bridge, and then let us return.

Larndon. Of course there is no time for any thing in the way of a sketch at present.

Clanvoy. O, no; besides you would be at least half an hour selecting the spot; and after all, ten to one, you would not be satisfied.

Allansley. Come along, come away; there is nothing so vexatious as being too late for a coach.

Clanvoy. Did you observe, after we had entered Llangollen Vale, a different flavor in the air? If you did not you cannot help tasting it here, for in this part of the road it becomes yet more evident. It is not an alteration of temperature, but an actually different flavor pervading the whole atmosphere. It really does deserve to be considered, in our estimate of any climate, that, independent

of its excessive or moderate heat and cold, there is a peculiar taste in the air of every district, which belongs to that and to no other.

Allansley. It may possibly be true. Indeed, I acknowledge a difference between the Welsh air and that of England.

Clanvoy. Seriously, without being over partial to this poetic land, I do taste a wild aromatic richness in the breeze that passes through it, which I do not meet with elsewhere. It arises, I should imagine, from the extent of heathy ground, where the bog myrtle, and asphodel, and thyme, and various other odoriferous plants are so common; and then, not being checked in its course by many trees or hedges, a stirring mountain gale would waft their scent farther than you might suppose. To all these ingredients, you must add a dash of peat smoke, which, if the turf is good, is like the finest incense. Look! they are setting off! we are just in time.

[*They resume their seats, and the coach goes on.*]

Depend upon it, the benefit which an invalid will sometimes receive by returning to his native air, when most other remedies are of no avail, may be accounted for by the fact, that, in the first years of his life, he was fed with air of a certain flavor, to which he became accustomed, and which agreed with his constitution; for, if you send him to an equally warm or equally cold climate, it will not answer: he must again breathe his *native* air, and no other will have the same effect. There must, assuredly, be much difference between vapours that rise from a rocky surface, and those that rise from soil only; then again, the cultivation of that soil, or the mere spontaneous produce of heath and gorse, must alter the influence which it has upon the surrounding air. I can well remember a peculiar taste in the air of every land that I have travelled through. There are great variations in England itself. The air of Kent, for instance, how different from that of Oxford! which again differs much from that of Cambridge, although both neighbourhoods are in their geology so like each other. Go to the English lakes; and, be the weather what it may, who is there that will not find a new mixture of taste and smell in the breeze of Windermere or Borrowdale? But, if you cross the channel, you will meet with a yet greater difference in Ireland; there, the whole country, wherever you go, is tainted more or less by the bog of Allen; I say tainted, because the smell of the Irish peat-bog, in my opinion, is neither pleasant nor wholesome. Whatever may be the cause of it, the Irish air has rather a smoky flavor. This very peculiar scent is modified at Killarney, by the neighbourhood of the sea, and various other causes. It is very curious to find, in Caradoc's account of the Irish conquest, that Henry the Second's army suffered so much from the difference of air and climate, when first wintering in Dublin, that the king returned home without having taken any active measures to secure his new possession.

Larndon. The air of Ireland is, indeed, more different from that

of England, or rather Wales, than you could expect from an interval of only sixty miles.

Clanvoy. Almost as great a change is felt in passing from the Thames to Ostend. The foreign air is mixed up with a very different proportion of odours and flavors from our own. I thought the German Rhenish air of a coarse quality compared with ours; and I accounted for it by considering that the Alps intercept their south wind, and France is before them with that fine western breeze which comes to us direct from the Gulf of Mexico. Allowing, what cannot be denied, that with us it is too humid, yet it retains a high degree of genial tropical softness and warmth. I believe it is quite unknown in Germany; certainly, while I was there, I never met with it. And then Switzerland: but you know very well that, before you can enjoy pure air in that country, you must remove quite out of sight and reach of all human habitation or cultivation.

Larndon. O, you call up a host of the most odious and poisonous recollections! O, smells! never to be forgotten as long as I live! Certainly, the continental nose is naturally more obtuse than an Englishman's.

Clanvoy. O, Switzerland! O, Italy! all the airs of heaven cannot overcome those blasts of hell!

Allansley. Halloo!

Clanvoy. *He* never smelt them!

Larndon. If he had, how he would out-herod Herod in his execrations of them!

Clanvoy. What shall we say of the Swiss air, abstractedly considered, excluding as much as we can those additional effluvias?

Larndon. Of the Swiss air I think rather highly; but it is the water that I complain of, and *that*, I think, is the curse of the country.

Clanvoy. The singular and universal ugliness of a whole nation tells much against the wholesomeness of the land they inhabit.

Larndon. That is, to be sure, extraordinary.

Clanvoy. Save me from eternal snows, and gypsum rocks, and greasy water! Sooner let me live even in this desert; in any part of which I could find some object for fancy to rest upon, and meditate upon science and art, and combine activity with solitude. Barren as these moors appear, the trees, where there are any, thrive well; and there is a pleasing character of calm loneliness among those distant hollows of the mountains. In this populous and bustling age, or nation I had better say, loneliness is every day becoming more scarce, and of greater value. To those who spend all their life in such a retirement, the effect of solitude is nothing less than stupefaction. But, after the storm of active duties and passions, the strife of conscience, and the conflict of opinion, there

is a charm of wonderful power in the deep repose that reigns within some wild rushy vale; a cottage here and there, half hid among elder, and hawthorn, and ivy bushes; the large red houseleek,* or yellow stonecrop,† flourishing upon the old mossy thatch, with a luxuriance deserving of admiration; the babbling torrent, crossed by a stone arch without any parapet; the meadow-flowers, vetches, bluebells, buttercups, and clover, leaning over the caverned edge of the rivulet; the black cattle enjoying the cool water. In the distance, you see the white parish-church, with a Welsh belfry; two or three gigantic old yew-trees growing near it; and far beyond, with endless variations of light and shadow, you see the mountain range, with darker stripes of peat-bog and green marshy ground, mixed with fern and heath; no lofty summits, no precipitous rocks; you do not want them. In one part, you may see a small island of cultivation, a green patch of cottage-corn, and near it, the blue smoke rising from the hut of its owner. These, to us, are tranquil scenes; because we either do not see or cannot suppose that here strong passion tries the peasant youth, and selfishness degrades his father. Never mind, we do not act upon our ignorance; we need not remove the veil, or see more good and evil than we expected; we need not, either now or here, measure the height and depth of moral grandeur and abasement.

Larndon. I am thinking over your description of second-rate mountain scenery, which has made a stronger impression upon me, because I see before me several of those peculiarities which you spoke of.

Clanvoy. I copied them from nature.

Allansley. Clanvoy, in your aerial speculations, what sort of rank do you give to Italian air?

Clanvoy. O, I admit freely that the softness of it is quite wonderful. As to any very surprising superiority that France or Germany may claim over us, in the way of climate, I think it is all ideal; but, when that alpine boundary has been once passed, you are in another world. Assuredly, the different qualities of the atmosphere must have a great influence upon language, or why should the language and the air of Italy so remarkably correspond? How, under any other notion, can you account for the polished Latin tongue, when overthrown by the northern barbarians, reviving, in a softer form than ever, as the modern Italian? It became spondaic also, to be sure, and that was a grievous fault; but that fault is no hindrance to the smoothness of any language, however injurious it may be to rapid or vehement expression.

Allansley. Really, Clanvoy, when I consider your Gothic partialities, you seem to go tolerably far from them, in your Italian observations. I put it to yourself, is not the taste of other men

* Sempervivum tectorum. † Sedum acre and rupestre.

more consistent than yours? A classical scholar stores his fancy with Greek porticoes and forms of ideal beauty, while the lover of opera-music is, in general, a partizan of the Italian architect and poet. Then again, the student of the Gothic art, I suppose, endeavours to exclude from his imagination, as much as he can, the contrary habits and rules of classic art, lest any mongrel ideas (which are so common) should interfere with his conceptions. Without some separation of this kind, every man's mind would be a mass of confusion, and the subjects of art would lose their individual character. I see, clearly, the heresy that you are seeking to establish: you are looking after an ideal perfection, which you think will be gained by extracting from the experience of all styles whatsoever is essentially right. But, although that process answered in representing the perfection of human form, because individuals of the same species could not be quite inconsistent with each other, this method will not, I think, apply to various branches of art, nor to the same art in different ages. It is a hazardous experiment, in which there is no choice between complete success or total failure.

Clanvoy. My dear Allansley, whenever I want any one to restrain my theoretical vagaries, I must apply to you; for I must own that, silent as you are in general, when you *do* speak, your very disapprobation is more instructive to me than the careless consent of others. But what are we to do in this age of universal knowledge? Are we to shut our eyes to half the world, that we may see the other half more perfectly? Tell me, is nothing to be learnt from the works of other nations, and earlier ages? or is every thing to come from an ancient source? and are we to reject all *Christian* civilization? Are not these the extremes of error? The influence of so many specimens of ancient art must work a change in our art; and, unless we can embrace in one view the various conflicting systems that have prevailed, or do prevail, we cannot fairly decide between them. The question appears to me to be this: are we fortunate in having before us the various undertakings of past ages, or are we so bewildered by the number and opposition of them, as to lose our judgment? Perhaps we are losing our judgment; I am sure I do not feel certain that it is not so. Yet I hardly think extended knowledge can cause a decline in taste. And, indeed, you daily see in architecture, more especially, both Greek and Gothic work done with a higher degree of purity than former times ever witnessed. Well now, suppose it should be my secret opinion that the accumulation of all past experience may or will hereafter effect a change for the better upon the fine arts in general, I am, nevertheless, quite ready to praise the pure specimens of every style. I am also quite willing to acknowledge that, without a clear perception of their several peculiarities, no improvement can arise. He to whom these considerations are new must learn one thing at a time, of course; but,

after the mind has passed through several stages of opinion, it naturally seeks a theory by which it may employ its varied knowledge on some object.

Allansley. You may be right, Clanvoy, but, indeed I think you are wrong.

Clanvoy. Look at Larndon, taking his long-intended nap, now there is nothing to see.

Larndon. I am only half asleep; my ears are open although my eyes are shut.

Clanvoy.

Lullaby, baby,
Upon the coach-top!
When the coach falls
The baby will drop.

Larndon, if you really mean to go to sleep, change places with me, or put your arm within mine; for all Olympus is trembling at your nods.

[*They change places.*]

Allansley. What is this gray-looking village, with its old homely church, that we see before us.

Clanvoy. The Welsh name is Cerig y Druidion, (the Rock of Druids.) There was a druidic temple here: the stones have long since been disposed of, as gate-posts, walls, bridges, &c. There were, I believe, several cromlechs and stone-coffins, which are now imbedded in the wall of some farm-yard in the village, if not altogether destroyed.

Allansley. What a shame!

Clanvoy. It is indeed a shameful thing to destroy relics, which, from their very nature, never can be restored. The worst instance of this that I ever met with, and one that I regret most of all, is at Vicar's Island, on Derwentwater. That beautiful spot, surrounded by the transparent lake, and its panorama of mountains, contained, within the recollection of man, a small but very complete circle of druidical stones. The barbaric hand of modern taste converted this insular Stonehenge into a clumsy villa, with surrounding shrubberies, and gloried in the profanation.

Allansley. I wonder such things can ever be done by people of education and right feeling.

Clanvoy. Good taste and right feeling are not common, say what you will. Public opinion may sometimes prevent gross violations of them, but they are seldom to be met with, either natural or acquired. Where they are met with in the lower classes, which is now and then the case, they elevate our opinion of man's nature; and when they are absent from the higher—

Allansley. What then?

Clanvoy. Help me out with some expressions that may describe an excess of degradation.

Allansley. I cannot think of any strong enough.

Clanvoy. But we ought assuredly to have some respect for druidic remains. I am not, however, one of those who consider the druidic worship as containing within itself a model of patriarchal faith. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence to prove that the worship of the sun, moon, and stars, had been blended with the adoration of Noah himself, and his wife, if not of his family. This compound idolatry has usually been called the Helio-arkite superstition; which appears, in almost all nations, a various corruption of the same truth.

Allansley. There appears to me to be a kind of melancholy rudeness in the character of the druidic establishment.

Clanvoy. Are you aware that, according to a classical tradition as explained by the Triads*, the druids of Britain appear to have invented a kind of telescope long before the Christian æra?

Allansley. No, indeed, I never heard it.

Clanvoy. Well, so it is, I assure you. One cannot help wondering to find that, instead of receiving their knowledge from other nations, the British druids founded and perfected their system here, and extended the fame of their science and religion eastward as far as Greece itself; until it became acknowledged that Britain was the fountainhead of theological astronomy. Such was the high character of Druidic faith among the Gentiles of Europe: and I believe it was deserving of all that honour. But when Christianity was brought into competition with it, I must own I am grieved and shocked when I perceive such men as Taliesin and Aneurin (who are no exceptions to the general rule) so evidently preferring their own druidic lore to the truth of the gospel. If the scientific wealth of classic idolatry would not excuse the relaxing convert, what are we to think of those bards who could neglect the church and venerate the cromlech?

Allansley. O, my dear Clanvoy, it is not fair to judge of men's real opinions by casual expressions in their writings. I am sure if any stranger were to draw his conclusions respecting English Christianity from the writings of our poets and historians, he would find so many classic allusions, expressed with such a semblance of belief in Greek mythology, that he would have firmly believed us to have admitted those errors into our faith. Does not Milton, in the finest passages of Paradise Lost, appear to recognise Jupiter, and Juno, and Mercury, and all other classic deities, without one word of caution to the reader, or the slightest hint that he merely has employed them in poetical embellishment? I do not enter upon the question of taste, whether he had better have dispensed

* Diodorus Siculus, as quoted by Mr. Davies in Celtic Researches, p. 192.

with such ornament or not; I merely contend that no reader is misled by it into a suspicion of the poet's faith.

Clanvoy. I could wish, for the credit of those bards, whose talent was undoubtedly first-rate, that your ingenious defence of them could confute the charge. But the author of the Celtic Researches, with perfect impartiality, profound erudition, and unwearied industry, has interpreted the druidic mysteries in so clear a manner as to leave no doubt on the mind of an unprejudiced reader. I honour the druids for their maxim of truth, which their later votaries might have obeyed better; I honour them for asserting the soul's immortality; for their doctrine of reward or punishment after death. But the patronage of druidic opinions by nominally Christian princes, and the promulgation of them by bards, who, if they heeded not their baptism, should at least have abstained from the clerical office; all this uncandid way of acting has, I think, been rightly considered as the key to the misfortunes of the Welsh nation.

Allansley. What a neat satisfactory model there is of Stonehenge in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, with a restoration of it as it may be supposed it was when perfect.

Clanvoy. It is. One or two figures, to show the real dimensions, would improve it greatly. We are now passing over the highest level of the whole road between London and Holyhead. Now, strain your eyes! for see, amid that glorious confusion of rolling vapours, the visionary mountains of Snowdonia.

Larndon, (*waking.*) You don't say so! Are they in sight already?

Clanvoy. There's the inn of Cernioge, that large white house among the sycamores. Beyond them you may discover the rocks and pointed summits of Snowdon and Moel Siabod, the Glydars, Trevaen, Carnedd Davydd, and Carnedd Llewelyn, with various other secondary mountains.

Allansley. O Clanvoy, how that view rouses the fancy! What a magnificent range, and how finely varied! How pompously those clouds roll along! What gleams of alpine light and awful shadow!

Larndon. Which is Snowdon?

Clanvoy. The last on the left hand, with three summits; next, but nearer, is Moel Siabod, with a large hollow in the centre and only one peak. The rest you cannot well distinguish from here. See how well these tall sycamores grow on this exposed situation, upon the moors! All this district would soon become habitable, if they would but plant it.

[*The coach stops at the inn of Cernioge, to change horses.*]

Allansley. I suppose that is the road on before us?

Clanvoy. Yes.

Allansley. I can't wait here, opposite that ugly stable! I must walk on; the coach will overtake me.

[*He gets down.*]

Clanvoy. Very well. I knew he would not rest out of sight of those mountains when once he had caught a glimpse of them. He is fonder of hearing others talk than himself; but, when he is at all excited, his full rich voice pours forth such a torrent of melody that I could hear him for hours together. And what amuses me is, that Allansley, who, in argument, always takes the classical side, is, in reality, without even suspecting it, the most romantic of men.

Larndon. That is true; but pray never tell him so; for you may depend upon it some good arises from his not being aware of it.

Clanvoy. I dare say his mind requires to be balanced by a leaning toward the opposite extreme.

Coachman, taking the reins. There's one gentleman missing; see if he 's in the house.

Clanvoy. He 's walking on.

Guard. All right!

[*The coach goes on.*]

Clanvoy. This neighbourhood is decidedly the bleakest in all North Wales; and in the hottest weather elsewhere you always find it cool here. You see there are neither woods, nor hedges, nor rocks, to form any shelter, but the whole district is a weary moorland, exposed in all quarters to the mountain-gales. From this point we gradually descend into the vallies, while, strange to say, the nearer we go to the mountains, the lower we get in the level of the road.

Larndon. See, there is Allansley! he has not walked far.

Clanvoy. Who would not pause with such a view before him?

Larndon. The whole of Snowdonia is beautifully displayed from this place. I have seldom, if ever, seen a set of mountains better disposed or coloured.

[*The coachman stops for Allansley to get up.*]

Clanvoy. Well, Allansley, what do you think of Snowdonia?

Allansley. I wish to goodness I could fix it in all its wild visionary brightness, and without altering the present colouring, on a piece of canvass or a sheet of paper. O, for a painter's hand!

Larndon, (*giving him his hand.*) Here is one; at least an amateur's.

Allansley. Alas, the fingers only; not the power that belongs to them!

Larndon. What a pity that you did not think of this in time! During your schoolboy days, at leisure hours, you might have gained that power and enjoyed it now.

Clanvoy. But, if you felt no strong impulse then, your natural talent, no doubt, leads you to some other pursuit.

Allansley. Had you a strong impulse in your schoolboy days?

Clanvoy. To be sure I had, and before then. I learned drawing and writing almost at the same time. So did Larndon, I dare say.

Larndon. I don't recollect exactly when I first used the pencil, so I suppose I must have been rather young than otherwise.

Allansley. An inn, a mill, a church, and a bridge; what place is this, Clanvoy?

Clanvoy. Pentre Voelas: on a much lower level than Cernioge. There are some large woods on the right. This neighbourhood abounds in ranges of bushy rocks, and in stony torrents, which make appropriate foregrounds to that grand horizon. All this gradual slope, if properly planted, would become an inviting neighbourhood in point of scenery. Draining and irrigation would work wonders here; if the fields were tolerably sheltered. It is hardly to be believed, what a difference there is in vegetation, when sheltered, as compared with that which is not. You cannot so clearly see this in grass as in flowers. There is a beautiful plant in the Oxford meadows, the Fritillary*, commonly called the snake-head, or drooping lily. This flower, in those meadows that are not sheltered, almost hides itself in the grass, and any one might pass it without noticing it. But, in Magd'len Meadow, which is completely surrounded by trees, it usually comes into blossom during Easter vacation; and there it is three or four times as high; so that, in some places, instead of grass you see nothing but these lilies, in all their white, red, and pink varieties; one of the finest exhibitions of wild flowers that can be seen in England. In the course of about three weeks all this pomp vanishes, and the meadow retains no vestige of its former glory: for the leaf of this plant is so very like the grass that you can hardly distinguish them by a close examination.

Larndon. I remember to have seen some odd-looking buds there one day, but I never saw them in full blossom. It certainly does promote vegetation more than we suppose, to shelter it from the cold wind. On this account, I have no doubt that hedges contribute remarkably to the growth of pasturage; for they check the wind, without excluding it altogether, and the hedge-row trees pay for their subsistence by protecting the field.

Clanvoy. The best arrangement of a grazing farm will also be the most picturesque; for cattle require shelter, and groves, into

* Fritellaria Meleagris.

which they may go during the heat of the day. Our prudent neighbours, the Scotch, have at length discovered this; and I suppose, ere long, the practice will be adopted in England.

Allow me to introduce you to Conway, flowing out of a mountain lake, about seven miles off: a river of high family, noted, in former times, as one of the boundaries to Snowdonia. From this very spot it begins to be picturesque; and there is a beautiful subject for a sketch close to the road on the right. That insular pyramid of rock in the middle of the torrent is a great favorite of mine.

Allansley. What is that large red flower that grows near it in such quantities?

Clanvoy. It is the Rose-bay Willow herb*: you frequently meet with it in gardens; a very tall, ornamental flower, which multiplies itself so rapidly, that it is now and then rooted out as a weed. There are some spots on the banks of this river where it grows to the exclusion of every thing else; and the spikes of its red flowers have a magnificent effect among the fragments of rock that lie in the bed of the Conway. Indeed all flowers appear to the greatest advantage among rocks, especially when those rocks are in detached masses of different shape and size. Therefore, when you lay out your flower-garden, it should be one of your first inquiries to find out where you may get large blocks of stone to scatter over it. If you cannot find them in a natural state, get them from the quarry: they will soon lose their fresh raw colour. Limestone is best; but any stone is better than none: and the larger the blocks are the better; for they then look less artificial. The management of rockwork is one of the last invented luxuries of gardening. It not only sets off the neighbouring flowers; but there are many which only succeed on rock, and the protection it affords during winter, will preserve exotics, which, in common ground, would be destroyed.

Allansley. Badly managed rockwork has a most odious effect, however well it may answer for alpine flowers.

Clanvoy. It has indeed; but if you copy nature, and do not stick pieces of ore and spar and pebbles at regular intervals over it, the stone is very soon half hid under the flowery vegetation, and the mistakes in your strata cannot be perceived by the keenest eye of a geologist. And the convulsions that are met with in the arrangement of natural rocks, allow you almost any licence in your artificial ones.

Larndon. The Duke of Marlborough has put up some gigantic blocks in his garden at Whiteknights.

Clanvoy. So I have heard. They were in progress when I saw his other garden there, which has no variation of ground whatever.

* Epilobium Angustifolium.

Larndon. The Chinese, of all people in the world, are said to excel in making rockwork.

Clanvoy. I believe they do. It is one redeeming virtue in their national taste. Yet, if you could suppose inhabitants of the moon, (whom I do not altogether believe to exist,) they would be more like us than the Chinese are.

Larndon. What house is this on the right?

Clanvoy. Limah Lodge, Mr. Charles Griffith Wynne's, a pleasing situation. We are now entering a winding avenue of woody rocks, where the space between them is filled by the road and the river. I never pass this part of the road without admiration. You seldom have any distant view; but the romantic channel of the Conway, and the varied foliage upon the banks, are so unlike what you see elsewhere, that I frequently have heard this glen, if it may be so called, admired as much as the more splendid scenery that follows.

Allansley. It has almost an artificial appearance: I can hardly tell why; but it seems so evidently made for the road and the river to go and flow along it. The banks are so much lower than usual.

Clanvoy. This is one of those places, which, according to the opinion of some, has been hollowed out by the river, for its own convenience, in travelling to the sea. If we ask where the materials thus carried away by the water have been deposited, at what angle of its course the accumulated fragments have been disposed of, I suppose a partizan of that theory would point to this rocky channel, and say, "there are the remains of them." As to the other part, I am quite sure it never will be discovered; at least, not in any place that would indicate the river as an agent in its removal. Here and there exceptions to the general rule will occur, and evidence of river agency may be produced; but look at rivers in general; observe their opposite banks, corresponding in level, and no trace of the materials which occupied their channels. You can hardly help coming to the conclusion of Granville Penn, that the beds of rivers were not formed by them, but created for them. Look at the course of the Thames, from Windsor Terrace: to suppose that or any other body of water cutting its own way through a level plain, is absurd. A torrent rushing down a mountain valley, will naturally find only one direction; but, if that same torrent has to traverse a plain, it may form a lake, or a marsh, but I see no natural cause that can make it a river.

Allansley. Indeed Clanvoy there is much truth in that.

Clanvoy. The science of geology has been much retarded by a foolish habit of deifying nature; a pagan custom, by which the ancients escaped from the difficulties of polytheism; but which modern philosophers have adopted as an excuse for atheism. If you ask the origin of the world, instead of referring you to the only genuine record of that fact, they will tell you, that the globe rose

out of chaos, and formed itself as at present by the laws of chemical affinity, &c.; that all phenomena can be explained by the supposition of natural or secondary causes, What a caricature of science these theories are!

Larndon. Chemical affinities and antipathies are the *passions* of matter.

Clanvoy So they are; you cannot give them a better name. But, for all that, they are no more the creators of matter than human passions are the creators of man.

Look at the bridge of Rhyd Llanvair, over the Conway, a fine wide arch, but coarsely built, and of modern date.

Larndon. Does the Holyhead road go over that?

Clanvoy. No, we go straight on.

Allansley. When we get over that hill I expect a fine spread of mountain scenery.

Clanvoy. I dare say that you'll not be disappointed.

C. L.

[*To be continued.*]

THE GODODIN.

For the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

In the first volume of the Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales, may be seen an ancient British poem, called *The Gododin*, said to have been composed by the bard Aneurin Gwawdrydd about the middle of the sixth century, and chiefly relating to the battle of *Cattraeth*, and to the struggles which took place between the Britons and the several barbarous nations by whom they were assailed, at the time of the Saxon invasion. And as this work, in addition to its poetic merits, contains allusions to many incidents of considerable national interest which befell the British people during one of the most eventful periods of their history; it has always been held in high estimation by the natives of the principality, who are now the only people that retain a knowledge of the ancient language in which it is composed; and accordingly, as might be expected, this poem has met with much attention both from bards and antiquaries: two complete English translations

having been published, one by Mr. Davies, in 1809, and another by Mr. Probert, in 1820; besides fragments by various hands, in prose and verse, both in English and in Latin. It has likewise been considered worthy of notice by several of our most eminent historians, and particularly by Sharon Turner; and even a portion of it has been versified by GRAY himself, and which may be seen among his poems, in the fragment commencing,

"Had I but the torrent's might."

It is likewise said, that there are two new translations now in contemplation, if not in progress, by gentlemen of distinguished poetic, as well as antiquarian abilities.

Having now, therefore, introduced this composition, with so many vouchers of unquestionable respectability for its general merits, I trust that, while I submit the following remarks to your consideration, I shall not be charged with occupying your time upon a subject altogether uninteresting, or unworthy of attention.

The poem of the Gododin, just alluded to, is generally allowed to possess the necessary internal evidences of genuineness, and has always been received as the real production of the bard Aneurin, whose name it bears.

All this I am ready to admit, as far as concerns the *general* character of the work; and any *slight* doubt which might arise in my mind with regard to particular portions of it, I should endeavour to suppress, in consideration of the talent, and in submission to the authority of those able and learned men who have so laboriously investigated, and so decidedly pronounced upon its character. But there are two or three passages near the latter end of the poem of so very perplexing a nature, that I am unable to reconcile myself to their adoption, concurrent with other established notions. And if I rightly understand their meaning, they must have considerable weight in proving, either that they are not the production of Aneurin, or that our antiquaries have miscalculated the era of that bard; or else, that the ancient Chronicles of North Britain do not possess that accuracy of dates so indispensable to the authenticity of historic deeds. One of the passages to which I allude is the following:

"A phen dyvynaul vrych brein ae cnoyn:"—*p.* 13:

and which I should translate as follows:

"And the head of DONALD BREC, the ravens gnaw'd it."

Now this Donald Brec, or Donald Bric, and Dovenal Varius, as he is called, i. e. *Donald the Freckled*, was king of the Scots in the seventh century, and was slain in a battle by Owen king of the Britons, as will appear by the annals of the Scots, collected by Ritson.

"DCXLII. Domnail [Brec] in bello Fraithe Cairvin [l. Straith-cair-maic], in fine anni, m. Decembri interfectus est [ab Hoan rege Brittonum] et annis quindecim regnavit."

"DCXLII. Donald [Breck], in the battle of Straith-cair-maic, in the end of the year, in the month of December, was killed [by Owen king of the Britons], and reigned fifteen years."

If, therefore, the date of this event, as given in the annals, be correct, *i. e.* A. D. 642, how are we to reconcile it with that of the death of Aneurin, which is said to have occurred about A.D. 570. But it may be said, that I have not given the right translation of the words, and therefore all my objections fall to the ground. I must confess, that I am singular in the meaning which I attach to the words, both Mr. Davies and Mr. Probert having translated them very differently; the latter takes the reading of the passage, as it is given in page 12,

"A phen Dyfnual a breich brein ae cnoyn;"

and renders it,

"And the head and arms of *Dyfnwal* the ravens were devouring:"

and the former attempts to translate the name itself, and applies it to Hengist:

"The head of the *freckled intruder*, may the ravens devour it."

But notwithstanding these authorities, which, however, are not the most consonant with each other, I cannot bring myself even to harbour a doubt concerning the identity of the two names, especially when I consider their striking similarity of sound, and find that the cognomen bears the same signification in Gaelic and Welsh, and also that this king of the Scots was actually slain by the very nation to which Aneurin and many of the ancient bards belonged, *i. e.* to the Britons of Strathclyde, who were at almost perpetual war with the surrounding tribes.

In defence of the dates given by the Welsh antiquaries, it may be urged, that there exist such obvious inaccuracies in the Scottish annals, with regard to the chronology of this and other events, that no reliance can be placed upon any of them. For instance, the death of this very Donald Brec is stated to have occurred at two or three separate periods!

A.D. 642, Donald Brec was slain by Owen, as before mentioned. Again, A.D. 678, Bellum I Calatros, i. apud Calaros, in quo victus est Domnal Brec. The battle at Calaros, in which Donald Brec was defeated. And again, A.D. 686, Talorg mac Acithen et Daniel Breoo [l. Brecc] mac Eacha mortui sunt. Talorg the son of Acithen, and Donald Breck the son of Eochy, died. RITSON.

Finding therefore such discrepancy in the same records, it may be pleaded, that the death of this monarch might as well have

happened in the sixth century as in the seventh. But on the other hand, with regard to the genuineness of the entire Gododin as it now exists, I must confess, that a passage of a very suspicious nature occurs soon after the one just quoted, from which I am inclined to infer that the latter part of the poem was not composed by Aneurin, but is the addition of some later bard; the passage is as follows:

"Er pan aeth daear ar Aneurin."

"Since the time that earth went on Aneurin."

Now I think it perfectly clear that these words refer to the death and sepulture of Aneurin, which had already taken place, though Mr. Probert disposes of the difficulty by completely changing their original construction, and translates them "*When the earth shall come upon Aneurin,*" but I cannot see the slightest authority for this liberty. Other parts of the work may be so obscure as to admit of different interpretations, but there is not, in the Welsh language, or in any other, a sentence more free from ambiguity than this.

If any one of your correspondents should feel disposed to clear up these difficulties, he would confer a favor on many of his countrymen; and especially if he would inform them whether any part of the Gododin has been lost, and whether the latter part consist of various readings, or of intentional repetitions, slightly varied in diction.

It is said that many of our ancient poems have come down to us in a very imperfect state, and that some, whose names are on record, are not now to be found. But it is not impossible that many of our ancient MSS. may be still extant in the Vatican and other old libraries of the continent; and if any person acquainted with the Ancient British could command time and patience sufficient for making the research, there can be little doubt that many curious remains would be brought to light.

CYNHAVAL AP ARGAD.

"PEACE TO THE GOOD AND BRAVE!"*

Aye, peace around them dwell! Although to me
Their names, their virtues, were till now unknown;
The muse shall twine some flowers of poesy,
And lay the garland-offering on this stone.
Whether their bones are in their own dear land,
Reposing where the yew-trees greenly wave,
Or lie, unburied, on a foreign strand,
Peace to the Good and Brave.

Peace to you, parents! weeping friends were there,
When, calm, in death *ye* closed your aged eyes.
Peace to thee, son! mid battle's stormy air
'Twas *thine* to feel unheeded agonies!
Were not thy dying dreams far o'er the deep,
While trump and rolling drum wild requiem gave?
Hush! let me not disturb the warrior's sleep;
Peace to the Good and Brave!

Long were ye parted! yet nor distance wide,
Nor time, could still your yearning for each other;
Oft for the boy's return the parents sighed,
Oft in his sleep the son would murmur "Mother!"
And, though no blessed union *here* was given,
Though sunder'd far apart, even in the grave
Ye 've met ere now—Ye 've met again in heaven!
Peace to the Good and Brave!

Oh! with no feeling feign'd, no artful rhyme,
I 've striven, ye dead, your memories to prolong:
Would I might waft them down to after-time,
Borne on the pinions of immortal song!
This may not be; but not in vain my lay,
Should some fond wanderer through Mold's pillar'd nave,
Remembering me, stand near your tomb, and say,
"Peace to the Good and Brave!"

CERI.

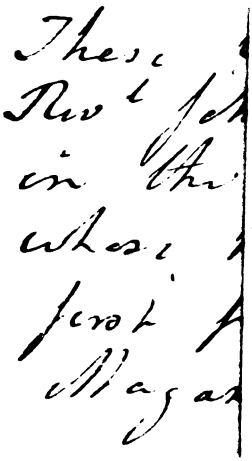
* This is part of an inscription on a monument in Mold church, Flintshire; erected to the memory of Thomas Griffith, esq. of *Rhual*, Margaret, his wife, and their son Henry; the latter of whom fell at Waterloo, whilst gallantly leading his regiment to the charge.

To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE forwarded to you, for insertion in your interesting Miscellany, some observations on the character of *Vortigern*; and should a series of similar articles, tending to throw light on obscure portions of the British history, under the head of "Historical Sketches" be acceptable, I shall feel pleasure in transmitting them occasionally to you.

I am, gentlemen,
Your obedient and humble servant,
ERIC.



* The real situation of Vortigern is not ascertained: Some call him so reign of the Silures, or Gwent; some, king of the Dimetæ; some, the k of the Damnonii, or Cornwall; and others, consul or earl of the Geu *Vide Coxe's Monmouthshire, Intr. p. 5.*

"Constans promotus a Vortigerno consule Glocestriæ."
Vide Gervase of Tilbury.

† Gwrtheyrn is spoken of thus in the Triads: He is called one of the three disgraceful men of the island of Britain, for calling in the Saxons, and uniting with them, &c.; the other two were Avarwy and Medrod. Gwrtheyrn also formed one of the three treacherous plots, by causing a meeting to be held of the Saxon chiefs and the Britons, on the mountain of Caer Caradoc, in which the massacre of the long knives was perpetrated; the two others were acted by Avarwy and Medrod. Gwrtheyrn, Avarwy, and Medrod, were also the three whose families were for ever divested of privilege. *Vide Camb. Biography, p.* 168.

digy of vice and worthlessness was raised twice in his life, by the assembled princes of his country, to the office of PENDRAGON, or generalissimo.

The following view will remove much of the incongruity attached to the character of Vortigern, and throw some light on the obscure history of the period.

According to the Welsh accounts, Vortigern,* or, as he is called in that language, *Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau*, was the petty prince of *Erging* and *Euas*, a district comprehending parts of Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and the county of Radnor, or the eastern part of the country of the Silures, the western being under the rule of the ancestors of the celebrated Arthur.

Several circumstances tend to support the validity of this account: First, the genealogy of many families in the upper part of that district, and of *Pasgen* the only surviving son of Vortigern; and those families, when *Caradoc Vraichfras* took possession of Brecknockshire and Radnorshire, still maintained their hold in the adjoining country of Powys. Again, the upper portion, the wild part of his territory, to which Vortigern is said to have retired on his removal from power, has in every successive age been called *Gwrtheyrnion*, and in this district was situated *Castell Gwrtheyrn*, where he is stated to have perished.†

That this was the country of Vortigern receives support also from the life of St. Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, written by one Constantine, within fifty years of his death. He says that the saint was kindly received by the British king, who gave him leave to build a church in a wild part of his country, called by Nennius, very unetymologically, Wartheniawn, i. e. reward to the just one;‡ but more likely, from the circumstances just mentioned, to be called *Gwrtheyrnion*, from Gwrtheyrn.

But what identifies this as the very district spoken of, is, that in it is found the church of *St. Harmon's*, dedicated to that saint, and bearing his name at the present day.

* Vortigern is mentioned, by Gildas, as a proud and cruel tyrant; but with these features he describes the general body of the Britons. *Sharon Turner, Anglo Sax.* i. 243.

† "Adjoining to this principality (Brycheiniog) lay the territory of Vortigern. He was a chief among the Silures, and his clan seems to have inhabited the country now called Radnorshire. Here it is that Nennius placeth the territory of *Wartheniawn* and *Caer Guortigern*. To a wilderness in this county, Vortigern retired for refuge; and here likewise, as is generally agreed, *Pascentius*, after his father's death, possessed the regions of Buallt and Gwrthreinion. These seem to have been all the territories originally belonging to *Vortigern*, and which his posterity enjoyed in the time of Nennius." *Vide Usher's Antiq., p.* 244. *Carte* 1, 190.

‡ Unde et in memoriam Sancti Germani Guartheniawn nomen accepit, quod Latinè Sonat Calumnia justè retorta, &c. *Vide Nennius, Hist. Brit.* 127.

We may fairly assume, with Carte, that the inhabitants of Britain were divided, at that time, into two factions, which may be denominated the Roman and the *native.*

Vortigern is said to have been hostile to the consular family of Constantine, (called by the Welsh Cystenyn Goronawg,) meaning, in the language of the age, a family with pretensions to the purple.* He was elected PENDRAGON, as the writers who speak of him so disparagingly say, through craft and intrigue. Be that as it may, he was elevated by the *native princes,* in opposition to the *family of Roman pretensions;* and he must have possessed some character for knowledge, in the art of war at least, to be raised to that situation at such a crisis.

Supposing Vortigern, a petty prince of Erging and Euas, raised to the supreme command by the native princes, and liable to be pressed in the rear by the return of the *Gwyddyl Fficti,*† with the *Romanized Lloegrians,* to whose interest he was opposed, in his front, what could promise more favorably to him and his party, than by calling in the Saxons, and giving them the kingdom of Kent, to put such check on the Romanized population, as totally to prevent any annoyance from them towards himself and the native Britons? But, like every deep laid scheme of human policy, planned and devised without reference to the great ruler of events, this was most signally frustrated.‡ The Saxons soon turned to their own advantage the balance which existed between the contending parties; and the result was, the utter subjugation of the *one,* and the retirement of the *other* into the wilds and fastnesses of Wales.

Vortigern, if this be a right view of the circumstances under which he acted, appears to have been hardly dealt with by posterity: friends and foes have agreed in consigning his name to opprobrium, and loading it with every vice. Yet his countrymen, the native princes, at an advanced period of his life, when his character must have been pretty well ascertained, did not think him altogether so unworthy; for, at a great crisis, the death of his son Vortimer or Gwrthevir, they re-elected him to the office of

* "Vortigern is allowed generally to have been active, enterprising, crafty, and ambitious. His interest seems to have lain among the old Britons, &c.; but he was probably jealous of the Belgic Britons, and the Roman interest, as seems insinuated by Nennius." *Vide Carte,* i. 190.

† Soon after Maximus had withdrawn the flower of the British population to fight his battles on the continent, the western coast of Wales was taken possession of by the *Gwyddyl Fficti,* who held it until they were expelled by the natives, assisted by the family of Cunedda Wledig, about the time of Vortigern. *Vide Whitaker's Hist. of Manchester.*

‡ The Christianity of the age of Vortigern seems to have been greatly alloyed. Judging from some of the remaining works of the primitive bards, and from what is said of the incantations and prophecies of Merlin, druidical notions were very prevalent among the people.

PENDRAGON. But his want of success, in retrieving his great error, has stamped his memory in the tablet of history in the darkest characters.

If Vortigern was, as is recorded, a person devoid of every virtue, moral, civil, and military, the infatuation which has been laid to his charge, might, with more propriety, be attributed to those who, at such an emergency, placed so unworthy a person in such an important trust.

The Saxons also, though in nothing else agreeing with the Britons, have joined in lowering the character of Vortigern.

His infatuation from love to Rowena is scarcely credible, when we consider that, soon after his supposed marriage with the daughter of the Saxon chief, he had a son qualified to lead the British army; and that he himself, on the death of that son, was reinstated in his former office.

It was the fate of Vortigern to have his memory treated with severity by every party with which he came in contact:

The *Saxons* hated him because they perceived that he would not go the full length of their wishes, and that he was desirous of retrieving his false step of calling for their assistance, and giving them admission into the kingdom. The *Romanized Britons*, of which class were probably the chroniclers of the age, beheld in him the subverter of their power and opposer of the consular family of the last Constantine. And the *native Britons*, his own countrymen, the people most aggrieved by his unfortunate error, could not but think of his memory with increasing detestation, as they witnessed the sad consequences of it to their nation, from age to age.*

Although we have thus endeavoured, conceiving it to be consonant to historic truth, to soften down some of the darker shades in the character of Vortigern, we must admit that there was a

* "Vortigern was now considered as the author of all the calamities which his country suffered, and became infinitely odious. The British writers load him with all manner of crimes, and represent him as a monster of iniquity, &c. It is reasonable to think, that, when he found himself under a general odium, he should retire into some remote corner of his own accord, if he was not forced. And Nennius accordingly says, that he built a castle in the mountainous tract of Snowdon, to serve him as a place of refuge. Hither the author of the History of Aldchister (Bennet's Paroch. Antiq. p. 696) supposeth him to have fled after his own town, in Radnorshire, had been burnt by his enemies, or set on fire by himself; and that the place of his retreat was at the foot of the mountain Rivel, in Carnarvonshire. This was very conveniently situated for his purpose; there being no coming to it but over the mountain, and by one narrow pass; and this is still called *Bwlch Gwrtheyrn*; and near it is a tumulus called *Bedd Gwrtheyrn*.

These circumstances are supported by the testimony of the *old Welsh bards*, who assert this is the place of Vortigern's abode and sepulture." *Vide Carte, vol.* i. *p.* 196.

radical unfitness in him for fulfilling the demands of his difficult situation.

The Romans who continued in Britain after the retreat of the legions, as well as that part of the native population which had adopted their manners, were totally unable to defend themselves against the hardy barbarians who invaded them. They had nothing remaining but the Roman name, and that, when they themselves had become enervated and worthless, no longer carried any terror. Their habits also disqualified them for conciliating the unmixed Britons, and thereby adding to the general strength.* The *native Britons*, from the jealous policy of the Romans, had never been taught the use of arms; and when, on the dissolution of that government, they returned to their *old institutions*, those were found very ill calculated to combine their efforts, as their case required, against their enemies. In short, they proved to be the unvarying cause of disunion and weakness, as long as they were governed by them.†

These were the *difficulties* which Vortigern had to meet, and they were such as required more than common energies to overcome.

Without attributing base moral turpitude to him, it is sufficient, in delineating his character, to say, that his qualifications as a *leader* and a *patriot* fell very short of what the occasion required. His political foresight was of a low order; and, from his accepting the second time the *pendragonship*, he appears to have been too tenacious of power, and incapable of sacrificing, as he ought to have done, personal considerations for the public good.

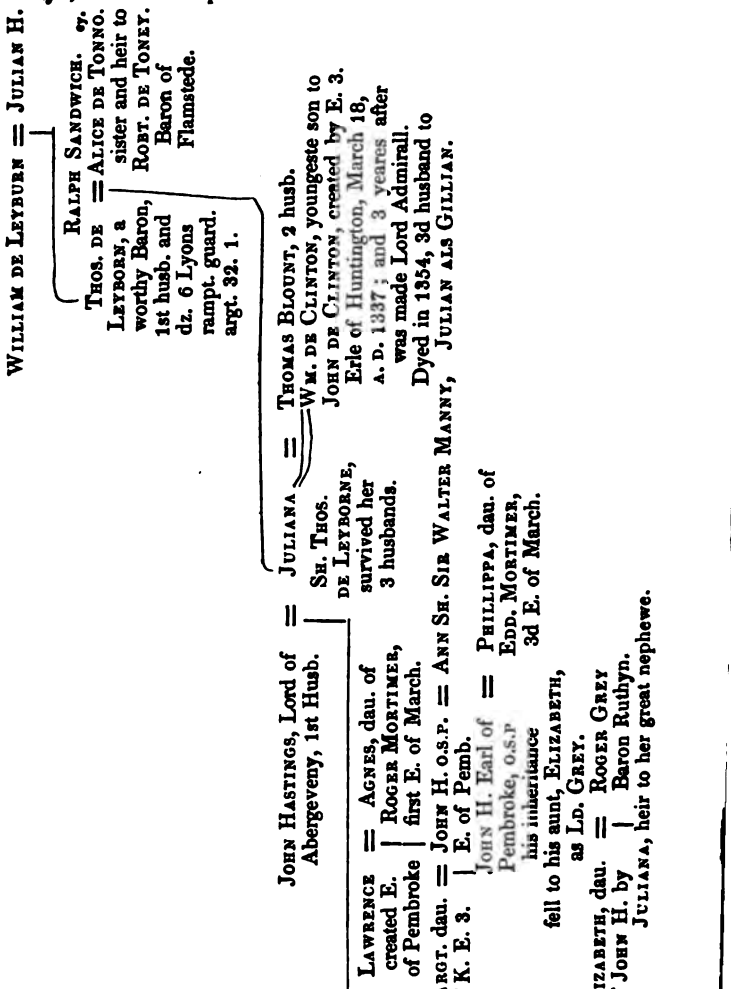
* "In all the cities, municipia, and villages, there are as many tyrants as there are officers of government. They devour the bowels of the citizens and their widows and orphans. Public burdens are made the means of private plunder: the collection of the national revenue is made the instrument of individual peculation. None are safe from their devastations, &c." "From these oppressions many fly to our national enemies that they may not perish under the afflictions of legal prosecutions, &c." "They fly to the public foe to avoid the tax-gatherer." *Salviam, p.* 90.

He declares this feeling to be universal in the last stage of the Roman empire. *Vide Shar. Turner, vol.* i. *p.* 183.

† The lamentations of Gildas concur with the obscure intimations of Nonnius, to prove that a considerable part of the interval between the emancipation of the island and the arrival of the Saxons was occupied in the contests of ambitious partisans, in the several municipia civitates, &c." *Shar. Turner, vol.* i. *p.* 190.

HASTINGS' FAMILY GENEALOGY.

W. H. in the Gentleman's Magazine, (February 1829, *p.* 125,) wishes to be assisted in unravelling a knotty point in the Hastings' Genealogy; the following is faithfully copied from an old MS. at Caerwys, written temp. Elizabeth :


William de Leyburn = Julian H.
Ralph Sandwich. 97.
Thos. de Leyborn, a worthy Baron, 1st husb. and dz. 6 Lyons rampt. guard. argt. 32. 1.
= Alice de Tonno. sister and heir to Robt. de Toney. Baron of Flamstede.
Juliana
= Thomas Blount, 2 husb.
= Wm. de Clinton, youngeste son to John de Clinton, created by E. 3. Erle of Huntington, March 18, A. D. 1337; and 3 yeares after was made Lord Admirall. Dyed in 1354, 3d husband to Julian als Gillian.
John Hastings, Lord of Abergevenny, 1st Husb.
=
Sr. Thos. de Leyborne, survived her 3 husbands.
Lawrence created E. of Pembroke
= Agnes, dau. of | Roger Mortimer, first E. of March.
Margt. dau. of K. E. 3.
= John H. o.s.p. | E. of Pemb.
= Ann Sr. Sir Walter Manny,
John H. Earl of Pembroke, o.s.p. his inheritance fell to his aunt, Elizabeth, as Ld. Grey.
= Phillippa, dau. of Edd. Mortimer, 3d E. of March.
Elizabeth, dau. of John H. by
= Roger Grey | Baron Ruthyn.
Juliana, heir to her great nephewe.

THE SICK MAN'S DREAM.

Dans le solitaire bourgade,
Revant à ses maux tristement,
Languissait un pauvre malade,
D'un long mal qui va consumant.—MILLEVOYE.

IT was a dream, a pleasant dream, that o'er my spirit came,
When faint beneath the lime-trees' shade I flung my weary frame;
I stood upon a mountain's brow, above the haunts of men,
And, far beneath me, smiling, lay my lovely native glen.

I watch'd the silv'ry Severn glide, reflecting rock and tree,
A gentle pilgrim, bound to pay her homage to the sea;
And waking many a treasured thought, that slumb'ring long had lain:
Some mountain minstrel's harp pour'd forth a well-remember'd strain.

I rais'd my voice in thankfulness, and vowed no more to roam,
Or leave my heart's abiding-place, my beauteous mountain home.
Alas! how different was the scene that met my waking glance!
It fell upon the fertile plains, the sunny hills of France.

The Garonne's fair and glassy wave rolls onward in its pride;
It cannot quench my burning thirst for thee, my native tide;
And, for the harp that bless'd my dream with mem'ries from afar,
I only hear yon peasant maid, who strikes her light guitar:
The merry stranger mocks at griefs he does not understand,
He cannot—he has never seen my own fair mountain land.

They said Consumption's ruthless eye had mark'd me for her prey:
They bade me seek in foreign climes her wasting hand to stay;
They told me of an altered form, an eye grown ghastly bright,
And called the crimson on my cheek the spoiler's hectic blight.

Oh! if the mountain heather pined amidst the heaven's own dew,
Think ye the parterre's wasting heat its freshness could renew?
And thus, mid shady glens and streams, was my young life begun,
And now, my frame exhausted sinks beneath this southern sun.

I feel, I feel, they told me true; my breath grows faint and weak,
And, brighter still, this crimson spot is glowing on my cheek;
My hour of life is wellnigh past, too fleetly runs the sand:
Oh! must I die so far from thee, my dear lov'd mountain land?

φ.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

On the 2d of June last, died at Plasnewydd, near Llangollen, the Lady Eleanor Butler, the friend and companion of Miss Ponsonby, the sister of the celebrated speaker of the Irish Parliament. There are few, if any, of the readers of the Cambrian who have not heard of the *Ladies of Llangollen;* perhaps a short account of whom may not be considered uninteresting, and I know no better authority for it than the Memoirs of the Comptesse de Genlis, who has thrown a considerable degree of romance around them and their abode. The Comptesse states, that while she was staying at Bury St. Edmund's, accompanied by Mademoiselle d'Orleans, the sister of the present duke, she met Lord Castlereagh, afterwards the Marquis of Londonderry; and having observed, in the course of conversation, that she would willingly travel a long journey, for the sake of seeing two persons who had been long united by a sincere bond of friendship; "Then, madam," said he, "you should go to Llangollen, where you will see a model of perfect friendship;" and, at the Comptesse's request, he related the following memoir:

"Lady Eleanor Butler, then (1788) about twenty-eight years of age, was born in Dublin: an orphan from the cradle, and a rich, amiable, and lovely heiress: her hand was sought by persons of the best families in Ireland, but she very early announced her repugnance to marriage. This taste for independence she never concealed; yet no woman was ever more remarkable for mildness, modesty, and all the virtues that embellish her sex. From earliest infancy she was the intimate friend of Miss Ponsonby: by a singular coincidence of events, (which struck their imaginations,) they were both born at Dublin, in the same year, and on the same day, and they became orphans at the same period. It was easy for them to fancy from this, that heaven had created them for each other, to perform together the voyage of life: their sensibility enabled them to realize this illusion. Their friendship so increased with their age, that at seventeen they mutually promised to preserve their liberty, and never to part from each other. They formed, from that moment, the plan of withdrawing from the world, and affixing themselves for ever in the profoundest solitude. Having heard of the charming landscapes of Wales, they made a secret journey thither, in order to choose the place of retreat.

"They arrived at Llangollen, and there found, on the summit of a mountain, a little isolated cottage, of which the situation seemed to them delicious: there it was that they resolved to fix their abode. The guardians of the young fugitives, however,

traced their steps, and brought them back to Dublin. They declared that they would return to their mountain, as soon as they should have attained their majority. In fact, at twenty-one, in spite of all the entreaties and the arguments of their relatives, they quitted Ireland for ever, and went to Llangollen. Miss Ponsonby was not rich, but Lady Eleanor possessed a considerable fortune: she purchased the little cottage of the peasants, and the land about the mountain, and built a house upon its site, of which the outside is extremely simple, but the interior of the greatest elegance.

"The two friends still possessed, at the foot of the hill, a meadow for their flocks, a beautiful farm-house, and a kitchen-garden. These two extraordinary persons, both of whom possessed the most cultivated minds, and the most charming accomplishments, have lived in that solitude for seven years, (1788,) without having slept out of it in a single instance. Nevertheless, they are far from reserved; they frequently pay visits at the neighbouring gentlemen's houses, and receive, with equal politeness and kindness, travellers, who are either coming from or going to Ireland, and who are recommended to their attention by their old friends."

Madame and her protegé, the young princess, undertook the journey to Llangollen, and they were received with grace and cordiality. She saw nothing in them of that vanity which is gratified by awakening the astonishment of others: they loved each other, and lived in that spot with so much simplicity, that wonder soon subsided into a touching interest: every thing genuine and natural in their manners and conversation. They possessed an excellent library of the best English, French, and Italian authors, which afforded them an inexhaustible source of amusement. The interior of the house was remarkable for the beauty of its proportions: the convenient distribution of the apartments, the elegance of the ornaments and the furniture, and the beautiful views which were visible from all the windows. The drawing-room was adorned with charming landscapes, drawn and painted after nature by Miss Ponsonby. Lady Eleanor was a very good musician; and both had filled their solitary dwelling with embroidery, of which the work was extraordinary. The Arts were cultivated with equal success and modesty; and you admired their productions in this secluded spot with a feeling which you could not experience elsewhere: you were delighted to find, in that peaceful retreat, so much merit, sheltered from the attacks of satire and of envy, and talents that, free from ostentation and pride, never desired, in that spot, other suffrages than those of friendship.

During the night she slept at the cottage, Mad. de Genlis heard, for the first time, a species of melody, as mysterious as it was new to her. She found, next morning, that it proceeded from

an instrument, in England called an "*Æolian Harp*," on which she beautifully remarks, "It is natural enough that such an instrument should have originated in an island of storms, amid tempests of which it softens the terrors."

"I must not quit Llangollen," she proceeds, "without mentioning the pure manners of that part of Wales: the two friends assured us, that such is their honesty, that often, when they left their mountain to walk in the neighbourhood, they left the key in the cottage door, and were never robbed of any thing, though they had a considerable quantity of silver plate and other valuable articles, which might easily have been carried away. The inns of Llangollen were distinguished by the neatness peculiar to England."

The death of Lady E. Butler will be felt severely by the surrounding poor.

SONNET.

I HAD a love once in a foreign land,
When youth's gay dreams were starting into life,
Like young steeds pawing for the coming strife
Of manhood, and its care-encircled band.

The day ne'er open'd on a fairer cheek,
Nor genius lighten'd from a brighter eye;
Yet gentle was she as the zephyr's sigh,
No tongue her many virtues e'er may speak.

She lov'd as few love on this lowly earth,
All, all for love's sweet self; and I the one
To whom she pledg'd it full, the sun that shone
In her mind's heaven at the infant birth.
But soon she died, and mine the cruel art,
Alas! which won and broke that gentle maiden's heart.

P. M.

To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE derived much pleasure from the perusal of that part of the Parochial History of Llanwnog, which gives an account of the Turbary of Mynydd Llyn-mawr: but that pleasure would have been materially enhanced, had the ingenious writer entered more largely into the theory of the origin and formation of peat substance, its various qualities and appearances, its chemical nature, and its adaptation to the purposes of agriculture. Will you allow me, therefore, through the medium of your interesting Periodical, to request the same learned writer to favor us with a series of essays on the above subjects; and also to give us some practical directions as to the best mode of using it as fuel and manure, and of converting the extensive track of turbaries on our hills into productive property. Such essays cannot fail to be highly interesting both to proprietors and occupiers of land, in most districts of the principality. They cannot but be of peculiar interest at the present moment, for another reason: It has been lately contended, in one of the first periodicals of the day, that the expense of converting the bogs of Ireland into arable land, would be considerably less to the government than that attendant on the emigration of its superfluous population.

There are also other considerations recommending the investigation in question. The learned Whitaker, in his elaborate inquiry into the Roman antiquities, in the neighbourhood of Manchester, discovered a Roman road beneath a turbary of considerable depth, which shows that this substance is of a much more recent formation, and, consequently, much more within the scope of our researches than most other geological phenomena. Some philosophers have also conjectured, from the similar disposition of the strata, &c. that coal is the same substance, but in a more perfect modification. Lord Meadowbank has published, I understand, some useful hints for mixing common dung with peat, in order to form excellent manure. And some part of the inquiry has been very ably discussed by Dr. Mac Cullock, in that very useful miscellany the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

With every good wish for the success of your patriotic undertaking,

I am, gentlemen,
Yours very faithfully,
MYNYDDWR.

March 1, 1829.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Stories of Chivalry and Romance.—12mo. London. Longman and Co.

We select, in this volume, extracts from two of the Tales relating peculiarly to Cambria, but the allotted space in our present number will not admit of a lengthened critique.

THE ENCHANTED SHIELD, A ROUND TABLE ADVENTURE.

The story commences with a description of a feast given by the British king, Arthur, at the close of a tournament, to the princes and nobles of Christendom.

The bright sparkling mead passed frequently and freely, and the noble and illustrious revellers grew loquacious from its effects. The bards and minstrels, too, felt the influence of their much-lauded beverage, as was evident from the wildness of their fancies, and the discord of their strings. Nor, indeed, did the great pendragon's son escape the sweet infection; but, paying more regard to his knightly than his regal honours, mingled with his compeers in arms, partaking alike of their nectar and their mirth.

"Geriant," said the hero of song and romance, addressing himself to the chief bard of the palace, who, with his ancient harp beside him, occupied a raised seat at the end of the hall, "why should thy harp strings slumber! hast thou no martial song, nor lay of love, for the banquet board tonight!"

"The bards," replied the minstrel, "await but royal Arthur's bidding."

We give but a portion of the song; its poetry is highly creditable to the writer:

THE MELODY OF MONA.

Hail, great Pendragon's dauntless heir!
And ye whom fate appoints to share
His deathless glory! while
We wake the theme of by-gone days,
And strike the thrilling harp, in praise
Of Mona's druid isle.
Oh! check your fancy's wild career,
Dark Island! thou must still be dear
To mountain Wallia's minstrel band,
Though warriors throng thy hollowed strand,
And oft with spear and polish'd brand
Each sacred haunt defile!

When Rome's infuriate legions came,
And gave thy forests to the flame,

And shrine and altar broke;
Sublime thy druid armies rose,
Nor quail'd before their island's foes,
Nor bowed beneath their yoke.
But where is now the intrepid host,
The stern defenders of thy coast?
Ye powers that first, in days of yore,
Scared each proud eagle from the shore,
How long shall Idda's raven soar
Heedless of vengeance' stroke?

* * * * * *

Heroes who crown the festive board,
Why sleeps the retributive sword!
Why hath not Mona's mountains heard
Your piercing battle cries?

This appeal to the bewildered senses of our heroes produces an uproar, and one and all swear vengeance upon the enemies of Mona's isle. Dubricius, the archbishop of Caerleon, aided by the machinations of Lleudad, a monk, (both necessarily opposed to druidism,) artfully attribute great danger to church and state from the witchery of the worshippers of misshapen idols.

Arthur had lost his beloved daughter, Anna, shipwrecked off Bardsey island, betrothed to Sir Galath, a noble knight. The coast is surrounded by deep and dangerous currents, of course, agents of the sorcerers. Lleudad urges the destruction of the druids, with every argument likely to influence the king, and promises the Pridwen, or shield of the radiant aspect, to the knight who contributes most to the annihilation of the bards, and the deliverance of Anna, supposed to be imprisoned in one of their temples on the island. Arthur consents to undertake their destruction.

The tale degenerates here into something of lengthened monotony; we read through many pages which could scarcely be considered incidental to the story; some pretty poetry, however, relieves us, as a spring of water reanimates an exhausted pilgrim in the parched and sterile desert.

Geriant interprets a dream which had troubled Arthur, by singing to his harp

THE DREAM OF A BARD.

One night, while I slept in
Great Idris's chair,
My senses all steep'd in
Forgetfulness, (ne'er
To pilgrim, when weary,
Or captive fast bound,
Came slumber more dreary,
Or sleep more profound,)

My soul, for brief season,
Winged upward its way,
Released from its prison
Of sensitive clay.
* * * *
Suspending all motion
It saw whence it rode,
One the breast of the ocean,
The shrine of a god;
A priest stood before it,
Enrobed in pure white,
Though round it and o'er it
Hung darkness and night.
* * * *
A diademed warrior
Advanced o'er the brine,
And broke thro' each barrier
That guarded the shrine;
And onward still passing,
Regardless of shame,
Of curse, or of blessing,
Reproach, or acclaim;
His falchion bright beaming
He drew from his sheath,
Of havoc still dreaming,
Of warfare and death.
And, deaf to all pleading,
In desperate mood,
He stained it, unheeding,
With sanctified blood!
Its victim just started,
Then bowed to the stroke;
Yet, ere life departed,
Thus, thus he bespoke:
"Proud victor! whose story
Not time shall efface,
The sun of thy glory
Is setting apace;
'Tis all unavailing,
The die has been cast,
And hark to yon wailing,
That comes on the blast;
Not vain have I called,
On Annwn's* fell band
A monarch hath fallen,
And woe to the land!"
* * * *
I saw the bold warrior,
Who came o'er the brine,
And broke thro' each barrier
That guarded the shrine,
Despite the protection
His shield could afford,
Fell, slain by defection
And treachery's sword!

* The hell of druid mythology.

And wild shrieks of horror
Came borne on the wind,
And shoutings of terror
And triumph combined.
* * * *
And none stopped to cherish
The fallen in fight,
But left him to perish,
That dragon-crowned knight.

We pass over the description of the king's gloomy thoughts, the anxiety of Dubricius to remove his depression, and the arming and preparation of the warriors for the attack upon the isle of Currents, to select some well-drawn passages, where the royal Arthur and his gallant compeers undertake the destruction of the druid fathers, the recovery of Anna, and the possession of the shield of the radiant aspect.

The dun shadows of evening were, however, gathering fast, when the brave knights of the round table arrived at St. Mary's monastery, where they were received by the abbot, and his holy brethen, with every mark of honour and respect, befitting their high rank. The impatience of the heroes of the lance and sword was too great to allow of their wasting much of their valuable time with those of the cowl and cassock; and, having turned their steeds into the pasture belonging to the convent, they hastened down to the beach, determined to embark forthwith for the island of the Currents, and to essay immediately their wild and dangerous undertaking; the reverend Lleudad accompanying them in the capacity of guide, and in order to ensure, by his holy presence, the favor and protection of heaven.

"How is this, father abbot?" said the Knight of the Lake, "didst thou not tell me that we should have to cross a stream deeper and wider than the Menai in a tempest? and lo! thou seest 'tis smoother than a sea of oil."

"True, sir knight; but I would have you beware of its oily surface; it betokens no good, believe me; for, doubtless, some powerful spell is at work, and thereby restrains its accustomed fury."

"Then let us across," said Sir Tristan, "ere the spell is dissolved, and the waves are freed from their bondage!"

At the self-same moment, however, a loud peal of thunder rolled awfully above their heads, echoing again and again among the lofty hills and rocky prominences around them; while the slumbering sea sunk like a giant's bosom when he breaths, and, in a moment, rushed through the narrow strait with a velocity and force which more than confirmed the statement of the holy abbot. King Arthur gazed up to the dark and gathering clouds with a look of scorn and proud defiance. Sir Tristan and Sir Galath started back from the margin of the flood, which swept away, in its rushing course, the boat which they had unwisely loosened from its moorings. Sir Lancelot du Luc, and his battle companion, buried the bright points of their lances in the sand, and stood firm and unmoved as the mountains of Eryri. Nor did the other adventurers betray any signs of fear at the awful and unexpected tumult of the unchained elements; though, as this continued to increase, without any prospect of abatement, they were fain to follow the advice and example of the good father abbot; who, believing that the better part of valour was discretion, had prudently sheltered himself from the peltings of the storm behind the walls of his own monastery, leaving the bold Champions of

Caerleon to act as they deemed most consistent with the strict notions of knightly honour. As, however, the prospect of reaching the opposite shore that night had become utterly hopeless, it was resolved to defer the attempt until the morrow; at which time it was hoped the winds and waters might possibly wear a more favorable aspect.

The next morning they proceed to the beach, but an impenetrable mist prevents them seeing Bardsey Island.

"Good father," said Arthur, addressing himself to their guide, "the prize we came hither in quest of appears to have melted in air; or knowest thou the way which leads to this dread isle of the ocean through the shadows and clouds with which it seems to be surrounded."

"Great prince," replied the abbot, "did I not tell you the adventure would prove fearful and perilous; but be not dismayed; though dangerous it shall be accomplished; and, under the protection of the sacred cross, let us go on, nor fear what mischief all the legions of hell can work against us!"

Sir Galath, whose virtues made him proof against demon charm and wizard spell, was first to gain the foremost skiff; and Sir Tristan, who was fain, in the holy presence of their guide, to refrain from exercising his own forbidden art, and of defeating the effects of one enchantment by another, was close at his side as he entered; nor was the monarch, with his battle knights, far behind. Sir Avon de Sage and the eloquent Gwalchmai, with the remainder of the chosen heroes, seated themselves in another boat, intending to follow the abbot's well-known standard, which, from its reflecting light through the gloom that made all things alike undistinguishable, was meant to be their guiding star across the flood. The other vessels filled with volunteers in the cause of the church, strove also to keep the same object in view, but in vain; and they not only lost sight of the cross, but were soon parted from each other, notwithstanding their most strenuous endeavours to keep together. Still, however, they rowed perseveringly forward, not doubting but that they should soon reach the island, despite the dense fogs and mists which concealed it from their sight, and be in time to share in the glory of its conquest, and the honour of obtaining the enchanted shield.

The boat conveying Arthur and his companions arrives at the shore first, and, after much difficulty, owing to the mist, a meeting is effected between the king and Gwalchmai: the other boats lose sight of the king, and are, for the present, rendered useless to the expedition.

Hardly able to distinguish one another in the gloom which surrounded them, they, however, proceeded onward, through a thick and entangled forest of gigantic oaks and briery underwood, among which, bats and owls and birds unclean, flitted in countless multitudes; and, disturbed by the unexpected intrusion of human feet, issued from their dark and dreary hiding places; and flapping their foul and loathsome wings against the towering helmets of their intruders, caused them to start back with fear at every step they took; while their low and hollow wailings—for even the screechowl's shrill and piercing cry was, in the air they breathed, scarce heard—made the stoutest heart confess a dread of things and powers invisible, and quail with apprehensions entirely unknown, because till then unfelt, by the bold and dauntless princes of Pendragon's court. And, ever and anon, more hideous and more terrible opponents stood before them; and grim and ghastly spectre-like figures met them at every gap and opening they came to, and frowning defiance on them, essayed to scare them back by the hideousness of their aspects; but the immaculate virtue of Sir Galath, and the spell-defying

powers of Sir Tristan, seconded as these amulets were by the good swords of their possessors, overcame all opposition, and the phantoms and shadowy forms which hovered in the air or stalked in frightful majesty along the earth, fled at their approach much more readily than they did from the consecrated standard of St. Mary's monk.

"Holy father," said the royal knight, "hath this dark and hellish wood neither outlet nor termination; or must we wander here till the sun goes down, if indeed it hath not set already?"

"Be not impatient, my liege," replied the abbot, "the island scarce measures a league in circumference, and were it overgrown with oaks and brambles from bank to bank, we must, ere long, gain one extremity. Fear not, then, for though the whole armies of hell are marshalled against us, the cause of the church must triumph, and its supporters receive their promised reward."

"Silence! thou prating monk," exclaimed the rough voice of Sir Lancelot du Lac, "hear ye not the sounds of melody? hark! hark!

A bard is heard to chant the following precautionary strain:

Rush not madly on thy doom
Princes of the ensanguin'd plume!
Bardsey's isle shall ne'er reward
Those who draw the battle sword!
Why defy its hallow'd ground,
Heroes of the table round?
Deem not you shall laurels gain
On the bosom of the main;
And, tho' yours the dangerous toil,
Other hands shall reap the spoil,
Others claim it for their own;—
Yours, the Druid's curse alone!

"It is the voice of Geriant," exclaimed the prince, "but I fear me, noble bard, thy warning comes too late; but, holy father, see you not a trembling light in yonder distance."

* * * * * *

Before the elevated altar-stone, upon which a clear flame burnt brightly and steadily, the chief druid stood enrobed in spotless white; his right hand grasping the sacrificial knife, whilst his left pointed upwards to the skies, as if imploring for earth the blessings of heaven. Around him his companions were ranged, according to their respective ranks of Druid, Bard, and Ovate, and each apparently engaged in fervent devotion. As, touched by the sacredness of the scene before them, the Round Table Knights paused in their career, and seemed to doubt the justness of the adventure in which they were engaged; and Arthur, as he gazed upon the stately form of him who stood before the altar, could not choose but ponder upon the "Dream of the Bard." But the wary Lleudad, fearful of the consequences of delay and of reflection, called aloud upon them to advance to the overthrow of Paganism, and to let none of its supporters escape the general slaughter, since the interests of the church required it.

Sir Galath, who had revenge to spur him on, was the first to comply with the commands of the abbot, and, hurling his ashen spear towards the sacred band, stretched a green-robed Ovate at the feet of his brethren, who, as they saw him fall, gave a loud shriek of terror and surprise, and turned to behold whence came the fatal shaft; but, ere they could well do so, the other knights

fell upon them, and, heedless of their cries for mercy, spared not one! The archdruid met the lance of the British prince unmoved, but, when he felt its barbed point, he leapt in the agony of departing life upon the altar before which he had been ministering; and, as his heart's best blood streamed down its sides, he raised his faltering voice, and, cursing the author of his own and his brethren's death, expired, repeating a strain familiar to the ear of his royal murderer:

> "Proud victor, whose story
> Not time shall efface,
> The sun of thy glory
> Is setting apace," &c.

For the accomplishment of all the purposes of fate, it is necessary the prince should gain the Pridwen; that shield which afterwards is supposed to cause the fatal fulfilment of the "Bard's Dream," upon Camlan battle-field; as well as the restoration of the Princess Anna to Sir Galath. These matters, as well as the destruction of the druidic idols and temple, are expressed in language fraught with considerable powers of composition; and, making allowance for the few discrepances before noticed, we confidently recommend to our readers a perusal of THE ENCHANTED SHIELD, a clever specimen of fictitious writing.

THE TRAITOR'S GRAVE, A TALE OF THE CIVIL WARS,

Founded on a traditionary account of the siege of Cardiff Castle during the despoliation of the royalists' possessions in Wales, between the years 1643 and 1649, by the Republicans, is written in a style of which we must express our approval; and though the narrative is here and there disfigured with quotations known to every schoolboy, and much more adapted to the Yankee speeches of Yates's Nigger Rossius, than for embellishing the pages under notice, (exempli gratiâ: "*the fairest of the fair*," "*to waste their sweetness in the desert air*," "*terra firma*," and so on,) yet the details are generally well conceived and described.

Cromwell, having subjugated, with little sacrifice of time or loss of blood, various towns and forts, meets with an unexpected opposition from Beaufort, Governor of Cardiff Castle, who refuses to deliver up his charge.

Every military preparation is made by the besiegers and besieged; the king's party in the castle gallantly defend themselves for two days; but the walls become so shattered by the artillery of the former, that a council of war is held; Sir J. Beauford first addressed the assembly:

"Fellow-officers," said he, "this castle was confided to our keeping by the king, and it is my intention to be faithful to the trust. We have assembled here to consult further means for its safety; to *this* point, then, confine

your observations and advice, for, mark me! the first among you who counsels or even hints at submission shall be shot, though that shot be the last in the garrison! We have met here to *defend*, not to *betray*, our trust? and while two stones cleave together, let no one talk of yielding."

A general silence and looks of distrust prevail after this speech, and Beauford becomes irritated and impassioned.

Stung by such unmerited reproaches, a young but intrepid-looking cavalier instantly started from his seat: "A truce to your reproaches, Sir John; that they are unjust, the wounds and scars we bear will testify, and vindicate our honour from the false charge of cowardice. We have neither forgotten our duty to the king nor to the governor; but when the latter so far forgets himself as to accuse those falsely who have cheerfully shed their best blood at his bidding, and neglects to provide for their safety in the hour of danger, it is time they look to themselves. Hear me, then! I care not for the effects of your vengeance, I have hitherto fought as becomes a loyal subject of King Charles, but will fight no longer, unless the terms of a surrender be first agreed upon, in case the rebels venture to renew the attack tomorrow. Consent to this, and my sword is again at your service; else never. These are my thoughts, nor do I *fear* to utter them: now do your worst!"

Beauford, who had with great difficulty retained possession of his seat till the speaker had concluded, no sooner perceived he had done, than, drawing his sword, he rushed forward, and proceeded to put his threat into instant execution; and Walter Sele would have paid the forfeit of his life for his temerity, had not those around wrested the weapon of death from the hands of the governor, who, enraged at thus being thwarted, darted from the chamber, swearing he would have every soul of them shot for traitors.

At this time, when the enemy from without and faction from within threatened the castle with certain destruction, there were within its walls, besides the military who composed the garrison, several ladies, whose friends or relatives, anxious for their safety, had placed them there as beyond the reach of danger. Among these was Deva Milton, the orphan daughter of an old cavalier. No more is known of the maid than that she was fair, whether in the opinion of the world or not it matters little, it is enough that she was so in the eyes of Walter Sele. To *him* she was "the *fairest* of the fair;" he loved her, and would, like every *true* lover, have periled his life to do her service. To her little chamber it was he repaired when released from the duties of the day, and in her company was glad to forget for awhile the dangers that surrounded him. Here, therefore, he hastened upon his escape from the council-room, and here, too, he determined to remain patiently until informed that the savage rage of the governor was cooled, and time, by replacing reason upon her throne, should have made him sensible of the error which he had committed. A time, alas! that Walter was not fated to behold.

The author has managed to impart a tone to the passages immediately following, which, in our conception, forms the best part of the tale; for, though the conduct of the demon Beauford distresses and horrifies us, so strong an interest is excited on behalf of the helpless maid, the mind of sensibility is so racked with anxiety, and the heart becomes so elated with the knowledge of her ultimate deliverance, that we are impressed with a very favorable opinion of their compiler's qualifications; and doubt not that when the advantages derived from experience in literary matters may

have mellowed down the harsh strokes of the novitiate, he will much distinguish himself as a writer "of wild adventures in war and love."

It appears, however, that he was not the only person among the besieged who was sensible to the charms of the fair Deva. The commander himself, who, by his unshaken loyalty (almost his only virtue,) added all that licenciousness and profligacy which characterized, in a greater or less degree, the reign of every monarch of the Stuart line, had also beheld and admired her charms; but, alas! beheld and admired them with the most dishonourable feelings; and he seized what appeared to him a favorite moment, when the officers were engaged on more important matters, to gratify his lust; glorying in the idea that he should, at the same time, by this means, inflict the most cruel of all punishments upon the unfortunate being who had offended him; and blast for ever his brightest hopes by ruining her who was far dearer to him than his own life.

Having gained admission into her apartment, he proceeded to flatter and menace by turns, but all in vain; the virtue of Deva Milton was alike proof against both: she upbraided him with his baseness and villany, and replied to his flatteries with taunts and reproaches. Enraged at her conduct, he seized her rudely, and was proceeding to gratify by force both his revenge and his passion. His feeble victim shrieked aloud for assistance, but the echoes of her voice were the only answers she received. Spite of the resistance which she made, one minute more would have decided the struggle, and the fair Deva would have been—fair no longer. At this crisis the room door yielded to the strong nerves of Walter Sele, who, snatching a pistol from his belt, rushed upon the villain whom he saw before him, and presented it to his head; but even at this critical juncture he still retained presence of mind sufficient not to discharge it, lest, by any accident, the contents should injure her to whose rescue he had thus opportunely arrived.

* * * * * *

In an instant the sword of each had left its scabbard.

"Coward and slave, by heaven you shall not again escape me!"

The weapons met with the quickness of lightning, and though the event seemed to all appearance to depend upon which was the strongest arm, yet the blows, however irregular and fierce, were frequently parried off with great skill, as each in turn became the assailant. The combat lasted but a few minutes, for the foot of Beauford striking against an iron ring in the floor, he stumbled, when, putting out his sword to prevent his falling, it snapt, and of course occasioned that which it was intended to prevent. The issue of the strife seemed now determined; but it was not so; for, on Sele's springing forward to disarm his adversary, he received the contents of a pistol in his left shoulder, and fell prostrate beside him. A party of the guard, who had been alarmed by the noise which the combat had necessarily occasioned, now rushed into the apartment, when Beauford, springing up, commanded them to raise his wounded antagonist, and do as they were bid. He was instantly obeyed, and the soldiers, having bound him as well as they were able at the moment, followed the steps of their governor.

The ill-fated Sele is placed in a horrid dungeon, wounded and forsaken; these miseries, added to the thought of Deva being exposed to the tyranny of Beauford, madden him to desperation. Suddenly recollecting an old story, related to him when a child, of an outlawed chief escaping from the scene of his present incarceration, the hope of self-preservation urges him to attempt his

liberty; and after groping in the dark, by removing accumulated heaps of rubbish and fragments of masonry, at length finds his way to the moat on the north side of the castle.

Unfortunately the recollection of the insults offered to Deva, and his own wrongs, banish the better feelings of his mind, and the desire of revenge hurries him on to adopt the fatal resolution of betraying the castle to Cromwell: thither he proceeds.

When ushered into the tent, and permitted again to make use of his eyes, (the guards had blindfolded him,) he perceived Cromwell, seated at a table, gazing intently upon some papers which lay thereon. On the entrance of the prisoner, however, he raised his head, and attentively surveying his appearance, in his usual harsh and abrupt manner, addressed the following laconic question to him: "How now, betinselled royalist! your business here?"

"I come to act, and not to parley," replied the unintimidated Sele, "to offer to a foe what most he wishes; possession of our castle. If he will accept the offer, let him get ready instantly, and trust to the guidance of one who is willing to be his friend *tonight*, even at the expense of honour."

Cromwell, who scarcely knew whether he ought not to look upon his prisoner as a madman, paused ere he made any reply. However, as the chances, judging from the resistance which the garrison had already made, were so many against his being able to take the place by force of arms, he determined, as a last resource, to embrace the opportunity which thus offered itself, be the consequences what they might.

Sele stipulates for the lives and freedom of the garrison, and that the females should not be subject to insult; and, learning the watchword, the Cromwellites possess themselves of the garrison before many of its inhabitants were aware of their approach.

When morning dawned the royal standard of the unfortunate Charles floated not, as heretofore, above the lofty battlements of Cardiff castle; and those who had defended it so stoutly and so gallantly, had either fallen sword in hand, or had departed to seek for shelter in some other fortress that was still enabled to keep on high a little longer the well-known ensign of fast-falling royalty. One only of the former garrison remained; and he, with beating heart and anxious look, had twice, already, explored the intricacies of each apartment which the castle contained, in search of the object of his every hope and fear, but all in vain. Still coping with the grim fiend despair, he was in the act of doing so for the third time, when summoned, and, upon refusing to obey, forced into the presence of the iron-hearted Cromwell. Forgetting for an instant his private griefs, he stood before the tyrant with such a noble and majestic mien as awed all those around; and even the mind of Cromwell *seemed* for an instant to be undecided, but that it was not so in reality, his address to the person who stood before him plainly indicated:

"Now then, proud cavalier," cried he, "has not the promise which I made been kept? Hath either maid or courtezan, for whom you dared to insult the troops of Cromwell, been violated? The life and freedom of the garrison was likewise promised, and it has been granted. Remember when my word was pledged to this, *thou* was not one among them, therefore, I owe thee nothing, since it was to gratify thy own revenge, and not from love to me, that thou hast betrayed thy party. Had the service which thou hast done us, been done with other motives, I would have thanked thee for it; as it is, I love the treason, but I *hate* the traitor; take then a traitor's just reward."

Quick as thought the pistol of the tyrant left its belt—flashed—and Walter Sele lay weltering on the ground.

While the soldiers were in the act of interring, at the spot alluded to in the commencement of our narrative, all that now remained of the once brave but ill-fated Sele, they were disturbed in their work by the unlooked for appearance of Deva Milton, who rushing eagerly forward, flung herself upon the lifeless corpse, as it lay upon the greensward, in the dress it wore while living. In vain did one, more feeling than his companions, endeavour to sooth her affliction. Deaf to his consolation, and regardless of his entreaties, she clung to the object of her affection with such vehemence, that the men had some difficulty to tear it from her grasp; and, even then, two of them were obliged to force her from the spot, while their fellows unfeelingly consigned the corse to its "mother earth." The hapless maiden, immediately after the soldiers had closed up the earth and departed, returned again to search for her lover, exclaiming, in a wild and incoherent manner, that she had "*found* her Walter," but alas! fair maid, she had lost her reason.

The fair maniac lived long after the melancholy end of Sele, employing her time in attending to the flowers she had planted upon his grave. At all seasons, she seated herself at the head of the grave, frequently singing the following stanzas:

O'er Walter's bed no foot shall tread,
Nor step unhallow'd roam;
For here the brave hath found a grave,
The wanderer a home.
This little mound encircles round
A heart that once could feel;
For none possess'd a warmer heart
Than gallant Walter Sele.

The primrose pale, from Derwen vale,
Through spring shall sweetly bloom,
And here, I ween, the evergreen
Shall shed its death perfume;
The branching tree of rosemary
The sweet thyme may conceal;
But both shall wave above the grave
Of gallant Walter Sele.

They brand with shame my true love's name,
And call him traitor vile,
Who dar'd disclose to Charlie's foes
The secret postern aisle;
But though, alas! that fatal pass
He rashly did reveal,
He ne'er betray'd his maniac maid,—
My gallant Walter Sele!

We conclude our remarks upon the Stories of Chivalry and Romance, repeating our commendation of their merits, satisfied that a perusal, if conveying little useful knowledge, will innocently beguile an hour, where perhaps a more abstruse volume would depress the reader.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The author of "Reginald Trevor" has in the press a new Novel, entitled "*Lawrence Mertoun, or a Summer in Wales.*" It is descriptive of *modern* Welsh manners, and contains some lively sketches of character, especially referrible to the Highlands of Merionethshire.

Mr. RICHARDS, the author of *one* of the Prize Essays written for the Cymmrodorion, is preparing for the press, *A Series of Essays illustrative of Welsh History and Manners.* It will be ready about Christmas, dedicated, by permission, to Lord Kenyon.

Mr. DAVID WIRE is collecting materials for a *History of Whitfield and his Contemporaries;* and solicits the possessors of documents or letters relative to the same, to communicate them to him, at 30, St. Swithin's lane, City.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

Fine Arts.

IN the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water colours, this year, we recognised, No. 236, *The Old Park at St. Donat's Castle, Glamorganshire;* J. BYRNE: beautifully portrayed in all the reality of its wild magnificence, the contemplation of which carries the imagination back to otherwise forgotten ages, and to events connected with them.

And in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, No. 460, *Falls of the Machno, North Wales*; C. F. LEWIS. This gentleman is rapidly rising, as an artist, in the public estimation; his style is very well adapted to the romantic in art. The picture is beautiful.

No. 433, *View on the Wye, Welsh Bicknor Church in the distance ;* F. W. WATTS. This picture is totally different in style, but not less estimable; from the rushing torrent, we pass to the gentle pellucid stream. Mr. Watts has gained a fresh wreath by the execution of this fine study from nature.

Society of Antiquaries.

At the meetings of Thursday, 7th of May, and the preceding Thursday, a very interesting paper was read, from Mr. Britton, on Celtic or Druidical Antiquities, and a series of illustrative drawings, from the author's sketches, very admirably executed, representing several cromlechs and circles; the latter were divided into two classes, simple and compound. Among the latter were some very beautifully executed representations of the immense monuments at Avebury and Stonehenge.

Gwyddva Myvyr.

In addition to the subscriptions for erecting a monument to the memory of the late Owen Jones, noticed in our April number, we have to announce a donation of £5, from the venerable Archdeacon Benyon.

The Eisteddvod in London.

This meeting was celebrated on Wednesday morning, the 6th of May, at the Argyll rooms, Regent street; and, though the room appeared to us very numerously attended, we regret to state that the receipts did not cover the expenses; the deficiency amounts to more than £100: we more particularly lament the circumstance, inasmuch as the accompanying concert was performed under the expectation of appropriating its profits for the benefit of the Welsh Charity School.

Lord Clive, the president, awarded the medals to Henry Davies, esq., for an essay "on the settlement of the Normans in Wales," and to Thomas Richards, esq., for another essay on the same subject. Various compositions had been received by the secretary, but none of them were deemed of sufficient merit to be entitled to the premiums offered. After the investment of the successful candidates, the concert commenced. Many of our native airs and marches were beautifully performed, by the very superior band provided by Mr. Parry for the occasion, in which we recognised Mori, Lindley, Harper, Wilman, Mackintosh, and, in short, all the first instrumental performers of the day. Miss Paton, Miss Love, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Betts, Miss Byfeld, Messrs. Braham, Broadhurst, Stockhausen, Atkins, Fitzwilliam, Smith, Collyer, &c. contributed their powerful aid. Miss Paton sung English stanzas adapted to the tune of "Ar hyd y nos," accompanying herself upon the pedal harp, in a manner which electrified the company. Braham was in admirable voice. Broadhurst elicited long and continued plaudits for his beautiful song "And doth not a meeting like this make amends." Messrs. Parry and Fitzwilliam gave the duet "Pretty little Gwenno" with great comic effect. Mr. Parry, jun., in singing a national melody, showed strong indications of future celebrity as a vocalist. In short, much credit was due to all the performers.

Such a phalanx of musical talent, it was anticipated, would have produced a considerable overplus, after all disbursements; the result, however, has proved fallacious. We are decidedly opposed to such sacrifices; for, while the valuable Myvyrian manuscripts, which ought to have been printed years ago, are sealed from the literary world, the society in whose custody they lie are, from time to time, expending considerable sums in retaining eminent vocal and instrumental professors!

But there were strong instances of what native talent can achieve, when receiving any thing like scientific advantages: this portion of the concert highly gratified us. Richard Roberts, the blind Harper from Carnarvon, produced such melting tones upon the Welsh harp, in the air of "Sweet Richard," that we saw many a fair bosom heave with emotion, and many a bright eye dimmed with a tear. We were never more proud of our countrywomen, than when we perceived the effect our wild native melody produced upon them, at a distance from our native hills, and played by such a minstrel as Richard Roberts. His bereavement of sight added not a little to the interest of the scene. At the conclusion of the air, the band

gave him three distinct rounds of applause. Mr. Oliver Davies, from Montgomeryshire, astonished the assembly with his masterly execution upon the pedal harp; this young man is certainly a first-rate performer; and the Pennillion singers did themselves much credit.

At the conclusion of the festival, Lord Clive addressed the company; and votes of thanks were moved to different patrons of the society.

Notwithstanding, however, the éclat with which the performances were received, and the laudable zeal of the conductor, Mr. Parry, we cannot conceal that we recollect this meeting with regret. We regret it, in the first place, and chiefly, for the sake of the charity in the behalf of which £100 were clearly lost, and which would have been more effectually served by a donation, in the first instance, of one third of that sum; we regret it, in the next place, for the sake of Welsh literature, which cannot be (as the "Constitutions" of the Society make it) the primary, nay it cannot be even a secondary, object with the Cymmrodorion, as long as its funds are thus lavished; we regret it, lastly, for the sake of national music, which we cannot help thinking must derive rather discredit than honour from a concert professedly national, and yet mainly consisting of music in no sense national. As an instance, Mr. Richard Roberts, deservedly as his performance was applauded, and though he had been brought up all the way from his native county, at the expense of £30, merely played one single tune.

It has been said that music is the taste of a nation on the decline, at any rate, the founders of the Cymmrodorion, we presume, thought so; for, amongst all their projects for the advancement of national welfare, there is not a syllable about annual concerts. One thing there can be no doubt of, that music must of necessity be a cause of degeneracy, if it interferes, *in the slightest degree*, with resources which might otherwise be applied to intellectual improvement; and a nation cannot pass a severer satire on itself, than by putting its music forward as its *chief* honour. Not that we are insensible to the beauties of our mountain strains; on the contrary, we speak thus because we are confident that those beauties are too generally admired to need any meretricious support; those melodies which Handel imitated, and Heber chose as the fittest accompaniments of the last and holiest outpourings of his beautiful spirit, stand a fair chance of being remembered without the aid of a morning music-meeting. Indeed, the good sense of the society seems now pretty well convinced of this: at the last meeting, the Rev. John Jenkins strongly recommended them to employ their funds henceforward in publishing all meritorious literary productions that should fall into their hands; this he represented to them as much more likely to make the beneficial effect of the society felt in Wales, than any mere amusement of an hour, however splendid; and his observations seemed to meet with a general assent. Indeed, this appropriation of the funds of the Cymmrodorion to an annual Eisteddvod is, after all, nothing better than a well-meant, though not altogether justifiable, infringement of the "Constitutions of the Cymmrodorion," preserved in the British Museum. Considering the store of valuable manuscripts perishing in their possession, the society need not, for some time, we should think, travel in search of other objects of pursuit than those prescribed to them by our patriotic forefathers; the chief object of the society is thus stated: "*To print and publish* all scarce and valuable *ancient British Manuscripts* that they shall become possessed of, with Notes, critical and explanatory."*

Druidical Stones near Keswick.†

"I walked to the circle of stones on the Penrith road, because there is a long hill on the way, which would give the muscles some work to perform, and because the sight of this rude monument, which has stood so many

* Constitutions of the Cymmrodorion, A. D. 1778.

† Colloquies on the Prospects of Society, 2 vol. By Dr. Southey. Murray.

centuries, and is likely, if left to itself, to outlast any edifice that man could have erected, gives me always a feeling which, however often it may be repeated, loses nothing of its force.

"The circle is of the rudest kind, consisting of single stones, unhewn, and chosen without any regard to shape or magnitude, being of all sizes, from seven or eight feet in height to three or four. The circle, however, is complete, and is thirty-three paces in diameter. Concerning this, like all similar monuments in Great Britain, the popular superstition prevails, that no two persons can number the stones alike, and that no person will find a second counting confirm the first. My children have often disappointed their natural disposition to believe this wonder, by putting it to the test, and disproving it. The number of the stones that compose the circle is thirty-eight, and, besides these, there are ten which form three sides of a little square within, on the eastern side, three stones of the circle itself forming the fourth, this being evidently the place where the druids who presided had their station, or where the more sacred and important of the rites and ceremonies (whatever they may have been) were performed. All this is as perfect as when the Cambrian bards, according to the custom of their ancient order, described by my old acquaintances the living members of the chair of Glamorgan, met there for the last time

> On the green turf, and under the blue sky,
> Their heads in reverence bare, and bare of foot.

The site also precisely accords with the description which Edward Williams and William Owen† give of the situation required for such meeting-places:

> A high hill top,
> Nor bowered with trees, nor broken by the plough,
> Remote from human dwellings, and the stir
> Of human life, and open to the breath
> And to the eye of heaven.

"The spot itself is the most commanding which could be chosen in this part of the country, without climbing a mountain. Derwentwater and the Vale of Keswick are not seen from it, only the mountains which enclose them on the south and west; Lattrigg and the large side of Skiddaw are on the north; to the east is the open country towards Penrith, expanding from the Vale of St. John's, and extending for many miles, with Mill-fell in the distance, where it rises, alone, like a huge tumulus, on the right, and Blencathra on the left, rent into deep ravines; on the south-east is the range of Helvellyn, from its termination at Wanthwaite Crags to its loftiest summits, and to Dunmailrais. The lower range of Nathdale-fells lies nearer, in a parallel line with Helvellyn, and the dale itself, with its little streamlet, immediately below. The heights above Leatheswater, with the Borrowdale mountains, complete the panorama."

Here he is visited by his spiritual communicant, Sir Thomas More; and the presence of these monuments of remotest antiquity suggest a series of dialogues on the future prospects of society, (so unfettered are mental associations by those affinities of time and space so all-controlling in the material world.)

† The former an eminent antiquary, and better known as the bard of Glamorgan; the latter our excellent and learned friend Dr. William Owen Pughe.

From the group of contemporaries, we will select

OWEN OF LANARK.

If you propose to render civilization complete, by intrusting it to those classes who are brutalized by the institutions of society, half the persons whom you address will ask you how this is to begin? and the other half where it is to end? Undoubtedly, both are grave questions: Owen of Lanark, indeed, would answer both; but, because he promises too much, no trial is made of the good which his schemes might probably perform.

Sir Thomas More. In your opinion, then, he has shown how the beginning might be made.

Montesinos. If I were his countryman, I would class him in a triad, as one of the three men who have, in this generation, given an impulse to the moral world; Clarkson and Dr. Bell are the other two.* They have seen the first-fruits of their harvest. So I think would Owen ere this, if he had not alarmed the better part of the nation by proclaiming, on the most momentous of all subjects, opinions which are alike fatal to individual happiness and the general good. Yet I admire the man, and readily admit that his charity is a better plank than the faith of an intolerant and bitter minded bigot, who, as Warburton says, "counterworks his Creator," makes God after man's image, and chooses the worst model he can find,—himself.

* * * * * *

With all Owen's efforts, and all his eloquence, (and there are few men who speak better or write so well,) he has not been able to raise funds for trying his experiment. Had he connected his scheme with any system of belief, though it had been as visionary as Swedenborgianism, as absurd as the dreams of Joanna Southcot, the money would have been forthcoming.

Sir Thomas More. And surely it is honourable to human nature that it should be so?

Montesinos. How? honourable to human nature that we should be acted upon more powerfully by error and delusion, than by a reasonable prospect of direct and tangible benefit to ourselves and others?

Sir Thomas More. Say rather, that what is spiritual affects men more than what is material; that they seek more ardently after ideal good than after palpable and perishable realities. This *is* honourable to your nature; and no man will ever be ranked among the great benefactors of his species, unless he feels and understands this truth, and acts upon it; upon this ground it is that the moral Archimedes must take his stand.

Numismatics: Celtic Remains.†

Paris; March 6, 1829.

You are aware that the class of coins called Gallique, from their extreme rudeness, and total absence of legend, have hitherto been the despair of all numismatists; I exclude, of course, those where two or three misshapen letters have given scope upon which to exercise the imagination. The coins I mean are totally devoid of any thing having the least pretensions to the respectable *confrérie* called the alphabet; but are usually known by a sort of head, setting all "fair proportions" utterly at defiance; and on the reverse, a

* Mr. Owen is a native of Newtown, in Montgomeryshire.

† From the Literary Gazette.

chariot, or rather wheel of a chariot, with a horse or two, and a charioteer, whose whip is like a bunch of spring radishes. Of the Jehu, you seldom see more than his head; but then his head is like head, shoulders, and body! The coins are in gold, silver, and copper, and the type of the reverse is taken both from Greek and Roman; the biga, triga, or quadriga, driven by Victory. This most discouraging department has found, in a friend of mine, a person determined to grapple with every difficulty. I know him to possess the requisite perseverance and knowledge, as well as ability. Of the first quality he has already given proof, for he has persevered in this uninviting study for several years, during which he has collected what ought to be called a warehouse of Celtic remains, rather than a cabinet. It consists of an immense quantity of implements and tools which that ancient people employed, mostly of stone (flint), before the use of copper and iron was known to them. Several utensils are of leather; and a prodigious number of their coins occupy a distinguished place in the *warehouse*. His work must throw a new light on the history of the early possessors of the soil of France. But hear what he says himself: I will not disfigure his French by a translation. "Mon travail sur les Gaules sera, je vrais, d'un très grand intérêt pour les savans de toutes les nations. J'espère que j'ouvrirai une route incounue, ou du moins que je l'indiquerai; car moi-même, je ne pourrai faire qu'un petit trajet sur cette nouvelle voie: je poserai de principes, j'en montrerai l'application par de nombreux détails; je présenterai quelques problèmes à résoudre; et je prouverai qu'en suivant le même chemin que moi, on finira par arriver à de grands résultats."

It is a most important work, and the coins form only a division of the whole: it will be some time, however, before it appears. I need not conceal the learned author's name, although his intention in publishing is known to very few. It is M. de Mourcins, formerly a vice-president of the Celtic Society at Paris, a Fellow of many learned societies, and author of the second volume (a comely 4to.) sur les Antiquités de Vesone, (now Perigueux,) and one or two approved works on antiquities. I have read for the second time, with much pleasure, l'Histoire des Expéditions Maritimes des Normans, et de leurs Etablissemens en France, two vols. 8vo. Paris, 1826, par M. Depping. The account of the Normans is most interesting; the first half of the first volume particularly so: and his state of the most ancient nations of the north, their origin, manners, traditions, and habits, is the best I have read. The Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, a very zealous and distinguished body, of which the venerable Abbé de la Rue is the head, lately sent the diploma of foreign associate to the admirable Sir Walter Scott, Drs. Brewster and Brunton, Thomas Thomson, esq.; to whom all interested in the preservation and illustration of the ancient records in the Register House of Scotland (of which he is Deputy Lord Registrar), owe so much; and lastly to E. Drummond Hay, esq. the unwearied secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, of which the other eminent persons are office-bearers. This friendly feeling of the Norman society, I have reason to believe, will be met by a corresponding sentiment towards the office-bearers of the *Neustrians*, by transmitting the diplomas of the antiquaries of Caledonia.

ERRATA.

Page 263, line 5, *for* "Eden Oën," *read* "Ednowain;" and line 6, *for* "twelfth," *read* "tenth century."

THE

CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

AND

Celtic Repertory.

No. 4.—OCTOBER 1, 1829.—Vol. I.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN WALES.

No. III. — Aberystwyth. Part 2nd.

[*Continued from page* 370.]

By the desire of Davy Sion Evan, the monks all left the council-room, save Druan Bach, whom he requested to remain. "And now, lad, what is thy counsel?" said the father, when they were alone; "how canst thou serve us in this strait?" "By saving thy father's life with the gold that thou must furnish me withal," answered the boy. "I have no gold," replied the monk, with a look of astonishment, not without some mixture of fear. "Look to it, most wise and religious father," said Davy; "is it a time to hoard thy paltry store, when the sword of Ap Owen is at your throats, and his torch at your gates? Who should be the first to feel his fury, when he sweeps this country like a tempest, but the sons and vassals of his sworn foe, Ednowain? And, if ye let the strength of Tŵr Eden perish, who will stand between you and the death? Hark ye," he continued, sternly, "lead me to thy treasure-house, and give me the ransom for your sire and brethren; or, by the light of heaven, I will myself wrest it from thee, in the face of the whole brotherhood." Druan stood mute and aghast; his face alternately crimsoned with shame, and pale with terror; then, without a word, drew a key from his bosom, and beckoned his grim menacer to follow him.

Through dark and winding passages they made their way, in silence, to the foot of a small turret. Druan Bach cautiously withdrew three or four flat stones, and discovered a door, which

he unlocked, with as little noise as possible, and they both descended a few broken steps, into a dark narrow vault. "There lies my poor store," whispered the monk, pointing to a small chest, "the pittance I treasured up, against the evil day should fall upon our house, and require such assistance." "And when would you require it more than now?" asked his gaunt companion; "fool! weigh not your paltry gold against the life of your upholder and defender. What! do you pull forth your treasure with a sluggard hand? Know, father, that I can repay the poor sum that is the price of your kinsman's life with wealth beyond all that you ever imagined in your wildest dream of avarice." "Canst thou repay me? canst thou give me wealth, indeed?" said the religious man, thrown off his guard in the hurry of the moment. "Aye, marry, can I," said the lad, with a sinister look of mingled contempt and ridicule: "but come, there is no time to be lost; ransom will be of small service to the prisoner in three hours' space. Speed me, therefore, Sir Monk, for I have got to summon my retinue." Druan counted him out the gold, with a hurried hand. As soon as he had received it, the lad uttered rapidly a short chant, of strange words and tone, and stamped sharply with his foot on the stone pavement. Druan's heart sunk within him, as he perceived a dark bat-like figure hovering in mid-air before his companion. "How now, Croenaden!" said the boy, "I have a journey before me; how fast canst thou travel?" "Like the flash of the lightning;" answered the unearthly being. "Oh, shame on thee for a laggard!" said his summoner, "thou art all too slow for me; begone, I'll none of thee." The spirit vanished in a twinkling; the chant and the stamp were repeated, and another vision, like the former, fluttered before him. "And thou, Eiliryn, what is thy speed?" asked the wizard. "Like the changing of a woman's mind," was the reply. "Good!" said Davy, with a laugh; and, springing up, he seated himself firmly and erect on what seemed to have no more substance than a floating cloud; then, waving his hand, said, "Priest, thou shalt hear brave tidings anon," and disappeared from the sight of the affrighted monk.

Tidings were, in a short time, received that Ednowain and his sons had procured their liberty, and were again fighting under the banners of Llewellyn, whose continued successes soon left little doubt as to the side to which victory would, in all likelihood, incline. A few months, indeed, found him securely possessed of a great part of his hereditary dominions; and many of his followers took the opportunity of a temporary cessation of hostilities to return to their homes, for the double purpose of inquiring into their domestic procedures and of recruiting their war-worn forces. Among these was Ednowain, whose diminished band of

warriors hardly sufficed to conduct and defend the rich booty which he had omitted no opportunity of seizing. Cattle, sheep, horses laden with the plunder of dwellings and the strippings of the slain in battle, were driven in a motley group to the fastness of Tŵr Eden; and, in the anticipation of unrestricted and abundant revelry, the rude adventurers considered themselves fully repaid, for all the pains and perils they had encountered in procuring the means for so rare an indulgence.

Distinguished and conspicuous in the troop, at once the butt of their mirth and an object of fear, rode the ransomer of their chief, now become Sir Davy Sion Evan; for the sword of knighthood had, half in jest, half in earnest, been laid upon his shoulder by Llewellyn, to whose notice he had been recommended, on account of his peculiar services. Not, indeed, that Davy at all affected the warrior; for in fields of stricken battle no one seemed more unwilling to run needlessly into danger than he. On such occasions, he usually seated himself on some neighbouring eminence, or perched on the bough of a tree commanding a view of the scene of action, or sauntered carelessly on the outskirts of the field, utterly regardless of the din and the danger; the shout of triumph and the shriek of pain were heard with equal indifference; and, when the fight was over, he loitered leisurely about the plain, neither joining the eager plunderers of the dead, nor the mourning seekers after their slain friends or relatives. He seemed to have no interests, no sympathies. Many a taunt and gibe were naturally thrown out at him for his unsoldier-like bearing: but nothing could ruffle or provoke his most imperturbable mind; and he had need of keeping his wits active about him, who adventured to break a jest upon Sion Evan. But in other parts of warfare he was unrivalled. No one could advise where to lay an ambush, like Davy: when intelligence was to be obtained respecting the force or movements of the enemy, who but he, to steal warily into their intrenchments, or to saunter into their camp with such an air of simple indifference that not a soldier among them cared to notice him. He would sometimes throw himself in the way of a marauding party of the foe, and give them such intelligence as brought them, beyond all hope of escape, into the hands of his friends. Strange tales were whispered among the soldiery, respecting their extraordinary volunteer. It was confidently asserted that weapons passed through his body, as through the air, without causing him pain or injury; some swore positively to their having seen him walk over water, as though it were dry ground; his leaps were spoken of as miraculous; and there were some who believed him to have been seen in many places at the same moment. All allowed, however, that he did them good service; and Ednowain, when urged respecting the questionable character of his retainer, merely replied, "He was sent hither by my holy sons of Llanbadarn:

think you they would have dealing with aught that was unlawful?" This answer was decisive.

Sir Davy was soon domesticated at Tŵr Eden, but spent no small portion of his time at Llanbadarn: but his habits were as eccentric as ever: he would sometimes absent himself for days and weeks, and then suddenly reappear, often wet with foam, and covered with sea-weed; often with his head ands houlders sprinkled with snow, during the heat of summer; often blackened with smoke, and smelling strong of sulphureous fire. It was after one of these absences, that he suddenly stood beside Druan Bach, as he slowly and thoughtfully paced the abbey garden: "You deemed, I doubt not, Sir Monk, that I had forgotten my engagement, to free you from the cost of thy sire's ransom; now, if thou art bold enough to scour the earth with me, I will show how thou mightst win treasure enough to fill thrice over that petty treasure-house of thine." "And whither wilt thou take me, then?" said the father, gazing on him, with a look wherein doubt and distrust strove with strong desire to possess himself of his idol wealth. "Nay, I scarce know myself," replied the new knight; "but, depend upon me, that thy risk shall be small; none, indeed, at all, save through thy own lack of wisdom and prudence." "And how are we to be conveyed? Must I mount me on such an infernal goblin as I saw thee bestride in the tower vault?" "Doubtless thy bearer will be ought but flesh and blood," replied he; "but we will endeavour to procure thee one whose form shall least offend thy strangely fastidious taste. Methinks the carriers I once showed thee, might not have offended thine eyes, when they were about to convey thee to gold." He then ran behind a small copse, at some distance, and returned leading, by the mane, a beautiful black horse, whose jetty coat seemed to cast forth sparkles at every movement, and whose nostrils rolled forth volumes of thin smoke as, with arched neck, and graceful pride, it paced by the side of its leader. "There is an earthly shape, at least, holy father," said the youth; "wilt thou trust thyself on him, to seek for treasure?" "I will," said Druan, after some hesitation; "but remember I am in thy hands, and look to thee for a pledge of my safety." "I swear to thee by all that is holy," replied Sion Evan, "no harm can come to thee, save by thine own folly. One charge only do I give thee: to speak no word, either good or bad, while thou art astride this charger; observe this, and thou wilt meet no peril; neglect it, and thou art but a lost monk." He then sprung upon the steed, who pawed the ground and snuffed the air, as if impatient to be off. Druan Bach mounted behind him; and the animal soared off, with an easy and delightful motion, into the air. When it had risen a considerable height, it turned its head, and said, "How have I forgotten! Davy Sion Evan; I asked thee not of the course of thy travel; art thou

for steering above wind or below wind?"* "On, devil-born!" said Sir Davy, "and stint thy prate." The spirit resumed his flight; and, with a course swift and strait as an arrow, brought them to the summit of a high bare hill, commanding a wide range of flat bleak-looking country. "What do we here, Eryrvarch?" asked Sion Evan. "I can go no farther this way," said the quadrupedal goblin; "I wear on my feet shoes of the loadstone of Anwn, and the metal in the veins of this land draws me down from my flight, and forces me to rest on Wrekin." "How say you?" said the wizard; "what metal do you speak of?" "More than would clothe every man in Britain in steel array, from top to toe; more than would till the world, from the Celt to the Indian, though every man had ploughshare and spade," answered the horse. "Thou speakest of iron," said Sir Davy, "and we seek gold; nevertheless, we would see thy store." The beast darted downwards with them to a level spot of earth, scraped violently with his foot, and showed them a sparkling line of ore close to the surface: "Riches these," said Sir Davy, "for those who have leisure to gather and sell them; we would win wealth more quickly; bear us to the cave of Bran." "No two mortals," answered the spirit, "may breathe the air of King Bran's cavern of gold at once; either you or the priest may I bear thither, but not both." "Then do thou go thither, Druan Bach," said Sir Davy; "that cave will glut thee with wealth, to thy soul's content." "The monk looked perplexed and terrified at the proposal; the prospect of journeying alone, on so unwonted a conveyance, he knew not whither, was too fearful even for his all-powerful avarice to varnish over. "I swear to thee," said the knight, "no harm can happen to thee, as long as thou canst be silent; the fiend has his orders, and must obey them; unless thou art wanting to thyself, thou wilt be conveyed back safe and rich to Llanbadarn Vawr." With these assurances, the monk was at length satisfied; Davy Sion Evan descended from the back of the infernal courser, who instantly sprung away with his remaining rider.

What the fiend-borne monk beheld in that mysterious cave, and what treasure he collected thence, we need not now stop to relate. As soon, however, as he had come forth, and was again seated on his airy charger, he felt his senses confused and exhausted with the supernatural scenes he had gone through. The spirit seemed aware of his condition; for, instead of flying straight off as before, he made sundry wheelings and irregular movements that still more alarmed his rider. At length, it suddenly turned its head, and asked, in a gentle voice, whither he would be conveyed.

* There is hardly a goblin story told in Wales, in which the supernatural agent does not ask the delusive question, "above wind, or below wind?"

Druan's recollection, like his other senses, was then under a cloud; he answered, with a bewildered air, "to Llanbadarn." "And will you, honoured master," said the demon, in the same soft accents as before, "that I convey you above the wind or below the wind?" "Below the wind;" replied the monk, unconscious of what he was saying. Scarce had the words passed his lips, when the fiend, with a yell of horrid laughter, sprung forward, scarcely skimming the surface of the earth, dashing his unfortunate rider headlong against every obstacle in the way, trees, rocks, and hills; while his own incorporeal frame passed through them or by them unhurt and unimpeded.

The prolonged absence of Druan Bach had excited some surprise: Archoll sought his brother at Tŵr Eden, and, not finding him there, and doubting where to seek him, he, by some chance, directed his steps towards the spot where the weird bridge had, some time since, been erected for his accommodation. He felt anxious to see whether it was still standing; and the memory of that eventful day was so strong upon him, that he had little difficulty in retracing the way thither. He had taken up a deer-spear at his father's hall, which he still retained, thinking that there might be occasion to use it, in case he should encounter some of the desperate marauders of the hills who had caused his former adventure. Thus armed, he strode briskly through the wild wood, when, suddenly, he heard a sound as of a horse at full speed. He stopped and listened; it approached; nearer and nearer, and more distict, became the noise, until it seemed galloping past him, over, or through, the very brakes beside him. As if to confirm its presence, a loud neigh rang through the wood, and the sound of crashing bushes and clattering hoofs grew faint, in the distance. Archoll stood petrified with amazement: "Am I doomed," said he, "to be ever the sport of unearthly mockery? Or is this ground the licensed haunt of the beings of the dark world? Be it as it may, I will not be turned from my purpose, I will see once more the very handiwork of him who seems so potent here."

A short time found him at the side of the well-remembered chasm, and he was about to mount the little hillock which lay between him and the bridge, when the sound of voices, seemingly proceeding from it, arrested his steps. He advanced cautiously up it, looked over its edge, and it was with difficulty that he restrained the cry that rose to his lips, at the sight he witnessed: on the side next him, stood Davy Sion Evan, in an attitude of rage and defiance, holding in his one arm a mangled and bleeding corpse, and stretching the other, with a menacing gesture, at the identical withered and deformed phantom who had been the architect of the bridge: the latter was leaning against the side

of a coal black horse; and they were disputing in high and furious tones.

"Render me my prize, Sion Evan," screamed the old mason, "fairly won, and falsely stolen." "He is no prize of thine," answered his opponent, furiously; "thou hast neither right nor part in him: thy minion brought him hither, against every point of our solemn compact; he is mine, and I will maintain my claim against thee and thine." "He broke the law thyself prescribed," replied the hunchback: "but I will wrangle with thee no longer, for thou hast the strong hand just now. The time is at hand, however, when I shall have most sweet revenge for thy manifold deceits and falsehood. Look to it, gallant knight! whether thy body be borne out of the door, or out of the window; whether it be buried in the churchyard, or out of the churchyard, thou art mine for ever! Does not the bond say thus, Sir Evan of Eryri? Ha, ha! most sage and potent seer, bethink thee of that!" shrieked he, leaping on the horse, which instantly sprung down the fathomless abyss, "mine,—and for ever!"

Sion Evan turned from the bridge, as his fell adversary departed, and Archoll no longer hesitated to meet him. The wizard started when he perceived him; and, laying down his burden, pointed to it, and said, with a melancholy tone and gesture, "Here is a sight I would fain have spared thee." What was Archoll's horror, when, in the bruised and shattered trunk, he recognized his brother, Druan Bach! Sir Davy recounted the story of his fate; but Archoll's rage rose with the progress of the narrative: "Wretch!" said he, when he had with difficulty restrained himself to the end, "sorcerer, fiend! my brother's blood is upon thy accursed head, and wo be unto me, if I revenge it not!" and, with the lightning's speed, he hurled his spear against the breast of Sion Evan, who fell, and writhed in agony on the ground: "Thou hast wounded me unto the death, Archoll," said he, groaning deeply; "the hours of Sion Evan are numbered; but slay me not soul and body both; haste to get me conveyed with speed to thy monastery, for an immortality of weal or wo hangs upon thy speed." Archoll, half repenting of his bloody deed, ran hastily in search of aid; he, fortunately, soon met with a knot of peasants, with whose assistance he conveyed the dying and the dead to Llanbadarn Vawr.

While the rest of the fraternity were performing the burial rites over the disfigured mass of flesh that had once been the wisest and most respected of their counsellors, Archoll was receiving the last requests of the dying wizard: "The destiny of an immortal soul is in the hands of him who hath cut short my mortal life. Hear me, Archoll! when the breath hath left my body, and the time draws nigh, take, I pray thee, the heart out of my breast, and

lay it in the abbey garden; there will one come from the east, and one from the west, who will fight to gain possession of it. I conjure thee, mark it well: if he from the east prevails, cause a hole to be made in this wall, convey my corpse through it, and bury it beneath the churchyard wall; for, if I be brought through door or window, if I be laid in the churchyard, or out of the churchyard, he whom thou hast seen, though not in his terrors, will hold me a vassal of perdition to nameless ages. But, if he from the west gains the victory, take no care for this worthless body, fling it to the eagle and the hound."

Archoll swore compliance with these requests; and, ere long, Sir Davy Sion Evan was no more. They extracted the heart from the pulseless bosom; and, laying it on an open plot in the garden, anxiously and fearfully waited the event. There was not a breath of wind stirring, nor a sound heard; but the black clouds were rolling together into thick masses, and the powers of the air seemed to be making dreadful preparations for a tremendous tempest. After a time, a flash of blood-red lightning glared along the west; and a raven, darting from that quarter, seized upon the exposed heart, and attempted to fly off with it; but, at the same instant, a snow-white dove shot down from the east, and opposed her flight. The dark plumed bird instantly let go her prey, and furiously attacked the new comer. Long and fiercely they fought, now in mid-air, and now upon the ground; at length, they towered up higher and higher, striking desperately at each other with their beak, feet, and wings, until, just as they seemed about to be lost in a cloud that held forth its dusky arms as if to receive them, one of the combatants fell dead to the ground; it was the raven. Instantly, the monks hastened to fulfil the rest of the wizard's instructions, for they looked upon themselves, now, as answerable for his future destiny. They hastily broke down a part of the wall of the cell where he lay; and, wrapping the body in the gown of their order, brought him to the burial-ground, where others of the brotherhood had already dug a hollow beneath the wall, large enough to receive him. They laid him in this hasty grave, with the utmost precision, taking care that not a hair's breadth of his body should be beyond the shelter of the wall. Scarcely had they completed their task, and were busily engaged in filling up the grave, when all the furies of the storm burst forth. The roar of the thunder, exceeding any thing that the oldest members of the society had ever heard of heaven's artillery, for a time, deprived the appalled monks of every faculty of mind and body; and, when the deafening crash at length died into a sullen calm, a deep and dreadful voice spoke from the thunder cloud, "Davy Sion Evan, farewell! false when living, and false when dead!"

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE REV. EVAN EVANS.

[*Continued from p.* 378.]

The reader sees, by this time, that the British language, and its dialect, the Armorican, have several words the same with the Greek. There are no books or any other monuments of the old Celtic or Gaulish language left: I suppose it to be more free from any mixture with the Greek, than our language or the Armorican are, on account of our ancestors' commerce with the Grecians. Our author thinks the Grecians borrowed their words from the Celtæ; but I think it more probable that the Trojan colony brought them here, as the Irish and its dialects are, as far as I can find, without them. The learned Mr. Edward Llwyd, the author of the *Archæologia Britannica*, seems to think that a colony of Celtæ were possessed of the island of Great Britain, before the coming of that other colony of the same stock, viz. Brutus and his Trojans; the names of hills, lakes, rivers, promontories, &c. proving it.

Having said every thing that I think requisite upon this head, I shall now proceed to the next, which is, That our books of pedigrees bring the origin of all our nobility and gentry from Brutus and his ancestors, the Titan princes, which Pezron says were Celtæ, and to have lived in Phrygia; and we have all this from our own records from ancient times, before Brut y Brenhinoedd was written: and so saith Giraldus Cambrensis, a writer who flourished in Henry the Second's time, not many years after the publication, in Latin, of the British history, by Jeffrey of Monmouth, or, as he is called by our historians, Gruffudd ap Arthur o aber Mynwy: Hoc etiam mihi notandum videtur, quod Bardi Cambrenses et Cantores seu recitatores, genealogias habent, prædictorum Principum, in Libris eorum, *antiquis*, et autenticis sed tamen Cambrice Scriptum, eandemque memoriter tenent, a *Roderico Magno*, usque ad *Belinum* Magnum, et inde usque ad Silvium, Ascanium et Æneam, et ab Ænea usque ad Adam, generationem, linealiter producunt. So that the whole series of the British kings mentioned in the British history, was preserved in the genealogical books of the bards, long before it made its appearance in the world; so that they are not modern forgeries, as is ignorantly asserted, and generally supposed, by most writers after Camden, but kings who had *real* existence, and whose memory was preserved by the bards, in ancient and authentic records. I shall here set down the genealogy of Brutus as I find it written in an old British manuscript, entitled Llyfr Gwyn o Hergest, or the White Book of Hergest, which is as followeth: Llyma ach Brutus

hyt ar Noe hên; Ac o Noe hyt ar Seth vab adda vab Duw, Brutus vab Silvius vab Yscanius, vab Æneas, Ysgwyd-wyn o Droea vawr; vab Enchises, vab Capis, vab Assaracus, vab Tros, vab Ericonius, vab Dardan, vab Jupiter, vab Saturnius, vab Cretus, vab Celus, vab Ciprius,* vab Citym, vab Iavan, vab Japheth, vab Noe hēn, vab Lamech, vab Methusale, vab Enoch, vab Iareth, vab Malaleel, vab Cainan, vab Enos, vab Seth, vab Addaf, vab Duw. Ryvedd áu darlleo medd rhai.

The fourth and last argument in favor of the genuineness of the British history is to be fetched from what the Greeks and Romans have written about *Beli* and *Brân*, which was several hundred years before the coming of the Romans to this island. I would have the reader here recollect what I have before transcribed from Callimachus's Hymn on Delos, where he mentions that they came from the extremity of the west, which agreeth well with Great Britain as to situation, and the Britons were of Celtic extraction, as well as the Gauls. But ancient writers seem to have very little knowledge of Britain before the invasion of the Romans, upon which account, this History of *Beli* and *Brân*, *Belinus* and *Brennus*, is not properly ascertained, (as it should be,) and distinguished from the History of the Gauls, properly so called, though Callimachus is very right in saying they were descended of the Titans, and *Pezron* has sufficiently cleared the point.

There is a remarkable passage in Plutarch which serves to confirm the British history. It is about the dissention of Beli and Bran, and their reconcilement by the mediation of their mother, some time before their Italian expedition. I will transcribe it here, for the reader's satisfaction: Κελται Κελτοις περι υπερβαλλειν Αλκης, και καλοικησας της Ιταλιας, &c. I shall now insert a chapter of the British History, from the English translation of Aaron Thompson, which will serve to throw light upon the above paragraph, from Plutarch, chapter vii. book 3; Belinus and Brennus, being made friends by the mediation of their mother, propose the subduing of Gaul: "When Brennus had thus become popular, and had gained the affections of the people, he began to consult with himself how he might take revenge upon his brother Belinus; and, when he had signified his intentions concerning it to his subjects, they unanimously concurred with him, and expressed their readiness to attend him to whatever kingdom he pleased to conduct them. Then, in a short time, raising a vast army, he entered into a treaty with the Gauls, for a free passage through their country into Britain; and, having fitted out a fleet upon the coast of Neustria, he set sail with a fair wind, and arrived at the island. Upon hearing the rumor of his coming, his brother Belinus,

* Celus vab Sebreinus, vab Sythan, vab Siapheth; yn ol Rhys Goch o Eryri, ynghywydd achau William Fychan.

accompanied with the whole strength of the kingdom, marched out to engage him; but, when the two armies were drawn out in order of battle, and just ready to begin the attack, Conwenna,* their mother, who was still living, passed in great haste through the ranks, being impatient to behold her son, whom she had not seen for a long time. As soon, therefore, as she had, with trembling steps, reached the place where he stood, she threw her arms about his neck, and, in transports of joy, kissed him; then, uncovering her bosom, she addressed him in words, interrupted with sighs, to this effect: 'Remember, son! remember these breasts you have sucked, and the womb wherein the Creator of all things formed you, and from whence he brought you forth into the world, while I endured the greatest anguish; by the pains I then endured for you, I entreat you to hear my request: pardon your brother, and moderate your anger: you ought not to revenge yourself upon him who has done you no injury: for what you complain of, that you were banished your country by him, if you duly consider the event, it was no injustice; he did not banish you to make your condition worse, but forced you to quit a meaner, that you might attain a higher dignity; at first, you enjoyed only a part of the kingdom of *Allobroges*; what has he then done but promoted you from a viceroy, to be a great king? consider further, that the difference betwixt you began not through him, but yourself, who, with the assistance of the king of Norway, made insurrection against him.' Moved with these representations of his mother, he obeyed her, with a composed mind; and, putting off his helmet of his own accord, went straight with her to his brother. Belinus, seeing him approach with a peaceable countenance, threw down his arms, and ran to embrace him; so that now, without any difficulty, they became friends again, and, disarming their forces, marched with them peaceably to Trinovantum;† and here, after consulting together what enterprise to undertake next, they prepared to conduct their confederate army into the provinces of Gaul, and to reduce that whole country under their subjection." Brennus, the brother of Belinus king of Britain, discomfited the Romans at the river Allia, sacked the city, and besieged the capitol, anno mundi 3577, *urb. con.* 365. From Rome he marched to Greece, where he spoiled the temple of Delphos, for which sacrilege he was, as it was supposed, visited by the pestilence; and the remainder of his army went into Asia, and abode in Galatea. Polybius maketh mention of this expedition in the second book of his history.

I hope by this time that I have given sufficient reason for the

* In the British copy, it is *Tonwen*, which signifies *fair*, or white skinned.

† Trinovantum. London. Hyt yn Llyndain.

credibility of the British history, even in very ancient times; and what I have quoted from Plutarch, amounts to an irrefragable proof of this statement. I think that Gildas, in his epistle "De Excidio et Conquesta Britannicæ," has an eye to these matters, when he says, "Et tacens vetustos immanium tyrannorum annos, qui in aliis longe positis regionibus vulgati sunt, (ita ut Porphyrius rabidus orientalis adversus ecclesiam canis, dementiæ suæ, ac vanitatis stylo, hoc etiam, nec tacet, de Britannia, inquiens, fertilis, Provincia Tyrannorum,) illa tantum proferre conabor, in medium, quæ temporibus Imperatorum Romanorum, et passa est, et aliis intulit, civibus, et longe positis, mala; quantum tamen potuero, non tam ex scriptis Patriæ, Scriptorumve monumentis, (quippe vel quæ si qua fuerint, aut ignibus hostium exusta, aut civium exulum classe, longius deportata, non comparent,) quam transmarina relatione, quæ crebris irrupta intercapedinibus non satis claret." It was taken for granted, it seems, in Gildas's time, that the kings of Britain, whom he calls, "immanes Tyranni," had brought many calamities on foreign nations, and for which, he says, they were renowned. I should be glad to know who they were, and what particular feats they could have done to be thus celebrated; or how he came to a knowledge of them, if, as he says, the records and monuments of his country were destroyed; but such acts as are ascribed to Beli and Bran, who, by foreign writers, are called Gauls, for the reasons above given, but, by the British history and genealogists, are said to be kings of Great Britain.

Who was the author of "Brut y Brenhinoedd" is not known; some have ascribed it to St. Tyssilio, the son of Brochwel Ysgithrog, the patron saint of Meivod, in Montgomeryshire, but without any foundation; for, in an account of manuscripts written by Thomas Williams, M.D. about the year 1600, I find this account of the genuine work of Tyssilio: "Dr. Dee conveyed a book composed by Tyssilio Sant into England, at the time he obtained a commission to survey Wales for history."

The writer of the British history was an Armorican, and lived in the time of King Athelstan, about A.D. 930, a dark, illiterate, and superstitious age. This I learn from the author's conclusion of his history, which, from the oldest copy of it now extant, (which is from five to six hundred years old,) I shall here set down: "Ac evelly guedy buru Arglwyddyaeth e Brytanyeyt y arnaddynt, ar Saeson cn aur en medu holl Loegyr, ac Edylstan en Tywyssawc arnaddynt, e Kyntav or Saeson a arwedwys Coron Enys Prydeyn; ac o heny allan dykenedlu a gwnaethant e Kymry, y urth Brytanaul Vonhedd a teilyngdaut, ny ellesynt byth gwedy henny ynnill teilyngdaut e Teyrnas—namyn, gweythyeu rynggddynt e hunein, gweythyeu e rhyngddynt ar Saysson, en ryvelu

ac en kynnyddu gwastat arvaeu:" i.e. And after casting off the government of the Britains from them, and the Saxons at this time possessing all Lloeger, having Ethelstan for their prince, and the first of the Saxons who wore the crown of Great Britain; and from that time the Welsh degenerated from British generosity and worth, and could never recover the supreme rule of the kingdom; but, being engaged in wars either amongst themselves or the Saxons, engendered continual broils. The translator, Jeffrey of Monmouth, says, that Walter archdeacon of Oxford, translated this history, first, from the Armorican into Welsh, and that he afterwards translated it into Latin. Mr. John Jones, of Gelli Lyfdy, in the Parish of Ysgeifiog, in Flintshire, says, that he had a part of the original translation of Walter in his custody in the year 1640. It is not my intention to enter any further into any discussion of the authenticity of this history; but I must, as a lover of truth, own, that he has intermingled fables amongst the truth of history, particularly in his account of King Arthur, where he speaks of the Roman empire as subsisting, when all, who are versed in history, know that it was overthrown several years before. Such fables as these have brought his history into discredit, and God forbid that any lovers of truth should be so far blinded as to follow him, or any other, in whatsoever is repugnant to known facts and well-authenticated records. Yet, at the same time, I am so far from rejecting the whole for fable and romance, that I believe it in the main to be a true history, (and I have, as far as I was able, endeavoured to prove it,) and worthy to be published with the other British remains now left us, in order to preserve them from the ravage of time and accidents, that may for ever destroy them. If our English antiquaries were not blinded with prejudice, bloated with pride, and cankered with envy, they would have shewn more candour and ingenuity in passing judgment on the British history; and we should have had many passages, that are now obscure, illustrated and explained. I will give an instance of one mentioned in the *Triades* of Nennius, which no person that I know of has endeavoured to give any account of. The passage in Nennius is very corrupt, according to the present reading, and no sense can be made of it, and it is as follows: "Tunc Julius Cæsar cum accepisset singulare imperium et obtinuisset Regnum, iratus est valde, et venit ad Britanniam in Ostium Tamensis, in quo naufragium perpessæ sunt naves illius, dum ipse pugnabat contra *Dolobellum*, qui erat Proconsul Regi Britannico, qui et ipse Rex Belinus vocabatur et filius erat, Minocani, qui occupavit, omnes Insulas Tyrrheni Maris."

The text should be altered thus, to make it sense, and to agree with the triads; "Dum ipse pugnabat contra Cadwallum, (*Cassibelanum,*) qui erat Proconsul Regi Britannico, (qui et ipse Rex

Belinus vocabatur et filius erat Minocani,) qui occupavit omnes Insulas Tyrrheni Maris:" i.e. while he fought against Cadwallawn, who was generalissimo under the British king, (which king himself was called Belinus, and was son of Minocan,) who subdued all the isles of the Tyrrhene Sea. It seems by this that the Britains, under the command of Cassibelanus, (in British Cadwallawn, alias *Caswallawn*,) had extended their dominions beyond the most southern parts of Italy, and had subdued Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily, for these, I presume, are all the islands in the Tyrrhene Sea. This is attested also by the Triades which I shall set down with the Rev. Moses Williams's translation into Latin, from his edition of Humphrey Lluyd's Britanniæ Descriptionis Commentariolum.* A trydydd Llu a aeth gan Gaswallawn ap Beli; a Gwenwynwyn a Gwanar meibion Lliaws ap Nwyfre, ar gwyr hynny o Erch a Heledd pan hanoeddynt, (alias *ac o Arllechwedd, y Gwyr hynny*,) ac a aethant gyp a Chaswallawn. Eu hewythr ar fysg, (alias, *drwy for yn ol*,) y Cessariaid or ynys hon; sef y lle y mae y gwyr hynny yn trigo yn Gwasgwyn." Tertium exercitum asportavit Caswallaenus, filius Belini, cum Gwenwyno et guanaro, filiis, Lliausi, filii Nwyvræi et Arianrodæ,—filiæ Belini,—matris eorum. Hi autem homines Erchia et Heleddia, (*Arllechwedda*,) erant oriundi, et cum suo avunculo ad Cæsarianos, i.e. Romanos, per mare transierunt. (So it should be translated, according to the original; and not, et Caswallaunum avunculum suum; Caesarianos, insequentem, transmare comitabantur.) Hi autem sedes sibi acquisiverunt in Vasconia.

A SHORT VIEW OF THE STATE OF BRITAIN, FROM THE TIME OF MAXIMUS THE TYRANT, SO CALLED,† TO THE RETREAT OF THE LOEGRIAN BRITAINS TO THEIR COUNTRYMEN IN WALES AND BASSE BRETAGNE; AND THE FINAL CONQUEST OF LOEGRIA (NOW ENGLAND) BY THE SAXONS, WHICH TAKES UP THE SPACE OF 300 YEARS, THE MOST OBSCURE AND DARK PERIOD OF OUR BRITISH HISTORY.

[*Continued from page* 382.]

It was the policy of princes in those days, as it was amongst the first nations, to make use of such persons as had acquired among the people the characters of prophets and extraordinary wise men, and this Gwrtheyrn had recourse to the famous Myrddin's advice before, in order to amuse the world, who

* It is greatly to be wished that this and other scarce books on the subject of Welsh history were republished.

† Tyrannus, translated Tyrant in ancient times, signified no more than prince, ruler, or governor.

were ready enough to swallow such fooleries of prophecies in that ignorant age, when learning was at a very low ebb. I have given this account of Myrddin, *Merlin*, to take off the slur which some silly bigotted writers have thrown upon this great man, by calling him a wizard, and the son of an incubus or of the devil; such notions as could never enter into the head of one *compos mentis*. To this reputed prophet, Gwrtheyrn sends; and, to the castle of Gwrtheyrnion, he was brought before the kings, who wanted the advice of a real prophet; but Myrddin being either gained over by the Aurelian faction, or foreseeing the fall of this prince, (which he might easily do, and be no great prophet,) gave the king very short and surly answers, and did not care to be concerned with him at all. "Beware," says he, "of the fire of the sons of Cwstenin, *Constantine*, who are just now setting sail from Armorica, and will be here very shortly." But Gwrtheyrn, *Vortigern*, being advanced in years, and preferring private life, (the sweets of which he had tasted during his son's reign,) could not be persuaded to leave that life of ease and pleasure, and to take up the sword, to oppose those formidable brothers Emrys, *Ambrosius*, and Uther, who were preparing to strip him of his crown. These two brothers were sons of that Constantine who went over to Gaul in A.D. 407, and were of the Roman blood that sat on the British throne. Uthur, it seems, was but half-brother to Emrys, for Gildas says, that Aurelius Ambrosius was the last prince of Roman blood: his mother, then, must be a Roman. However, Uthur was a great warrior, and a general under his brother; and, for his bravery, acquired the surname of *Pendragon*, which probably means, General of the Dragoons, which may shew the origin of that word, *Dragon*, in the Celtic. The Saxons returned with numerous forces, before Emrys and his brother Uthur could be ready to relieve their friends in Britain, which made the Britains condescend to a treaty, having no general to head them, nor any other means to avoid the Saxons' power. The principal men of each nation, about 300 of a side, were to meet at a place now called *Stone Henge*, on Salisbury Plain, to settle the matter in dispute between them. The Saxon noblemen and officers, to secure themselves, (as is pretended,) came all armed with knives under their cloaks; but the British nobles had not that foresight, as they suspected no evil designs. At this negotiation they were, by consent, seated promiscuously, or rather alternately, for every Saxon a Britain; and it being contrived to have a quarrel, a warm dispute arose, and a watchword was given by the Saxons, "Ne met eour Saxes, i. e. draw your knives;" so each Saxon stabbed his Briton, and most of the Britons in the place were killed: but it is said that one, Eidda, or *Eudav*, Iarll Cærloyw, Earl of Gloucester, by the help of an iron bar that he accidentally found in the place, killed several Saxons, and escaped with life.

Thus, the Britains having lost their principal leaders, the Saxons took possession of several of their chief towns. In the mean time, Emrys Wledig, landing in the west of Britain, thought it his first business to despatch his British competitor for the crown, who lay secure in his castle of Gwrtheyrnion, in Cambria, where the body of his forces also were. Emrys besieged the castle, set it on fire, and Gwrtheyrn chose to perish in the flames, rather than throw himself on the mercy of an enemy whose quiet depended upon his death. The Britains were so exasperated with Gwrtheyrn's proceedings in relation to the Saxon settlement, that they have thrown the blackest odiums on his character, and, particularly, that he had turned away his Christian wife, and married a Pagan, and committed incest with his own daughter, who lost her life with him in the siege. But this seems to have been only a malicious insinuation, for the Britons, who were Christians, would hardly have voluntarily rechosen him for their king, if he had been guilty of such a crime against their religion. Emrys being now without a British competitor for the crown, the Britains flocked to him from all quarters, as the great preserver of their country and liberties. All Cambria was at his beck; the city of Cærlleon ar Wysc, (Cærleon on the River Usk, in Monmouthshire,) was not inferior for beauty and magnificence to any in the Roman empire. Here he fixed his seat of government, being the safest place from the Saxon inroads; here also we find the Archbishop of Cambria's palace, which, afterwards, in the time of Arthur, the king's nephew, was removed farther into Wales. Emrys, *Ambrosius*, having secured his shipping and garrizoned this city, proceeded on his march towards the Saxons, who, by this time, had got possession of London and the principalities of South Britain, and, having got together a vast army in his march, he gave the Saxons battle and routed them, and followed his conquest so close, that the Saxons came to him to sue for peace with yokes about their necks, and with a promise to be slaves to him for ever. Emrys, in this interval of peace, repaired his castles and churches, and, among other public works, he erected a monument on Salisbury Plain,* in memory of those Britains who were massacred by the perfidious Saxon, at the convention for a treaty held there. This curious monument was built under the direction of that great artist and architect, Myrddin, and was called by the Britains, "Gwaith Myrddin Emrys, i. e. the work of Merlinus Ambrosius,"† and probably by the Saxons in after ages, "Stan Hengist, i. e. Hengist's

* This great work is now generally supposed to be a druidical temple, consisting of various circles one within the other, being a species of planetarium or orrery, representing the motions and revolutions of the celestial bodies.

† See Bryn Beddau in Englynion Milwyr Ynys Prydain.

Stones, now Stone Henge," in memory of the bloody transaction there perpetrated by his means. There is a proverb common at this day among the Welsh, when they speak of any magnificent structure, "Mal gwaith Emrys, i.e. like the structure of Ambrosius."* This treaty was strictly kept during the king's reign, which was not of long duration, for the Saxons, in order to be freed from their engagement, so contrived matters by wiles and stratagem, that a Saxon physician was employed by the king, and soon got into favor, and then took means to send him out of the world. Uthur, his brother, surnamed Pendragon, succeeded him, and kept his principal palace in London. Emrys having taken some disgust against the people of Ireland, either because they refused him succours against Gwrtheyrn, or because they ravaged the coasts of Cambria, took an opportunity of coming to an open rupture with them, which is no very difficult matter to accomplish when a powerful prince is disposed to make a conquest. Myrddin, therefore, who had acquired the character of a prophet, a poet, and a philosopher, and was considered the oracle of the age, was employed in order to invent and discover some ostensible cause for this rupture. He therefore most insidiously asserted that it was impossible to erect a proper monument to the memory of those eminent Britons who had been thus treacherously assassinated, unless he could obtain some large celebrated stones or pillars which he had seen in his travels in Ireland, and which were on the mountains of Kilara, and were supposed to be possessed of some extraordinary virtue to heal divers diseases, merely by the touch; and would, consequently, be an immortal honour to the persons buried near them. These stones were the remains of druidism, which, till that time, had some credit in Ireland. Emrys having a fleet in the Bristol channel, which had conveyed over his forces from Armorica, and which lay idle there, undertook this expedition to keep his people in action. He therefore sent his brother Uthur with a powerful force to the coast of Ireland, to demand the said druidical stones; but the Irish suspecting their design was to obtain liberty to get into the interior of the country, and so to subdue the island, refused their request; and the Irish collecting their forces together, a battle ensued, wherein the Irish were discomfited and the country laid under contribution. Having carried their chief point, their next was to get the famous medicinal stones on board their ships; the removing of them was attempted by the most celebrated engineers, whom Prince Uthur had brought over with him from Armorica, and who were the prince's favorites, but to no manner of effect, the strength of the whole army not being able to remove them. This was the case with King Hiero's ship, which was driven on

* See Dr. Davies's collection of proverbs in his Latin-Welsh and Welsh-Latin Dictionary.

shore by a storm in Sicily. The power of the whole island was not able to launch her; but Archimedes contrived such a machine that the king launched her with one finger, which induced him to issue a proclamation that nobody was to doubt, on pain of death, whatever Archimedes asserted, let it be ever so improbable. Myrddin, who had been sent over by Emrys to conduct the prince to those stones, suffered them to try their utmost skill in removing them by main strength, as, the greater the difficulty would be, the more it would redound to his credit to be able to effect what others deemed impossible. When they had entirely failed, Myrddin, *Merlin*, was applied to, who, to shew them the superiority of art above mere human force, immediately ordered some machines (constructed according to the laws of mechanism) to be brought to the place, by which means the stones were removed as easy as if some invisible power had given him a helping hand. Myrddin, taking advantage of the ignorance of the people, kept concealed the principles he acted upon; and, by highly magnifying the virtue of the stones, gained such a character, that it was believed all he did was by the assistance of some invisible spirits; whence arose those names of "the prophet Myrddin," "the wizard Merlin," "the conjuror Merlin," "son of an incubus," "son of the devil," "a wicked necromancer," &c. These were very cheap titles among the monks, and the writers of after ages, who generally hated all philosophy and learning; but it is a wonder that authors, in our enlightened age, should so far imitate the vulgar, in abusing and vilifying of whom they know nothing, except what they have gleaned from monkish authors, and others who were nearly equally bigotted and prejudiced against the Welsh or ancient Britons. For even the real name of this great man is not known by many of our modern writers. Merlinus is evidently a name which Latin authors have given him by softening the letter *d*, and ought rather to have been written Merdinus, for his real name was Myrddin Emrys; and it seems to me that his surname or cognomen, Emrys, was given him owing to his being in such great favor with the prince, (Emrys Wledig, i.e. *Ambrosius the Sovereign*;) or perhaps it was bestowed upon him in after ages, to distinguish him from Merddin, or Myrddin ap Morvryn, the mad Pictish poet, and pretended prophet, who lived in the next age, and was called by the Welsh Myrddin Wyllt, *Merlinus Sylvestris*. This Myrddin Emrys was so called, viz. *Myrddin*, from a town or place where Gwrtheyrn's wise men or messengers found him; and he was then a school-boy playing among his fellows: and it has been the custom, to this day, in Wales, to call foundlings after the names of the places where they were found, which probably may be the original also of several English surnames, such as Barn, Field, Garden, Ditch, Roadway, Path, Bush, Hay, Bank, Hedge, Church, House, Tree, Shore, Marsh, &c.,

and that those who originally bore these names were born in such places respectively. Myrddin, therefore, being next door to a foundling, (the monk or abbot who begot him not daring to own him,) was called so from Myrddin, a fortified city; and by Roman writers is called Muridunum, that is to say, the city of Myr, or Myr's Fort, now Carmarthen, *Caervyrddin*. Here I shall digress a little from the main story, and observe that, in the life of Paul de Leon, Witur, (which I take to be the aforesaid Uthur,) is said to be the lord of Leon, (see an Armorican MS.) on whose lands this Paul de Leon landed. This Paul was an insular Briton, and contemporary or companion to Gildas, Tugwal, Tudwal, Samson, Magum, *Magloire*, Mechell, *Malo*, &c. most of them disciples of the blessed Illdud, *Iltutus;* and most of them also are said to be British monks, who could not bear the English yoke, (says Vertot,) for the Saxons, as it is asserted, were become masters of their country, and for that reason they forsook their native land and went into France, about the year 520, in the time of Childebert the First. But this must be a grand mistake, for the English were not masters of that part of Britain called England for a whole age after this, much less of Wales, where Gildas and his brother monks might have retired, had they been so disposed. The true cause of their going over to Armorica, was their factions at home between the Cambrian and Loegrian houses. It is said that Gildas was son of Caw o Vrydain, or the present Scotland; and that his nephews, being too nearly allied to the crown, were killed by Arthur, son of Uthur, as soon as he came to the throne, which was the reason why he wrote those angry epistles after he went to Armorica. These British monks could not bear the government of the prevailing party, viz. the Cwstenyn, or *Constantine*, family; and therefore they went over to try their fortune in Gaul: and it was, in those days, a very common thing for all the religious monks of Gaul to come from Armorica, to settle in the isle of Britain; as well as for the insular Britons to go to Armorica. St. Curig, *Curicius*, St. Padarn, *Paternus*, and Cadvan, of Bardsey, with his followers, and several other Armorican monks, founded churches in Wales, which bear their names to this day. So also several came from Ireland and Scotland, according as they had influence with the reigning princes, and erected churches which still bear their names.

Here it is to be observed, that the princes named by Gildas as having succeeded Ambrosius, were not the chief kings of the realm, but were only petty princes: Maelgwn, the Island Dragon, Prince of Gwynedd; called also Maelgwn Gwynedd; Cwstenyn, *Constantine*, Prince of Cernyw, *Cornwall;* Cynog Las, whose name he translates *Yellow Butcher*, to shew his excellence in punning; but he was quite out: and it is plain, that he, or whoever wrote the passage, knew nothing of the British tongue. But, to return to the story: Uthur Bendragon succeeding his brother in the throne, the Saxons having, by this time, gathered

their strength, and got over more forces, insisted that they were not further bound than the life of Emrys, and that they were no longer vassals to the Britons. They therefore renewed their old efforts to extend their territories. But, in order to have a better excuse for violating the treaty, and for coming to an open rupture, they took the part of the Gwrtheyrn faction, and joined the Picts and Scots, under pretence of setting the right heir upon the throne of Britain. Several battles were fought between them; and, at last, Uthur prevailed, and the Saxons were glad to accept of peace, having lost many of their principal leaders. Flushed with this victory, Uthur proclaimed a great feast in the city of London, to which all the great men of the kingdom, and their wives, were invited. The king being heated with wine, observed among the ladies one that, in his opinion, exceeded all the rest in beauty and attraction. Her name was Eigyr, *Igerna*, wife of Gwrlais, a Cornish prince. The king using her with more freedom than her husband thought becoming, he departed with her out of court, without taking leave, and retired to his own castle, called Dintagell, or *Dintagol*, in Cornwall. This caused new troubles to the king, who, not being accustomed to meet with opposition among his subjects, took the behaviour of Gwrlais to be a breach of his prerogative: he therefore summoned the prince to London, to answer for this misdemeanor. Gwrlais suspecting the king's passion might induce him to adopt the same method of accomplishing his object, as David had done with respect to Urijah, thought it more prudent to stay at home, in hopes that reason might, in time, overcome passion in the heart of the king. But this conduct, unfortunately, only exasperated him the more, and he went himself, at the head of a part of his army, to bring this obstinate Cornish prince to obedience. Gwrlais, when he heard of his coming, collected all his forces, and encamped at some little distance from his palace, leaving a small garrison in the castle, which was deemed impregnable. The king, however, laid siege to it; and the Princess Eigyr having the principal charge of it, and not having any great dislike to the king's company, admitted him into the castle, where he enjoyed what he so much desired. His counsellor Myrddin, and one Iwrdan, and a few more of his confidential subjects, were also suffered to come, in the darkness of the night; and, at the break of day, the gates were opened for the remainder of his forces. Gwrlais and his company finding, in the morning, that the castle had been taken, were greatly disconcerted and disheartened; but they, nevertheless, like desperate men, who had their all at stake, resolved to give the king battle: and, in the event, Gwrlais was killed, his army routed, killed, or taken prisoners, and the king took Igerna to wife, who bore him twins, the celebrated Arthur, afterwards king of Britain, and a daughter, named Anna, who married Llew ap Cynvarch.

[*To be continued in our next.*]

FROM THE POEM ENTITLED MORTALITY,

(Shortly to be published,)

By THOMAS CAMBRIA JONES, Author of the Bard's Dream, &c.

LAND of bards! whose songs of flame
Shine upon the page of fame;
Nurse of genius and of mind!
Mighty as thine hills and wind!
Glorious as the orbs we see
Stationed in eternity!
Snatch the palm of vanished days,
Snatch it ere the whole decays!
Wear the wreath thy fathers wore,
When they guarded bards of yore,
Listen'd to the music pour'd,
By fairy hand, from fairy chord,
Exalting humble nature's scan
Beyond the nothingness of man.

Oh! when shall their bold wizard strain
Sound along thine hills again?
Never! until thou stretchest forth
A patronizing hand to worth.
Deem not the flowers of song are dead,
  Because the harp is silence keeping;
When this warm glow of sunshine 's shed,
  Its chords will be no longer sleeping;
The flowers will rise their grateful head,
  And thou shalt be to earth a treasure;
Thine ancient honour shall return,
  Thy vallies shall be filled with pleasure;
Thy streamlets shall with glory burn,
Thy rocks and mountains, high and stern,
  Shall chime once more in joyous measure.

Gwynedd! a minstrel brings to thee
  The songs he sung upon thy hills;
Though humble as himself they be,
  Each fountain hath its youthful rills,
Which may, in time, if fostered well,
  Into one boundless river swell.
Beneath thy feet he casts them down,
  Thy mercy will not let thee frown;
Thy smile, if he may gaze so high,
  Would fill his heart with ecstasy.

FROM THE SAME.

I on my native mountains stand,
Where nature's brow, austere and grand,
Unmar'd by man's polluting hand,
  Uplifts its living purity,
  To mingle with the sky.

It seems a wilderness of land,
  A region of felicity,
Brought before me by command
  Of a fairy's 'witching wand,
And presenteth to mine eye
A heaven of divinity.

Shattered crags of blue and brown
On the stony soil look down;
Mighty rocks, huge and sublime,
Unhumbled by the whirls of time,
Here, in grandeur, orderless,
Flourish in their barrenness;
Earthquakes, lightening, winter's sway,
Which sweep mortal works away,
Have not hurt their summits hoar,—
As they are, they were before.

O! if there be ought below
To remind us of that place
Where purified immortals go,
After quitting human race,
It is on the mountain's brow,
Where man's folly is not seen,
Where his feet have never been,
To make grim the moss' green,
Or even give the hint that he
Is breathing in mortality.

ARCHBISHOP USHER'S VISIT TO WALES,

IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

THIS very eminent prelate is entitled to the particular respect of every literary Cambrian, besides the reverence due to his memory from all the learned world and the Christian church. No man excelled him as to the knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquity, which he has amply displayed in his great work on the Antiquities of the British Churches. He engaged in that undertaking at the express

desire of his sovereign, King James; and he completed his design, and dedicated it to his son, King Charles, A.D. 1639. A second edition, revised and augmented by the author, was published about twenty-eight years after his death, A. D. 1687. The first was entitled *De Primordiis Ecclesiarum Britannicarum*, the second bears the title of *Ecclesiarum Britannicarum Antiquitatis*. All who have since attempted to investigate those subjects must acknowledge their obligations to the learned primate.

The following anecdotes of Dr. Usher reflect some honour on the Welsh gentry, in those troublesome times: The primate's daughter was married to Sir Timothy Tyrrel, governor, under the king, of Cardiff Castle; and, being precluded from returning to Ireland, he accepted the invitation of his son and daughter to pay them a visit, and made their house his residence for about a year, during which time, his unfortunate sovereign paid a visit to Cardiff, as well as Ruddland Castle, after his defeat at the battle of Naseby. Sir T. Tyrrel being obliged to give up his place, the good Archbishop was invited by Lady Stradling, the widow of Sir Edward Stradling, of St. Donatt's, to take up his home at her house. This was in the year 1646, when the country was all in wild uproar, and the republican rage ran very high in Glamorganshire. Lady Tyrrel accompanied her father; but, though they were conveyed along a circuitous route, in order to avoid the assaults of the Welsh republicans, who were up in arms to the amount of several thousands, they fell in with a straggling party. The behaviour of these men was, as might be expected, very uncourteous, for they ransacked the boxes of the archbishop, and took him and the ladies that were with him off their horses; but some of the officers coming up, were ashamed of these proceedings of their rude countrymen, and escorted the company to the house of Sir John Aubrey, not far off, where every civility was shewn to the venerable prelate and his friends. The loss of his books, though he was now so kindly treated, affected this great man so much, that it seemed to hurt him more than the loss of all his property in Ireland. To his daughter, and those who strove to comfort him, he said, "I am touched in a very tender place, but it is God's hand, and he has thought fit to take from me, at once, all that I have been gathering together for above these twenty years, and which I intended to publish, for the advancement of learning, and the good of the church."

The next day, many of the neighbouring clergy came to visit him, and to condole with him on his loss, which he was then ready to consider irreparable; but they promised him to do their utmost endeavours to get his books and papers restored, and then accompanied him to St. Donatt's. "To let you see," says the reverend narrator, "that these gentlemen and ministers did not only promise, but were able to perform it, they so used their power with the people, that publishing in the churches all over those parts,

that all who had any such books or papers should bring them to their ministers or landlords, this was accordingly done; for, in the space of two or three months, there were brought unto him, by parcels, all his books and papers, so fully, that, being put altogether, we found not many wanting." Among those that were missing were two manuscripts concerning the *Waldenses*, which the primate had obtained towards carrying on his design of "The Succession of Christian Churches," a work appended to the posthumous edition of his "Antiquities of the British Churches." There was also a Catalogue of the Persian Kings, and *Variæ Lectiones* on the New Testament.

While his lordship was at St. Donatt's, he spent some time in looking over portions of the books and manuscripts which had been collected by Sir Edward Stradling, a great antiquary, and friend of Mr. Camden: "Out of some of these manuscripts," says his biographer, Dr. Parr, "the lord primate made many choice collections of the British or Welsh antiquity, which I have in my custody."

This great man continued at his retreat in the Vale of Glamorgan for near a twelvemonth, and was treated with the highest respect, not only by the family of St. Donatt's, but by the clergy and gentry of the country. Being visited with very severe bodily indisposition, while at Lady Stradling's, and having lost all his emoluments of his archbishopric, his temporal affairs were in a low state; indeed, we see here the most eminent divine in Christendom altogether struggling with adversity; but the holy and unconquered mind of Usher bore him up, and that Divine Providence on which he placed his unshaken confidence, left him not destitute in a strange land. But no country or people were strangers to his fame; and the historian of the British Churches found, in his own experience, a revival of the hospitality of former ages. The gentlemen of Glamorgan, sensible of the honour done them by the presence of so great a visitor, evinced their respect by sending to him, unknown to each other, considerable sums of money. He now wished, knowing the desperate state of the royal cause, to find an asylum beyond the seas; but, as the coast was guarded, and he could obtain no opportunity of escaping to the continent, he was obstructed in the accomplishment of his desire. In the mean time, the Countess of Peterborough invited him to come and make his abode with her; his lordship accepted her invitation; and, having obtained proper passes, he removed from Wales to London, in the month of June, 1646.

J. H.

HIRAETH Y BARÐ.

P'am mac'm calon val y don,
Mor avlonyð yn vy mron?
O! am Elen, Elen lon;
Elen, Elen, O!

Mcðwl am ei llais a'i gweð
Ar vyr a'm doda yn y beð;
Hebði hi nid oes i'm heð,
Elen, Elen, O!

Y gwynt! adroða di vy nghwyn
Yn ðystaw bach wrth Elen vwyn;
Hi a wneif â mi gyd-ðwyn,
Elen, Elen, O!

Y lloer! pob nos mynega di
Vy mod yn fyðlawn iði hi,
Ac ar ei hol mor bruð wyv vi,
Elen, Elen, O!

Prysured amser ar ei daith,
Na boed yr oriau ðim yn vaith,
I glywed eto ðengar iaith
Elen, Elen, O!

Cryv yw cariad, trech nâ'r beð,
Er dwr, er tân, er miniog gleð;
Byw o hyd a wna yn ngweð
Elen, Elen, O!

TRANSLATION.

Why is my heart like the wave,
So restless within my bosom?
Ah! tis for Ellen, fair Ellen.

The thought of her voice and features
Will shortly consign me to the tomb;
In her absence I find no rest.

Ye winds! bear my lamentation
Secretly to my kind Ellen;
She is not devoid of feeling.

Thou Moon! nightly bear the intelligence
That I am faithful to her:
And, in her absence, how sad I am.

May time hasten on in its career,
Let the hours fly on more swiftly,
That I may again hear the fascinating language of Ellen.

Love is powerful, stronger than death,
Neither fire, nor water, nor the sword can devour it:
Such love is mine for Ellen.

OXONIENSIS.

OLD BRITISH REMAINS IN LANCASHIRE.

To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

LANCASHIRE is generally considered to have formed part of the powerful nation of the Brigantes; and, if we are to judge from the strong Roman stations at Manchester, Rlackrod, Ribchester, &c. forming a well-connected line of military defence, it is evident that that nation was regarded as formidable by the Roman people. Such, however, have been the ravages of time, and the effects of modern civilization and improvement, that little remains to indicate either the existence of the aboriginal inhabitants, or the power and splendor of their daring and ambitious invaders. The rattle of the shuttle is now heard, and the steam of the all-powerful engine is seen, in places where the old Britons ranged at large, and where, subsequently, the plumage of Roman heroes waved proudly before the breeze, and their polished arms flashed with corruscations of fire in the rays of light. Even in parts where the hand of industry, and the almost all-commanding power of manufactories, have not been able to reach, the country is so covered with turbaries and swelling oozes of the mountains, that Roman roads, British tumuli, and other ancient monuments, are either completely obliterated, or lost to human observation; and few traces remain indicative of what the country and the people once were, except what are to be found in Whitaker's Manchester. After residing in a hilly part of the country for nearly eight years, and traversing its hills and vales, in various directions, I have only been able to discover two fragments which are really British, and a brief account of each of which I now send for insertion in the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

In the parish of Bolton-le-Moors is a hill named Turton Height, and on the south-east end of it is a large sheep pasture,. which goes by the name of Cheetham's Close. Nearly on the summit of this close, but inclining to the north-east, are the remains of a bardic temple, the diameter of which is about seventeen yards. There are only six stones of the circle remaining, and these are sorely mutilated, either by time or the hand of man. The circle is as perfect as if traced by the compasses of Newton or La Place; and, what is rather singular, an upright stone stands about thirty-seven yards nearly east from its outward verge, and another about seventeen yards due south. The *maen gorsedd* has disappeared, as well as some other stones forming the circle; and, from the oozy nature of the ground, I am inclined to believe that, independent of the mutilations mentioned, the surface of the earth has risen considerably since the circle was first constructed. The views to the north and east are very fine, but bounded by hills, rising and swelling above each other; towards the south and south-east are seen Bolton and Manchester, with their busy populations, a considerable part of fertile Cheshire, Mow hill, in Staffordshire, and lofty ranges of mountains both in Derbyshire and Yorkshire; and, were it not for Edgar or Winter hill on the west, Penmaen Mawr, frowning upon the sea, Moel y Vammau, and the bicapitated head of Snowdon, would be distinctly visible, on a clear day.

Frequently have I visited this interesting spot, and, amidst the silence and solitude which reign there, thought of "the days of former years." Here have the bards, in their different orders, often met and performed their various rites and mysteries, with their uni-coloured robes flowing before the breeze. Here have hundreds, probably thousands, standing without the circle, observed the solemn proceedings, and listened, with deep attention, to the maxims and doctrines which philosophers and druids delivered. Since those periods, what changes, what revolutions have taken place! How often has the blue lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled over this sacred spot! Kingdoms have risen and fallen, emperors have been throned and dethroned, arts and sciences have retrograded and advanced, and various and awful occurrences have taken place; but these rude stones, though severely shattered, still remain as attestations of the religious and philosophical views of the ancient Britons. But where are the founders of this monument, and those who worshipped there? The sages who often proclaimed within this circle *Y gwir yn erbyn y byd*, are gone the way of all flesh: "Our fathers, where are they? the prophets, do they live for ever?"

About one mile and a half north from this bardic temple, a neighbour and friend of mine, whilst digging a drain, about

twenty years ago, discovered the head of an old British standard, which is now in my possession. It is of copper, the head of which is shaped like an axe, and the other end has a double groove, in which the flagstaff entered, and, by that means, became firmly fixed. Its weight is fourteen ounces and a half, but was evidently heavier when perfect, as the ring on its side, through which the cord of the flag ran, is broken off, and the lower end of the double groove has been also mutilated. Its figure, though not an exact one, may be seen in Gough's edition of Camden's Britannia, vol. II. p. 501, pl. xviii. fig. 13. From traces still remaining, it is evident that a Roman road passed within 200 yards where this relic was found: now, my opinion is, that the Romans and Britons met there in hostile array, and with their flags unfurled; that, in the action which took place, the Roman soldiers, for soldiers are ever the same, dashed at the British flag, and cut it down; and that, owing to the tumult, the confusion, and the boggy nature of the ground, the standard-head was broken off, sunk into the earth, and was lost.

August 11, 1829. ELVAELIAD.

MANNERS OF THE WELSH PEASANTRY.

To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

BELIEVING that the primitive solemnities formerly attendant upon the funeral processions of the inhabitants of the Principality were purely local; and as they are now, from the levelling progress of civilization, nearly obsolete, being only resorted to, in remote districts, by a few of the ancient and lowly born; a simple narration of one that came under my observation some twenty autumns since, may not be unacceptable to many of your less fortunate readers; I say less fortunate, as I have scarcely through life had my feelings more excited, or my mind more elevated, than in contemplating the burial rites of a humble Welsh peasant.

To those unacquainted with the lovely scenery on the banks of the *Cambrian* Severn, that is, where that beautiful stream runs sparkling, over the rocky strata of its mother mountains, ere it has yet approached the border, and assumed the more taciturn dignity of the land of its adoption, it will be ne-

cessary to premise, that its course is through a narrow valley, hemmed in on either side by wooded knolls, mountains they would not be termed in England, and in Wales, are scarcely hills, which are ever and anon divided by some lesser tributary stream, through ages the excavator, and now the cultivator, of its own little dingle dell; these are again broken into more minute undulations, giving to the landscape an appearance that carries the imagination (in Cambria, no unjustifiable flight,) back to the days of the flood, that seems here to have tossed and tumbled its rudest, and then at once to have receded from the land, leaving on the earth the stamp of the rolling waters.

Twenty years ago, I was a guest at a little village on the southern side of the Severn; I frequently accompanied the lady I was staying with, in her visits of benevolence to the indigent and the invalid of the neighbourhood, and felt much interest in the fate of a poor man, the father of a large family, who had been ill from a sudden exposure to cold, after a day of hard labour under a burning sun, during the late harvest. Vain were the unremitting assiduities of an affectionate wife and daughter, the generous supplies of light and delicate food my friend's utmost culinary ingenuity could suggest, and the best medical advice the neighbourhood afforded; the malady was deep seated, no efforts could stem its progress; and, in a few short weeks, the widow had to mourn a kind and beloved husband, the children a tender parent, and an example of industry and true piety. We looked in upon the house of sorrow: I was surprised at the great neatness and order that pervaded it; the apartments had been newly cleaned, and their rude furniture arrayed to the best advantage: we were invited to see the corpse, a customary ceremonial, and were ushered into the inner chamber, where all that remained of its former master lay stretched upon a long bench, reverently covered with a clean homespun sheet, the fellow of which hung suspended against the wall, near which the bench stood, studded over with laurel leaves, pinned crosswise, each simple lozenge tasselled, in the centre, by a small bunch of gillyflower and southernwood; the little indispensable occupations, and the air of neatness they produced, threw a serenity over the mourners themselves, that served to rob the chamber of death of much of its wonted gloom. The funeral, I found, was to take place, according to the custom of their class, after nightfall, on the morrow. It proved a stilly autumn evening, nothing breaking the silence of "that witching time," save the rising murmurs of the river, which again died away with a melodious melancholy, sweetly harmonizing with the scene around. I watched, from a little elevated mound, the coming of the procession; the cottage of the deceased stood high upon the side of the opposing hill, and, through the almost darkness, for the harvest moon had passed

away, a moving light appeared, and then another, a little bustling irregularity, and then, in uniform array, eight or ten flaring torches were seen moving slowly onward; and a distant hum was heard, that you might have thought no more than the murmuring of the river, had it not increased, as it approached, into the evident union of many voices harmoniously blended in a devotional hymn, which they continued to chant as they moved along, and which now came impressively swelling upon the ear, as they merged from behind a projecting point upon the broad hill-side, and was again half lost in the little thicket through which they passed in their descent; the light of the torches enabled me to observe that the attendants amounted to, at least, a hundred persons, men, women, and children, the passing bell being a signal for the gathering of the country-side. The chant ceased not until the procession arrived at the gate of the small romantic cemetery, where the burden was set down, and a parting hymn poured forth, so solemn, so holy, and so subdued, that one could but feel there was a soul in man, and that that soul, in its sorrows, instinctively turns to him "who breaketh not the bruised reed."

The strong associations of the night before led me, on the morrow, to visit the churchyard alone. I was immediately attracted to the newly-made grave, by the perfume and brilliancy of the flowers with which it had been profusely covered, many roots nicely covered, and the intervals filled up by blossoms only, those blossoms rich and costly, such as seldom grace the cottage garden: I learned, however, that the horticultural treasures of the wealthy are ever ungrudgingly bestowed for this sacred purpose; a simple epitome of that great truth, that in the grave all earthly distinction ends.

GWENDDOLAU.

TO THE MIST.

BY DAVYDD AP GWILYM.

At dawn as, to my love, I sped,
A treacherous fog my steps misled;
Long thro' its frosty labyrinths I strayed,
Then thus, in wrath, I cursed the child of shade:

"Curse on thy yellow misty bower;
Canst thou not fade one single hour?
Thou cassock, wove by wizard spell,
Smoke of the goblin forge of hell:

"Veil of the skies, the tempest's woof,
(Foul as the spider's filmy roof;)
The pathless snow is in thy breast;
Thou art the felon's safest nest:

"On wings obscure, with frosty wreath,
Thou hangst the brittle boughs of heath;
And, as thou floatst, the faery tribe
Make thy long flaggy skirts their gibe:

"Fleece of the rock, cowl of the heav'n;
Thou banished wave from ocean driven;
Veil of the crooked mountain tower,
Canst thou not fade one single hour?"

The swarth excretion of the night-
Veil'd morning path, and mountain height,
Hung o'er the crags, a scowling tent,
It wrap'd heav'n's dawning battlement,

In many a dark and mantling wave,
'Till heav'n was rayless as a cave;
The woods, the glens, the shore, the sea,
The mountain paths were lost to me:

In endless, viewless swamps I fell;
In every dank and dwarfish dell,
A hundred wry-mouthed goblins cast,
Mad laughter on me, as I past:

An oath, of hearty wrath, I swore,
Yon mist should never lead me more,
The jest of fiends, thro' briar and brake,
E'en for my matchless Morvid's sake.

MAELOG.

MABINOGION.

[*Continued from page* 310.]

So the place in the territory where Llew inhabited, was a court belonging to him, and which is called Mur y Castell, and which is on the confine of Ardudwy.

Sev lle yn y cantrev a vu anneddwys Llew mewn llys iddo, yw y màn à elwir Mur y Castell, a hyny àr wrthdir Ardudwy.

There he governed; and every one was contented with him and with his domination.

Yno y gwledychwys eve; a phawb oedd voddlawn iddo ac ei arglwyddiaeth.

And then, on a certain time, he proceeded to the fort of Dathl, to have an interview with Math, the son of Mathonwy.

Ac yno treiglgwaith y cyrchai parth â chaer Dathl, i ymweled â Math vab Mathonwy.

On the day that he went his journey to the fort of Dathl, Flower-aspect ranged about in the court; and, being there by herself, she heard the sound of a horn; and, after the sound of a horn, a wearied deer was seen passing by, with dogs and huntsmen pursuing it; and, after the dogs and the huntsmen, a multitude of men following on foot.

Y dydd ydd ai eve ei daith i Gaer Dathl, troi o vewn y llys á wnai Blodenwedd, a hi yno ehun, a chlywai levcorn; ac yn ol llev y corn, llyma hydd blin yn myned heibio, a chwn a chynyddion yn ei ymlid; ac, yn ol y cwn ac y cynyddion, bagad o wyr àr draed yn dawed.

"Send off a servant to know who may be that company, yonder," said she.

"Ellyngwch was i wybod pwy y niver rhaco," ebai hi.

The servant has gone; and, asking who they were,—

Y gwas á aeth; a govyn pwy oeddynt,—

"This is Goronwy the Splendid, the man who is lord over Penllyn,"* was their reply.

"Goronwy Bevr yw hwn, y gwr yssydd arglwydd àr Benllyn," atebynt hwy.

* This implies *over the lake*, being a comot of five parishes, lying upon *Llyn Tegid*, or the fair lake, generally known by the name of Bala Lake, from that town, taking its name from being situated at its efflux. This water is often called, in the maps, Pimple Meer; Pimple being an odd corruption of *Pum-plwyv*, or five parishes; the number of parishes in the comot.

That was then told by the servant to her.

He, the stranger, then proceeded after the deer; and, on the river Cynval, he overtakes it and kills it. And, in flaying the deer, and luring his dogs, he continued until the night pressed upon him; and when the day was vanishing, and the night approaching, he came past the gate of the court.

"Doubtless," says Flower-aspect, "we shall be reproached by the chieftain, for disregarding him at this hour, and he being from another country, unless we invite him in."

"Doubtless, lady," replied the attendants. "it is most proper to invite him."

Then messengers followed in his course to invite him.

And so he accepted the invitation gladly, and he came into the court, and Flower-aspect came to receive him, to welcome and greet health to him.

"Lady," said he, "may heaven requite thee thy rejoicing!"

They disarrayed themselves, and went to be seated. Flower-aspect cast a look upon the stranger; and the instant that she looked, there was not a spot upon her that did not become full of love for him. And he likewise fixed his attention then upon her; and the same mind came into him as was in her. He was not able to conceal of his loving her, and he declared it to her. She then was filled with extreme gladness.

And because of the fondness and the love that each of them

Hyny á ddywawd y gwas iddi hithau.

Yntau, y dyeithr, á gerddwys yn ol yr hydd; ac àr avon Cynval gorddiwes yr hydd ac ei ladd. Ac wrth blingaw yr hydd, a llithiaw ei gwn, eve á vu yni wasgai y nos arno; a phan ydoedd y dydd yn adveilaw, ac y nos yn nesâu, eve á ddoai heb borth y llys.

"Dioer," eba Blodeuwedd, "ni á gawn an goganu gàn yr unben, ói adu y pryd hyn, ac eve o wlad arall, onis gwahoddwn."

"Dioer, arlwyddes," atebynt ei niver, "iawnav yw ei wahoddi."

Yna ydd aynt genadau yn ei erbyn i ei wahoddi.

Ac yna y cymerai eve ei wahawdd yn llawen, ac y doai ir llys, ac y doai Blodeuwedd yn ei erbyn ev, i groesawu ac i gyvarch gwell iddo.

"Arlwyddes," ebai eve, "nev á dalo iti dy lowenydd!"

Ymddiarchenu á myned i eistedd á wnelynt. Sev yr edrychai Blodeuwedd àr y dyeithrad; ac yr awr ydd edrychai, nid oedd gyver arnei hi ni bai yn llawn o'i gariad ev. Ac yntau á syniwys arnei hithau, ac yr un meddwl á ddoai ynddo ev ag á ddoai ynddi hithau. Eve ni allwys ymgelu o'i vod yn ei charu hi, ar ei mynegai iddi. Hithau á gymerai ddirvawr lawenydd ynddi.

Ac o achaws y serch ac y cariad à ddodasai bob un o

had fixed upon the other was their conversation that night; and there was no delay of mutual enjoyment, that is, than that night, and so they slept together.

honynt àr ei gilydd y bu eu hymoddyddan y nos hòno; ac ni bu gohir i ymgael o honynt, nid amgen no'r nos hòno, a chysgu ynghyd á wnelynt.

The next morning he expressed a wish of going away.

Tranoeth arovyn á wnai eve vyned ymaith.

"Doubtless," says she, "thou wilt not go from me tonight."

"Dioer," ebai hi, "ni ei i wrthyvi heno."

That night they were together likewise. And that night there was a consultation between them by what means they might get to continue together.

Y nos hòno y buynt ynghyd hevyd. Ac y nos hòno y bu yr ymgynghor gantynt pa furv y cefynt vod yn ynghyd.

"There is no counsel but one," said he: "to endeavour to know from him what the manner his death might come; and that under an appearance of anxiety concerning him."

"Nid oes gynghor ond un," ebai eve: ceisaw y ganto gwybod pa ddull y delai ei angeu; a hyny yn rhith amgeledd amdano."

The next morning he expressed a wish of going.

Tranoeth arovynai eve vyned.

"Doubtless," said she, "I would not advise thee to go this day from me."

"Dioer," ebai hi, "ni chynghorav iti heddyw vyned i wrthyvi."

"Doubtless, since thou wilt not then advise, so I will not go," said he. "I will mention, however, of its being dangerous as to the coming home of the prince who owns the court."

"Dioer, càn nis cynghori dithau, nid av innau," ebai eve. "Dywedav, hagen, bod yn enbyd dawed yr unben à bieu y llys adrev."

"Well," says she, "tomorrow I will permit thee to go away."

"Ie," eba hi, "avory mi yth ganatav di i vyned ymaith."

The next morning he expressed a wish of going; and she then did not hinder him.

Tranoeth arovynai eve vyned; ac nis lluddiwys hithau ev.

"Well," said the other, "remember what I have said to thee: and do thou converse closely with him; and that under the appearance of the dalliance of love; and so find from him what way could his death come."

"Ie," ebai yntau, "cofa à ddywedais wrthyt: ac ymddyddana yn lud ag ev; a hyny yn rhith ysmalâwch cariad; a dilyd y ganto pa fordd y gallai dawed ei angeu."

Llew also came home that same night. They passed away the day in conversation, and song and conviviality; and that night they went to sleep together. And he spoke once and the second time to her; and in that not a word did he obtain.

"What has happened to thee?" says he: "and art thou well?"

"Thinking am I of what thou wouldst not think concerning me," she answered; "and that is, minding as to thy death, if thou shouldst go sooner than myself."

"Well," said he, then; "may heaven reward thee thy anxiety: unless heaven shall kill me, however, not easy is it to kill me."

"And wilt thou, then, for heaven's sake, and for my sake also, declare to me by what means thou canst be killed? for better is my memory in guarding against it than thine."

"I will declare it with pleasure," said he: "not easy is it to kill me, unless by a throw; and necessary were it to be a year in making the javelin I could be hit with; and without making any of it, except when it might be during the sacrifice on Sundays."

"Is that unavoidable?" was her inquiry.

"Unavoidable, doubtless," said he: "I cannot be slain in a house; it cannot be done out; I cannot be slain upon a horse; it cannot be done and I upon my feet."

"Well," said she, then: "and what way couldst thou be killed?"

Yntau Llew á ddoai adrev y nos hòno. Treulaw y dydd á wnelynt drwy ymddyddan a cherdd a chyveddach; ac y nos hòno i gysgu ynghyd ydd aynt. Ac eve á ddywawd, ac yr ail tro, wrthi; ac yn hyny gair nis cavai eve.

"Pa dderyw iti?" ebai eve: "ac á wyt iach di?"

"Meddyliaw ydd wyv yr hyn nis meddylit ti amdanavi," hi atebai; "sev yw hyny, govalu am dy angeu di, od elit yn gynt no myvi."

"Ie," atebai yntau; "nev á dalo iti dy amgeledd: oni ym lladd i nev, hagen, nid hawdd yw vy lladd i."

"A wnai dithau, er nev, ac erov innau, mynegi imi pa vodd y galler dy ladd dithau? canys gwell yw vy nghov i wrth ymoglyd nog y tau di."

"Mynegav yn llawen," ebai eve: "nid hawdd yw vy lladd i heb o ergyd; a rhaid oedd bod vlwyddyn yn gwneuthur y pâr ym bwrwit i ag e; a heb wneuthur dim o hono, namyn pan vyddid ar yr aberth dyw sul."

"Ai diogel hyny?" oedd ei holiad hi.

"Diogel, dioer," ebai eve: "Ni ellir vy lladd i y mewn ty; ni ellir allan; ni ellir vy lladd àr varch; ni ellir àr vy nhraed."

"Ie," ebai hithau: "pa ddelw y gellid dy ladd dithau?"

"I will describe it to thee," said he, then: "by making a bath for me on the side of a river, and making a hurdle above the top of the tub and thatching it well, and waterproof afterwards; and by bringing a he goat, and placing it by the tub; and then by my placing the either foot on the back of the he goat, and the other on the rim of the tub: whoever should hit me, whilst thus placed, would accomplish my death."

"Mi ei dywedav iti," ebai yntau: "o wneuthur ennaint imi àr làn avon, a gwneuthur cronglwyd uch ben y gerwyn, ac ei thoi yn dda ac yn ddiddos wedi hyny; a dwyn bwch ac ei ddodi ger y gerwyn; a dodi o honov innau y naill droed àr gevn y bwch, ac y llall àr ymyl y gerwyn: pwy bynag a'm medrai i evelly, eve á wnai vy angeu."

"Well," said she; "I thank heaven for that! it is possible to escape from that easily."

"Ie," ebai hithau; "diolchav i nev hyny! gellir rhag hyny ddiango yn hawdd."

No sooner than she obtained the information, but she conveyed it to Goronwy the Splendid.

Nid cynt nog y cavas hi yr ymadrawdd, ei hanvones hithau at Goronwy Bevr.

Goronwy laboured at the work of the spear. On the same day at the end of the year it was ready; and that day he contrived for Flower-aspect to know of it.

Goronwy á lavuriwys waith y gwaew. Ar undydd yn mhen y vlwyddyn y bu barawd; ac y dydd hwnw y peris eve i Vlodeuwedd wybod hyny.

"My lord," said she, "I am thinking what way it could be true, what thou hast told formerly to me: and wilt thou show me how thou wouldst stand on the rim of the tub and the he goat, if I then do prepare the bath?"

"Arglwydd," ebai hi, "ydd wyv yn meddyliaw pa ddelw y gallai vod yn wir, à ddywedaist di gynt wrthyvi: ac á ddangosi di imi pa furv y savit ti àr ymyl y gerwyn ac y bwch, o pharav innau yr ennaint?"

"I will show it," he then replied.

"Dangosav," atebai yntau.

She then sent to Goronwy, and desired for him to be under the shelter of the hill, which is now called the Hill of Assault; on the side of the Cynval river that was.

Hithau á anvones at Oronwy, ac á erchis iddo vod yn nghysgawd y bryn á elwir weithon Bryn Cyvergyr; yn nglan avon Cynval oedd hyny.

She then caused to be collected all that she could obtain of goats in the province, and for them to be brought to the

Hithau á beris gunnullaw à gavas o eivr yn y cantrev, ac eu dwyn i'r parth draw i'r avon, gyvarwyneb â Bryn Cy-

farther side of the river, opposite to the Hill of Assault. And the next morning she said,

vergyr. A thranoeth y dywedai,

"My lord, I have caused the preparing of the hurdle and the bath: they are in readiness."*

"Arglwydd, mi á berais gyweiriaw y glwyd ac yr ennaint: y maent yn barawd."

"Well," says he, then; "we will go and examine them, with pleasure."

"Ie," eba yntau; "awn i eu hedrych yn llawen."

They came the next morning to view the bath.

Delynt dranoeth i sylwi yr ennaint.

"Thou wilt go into the bath, my lord?" she said.

"Ti á ei i'r ennaint, arglwydd?" ebai hi.

"I will go, with pleasure," said he.

"Av yn llawen," ebai eve.

He did go into the bath, and he anointed himself.

Eve á ai i'r ennaint, ac ymenneinniai.

"My lord," said she, "behold the animals of which thou saidst there was to be a he goat with them."

"Arglwydd," ebai hi, "llyma yr aniveiliaid à wedaist ti bod bwch arnynt."

"Yes," said he, then. "Order one of them to be caught, and order it to be brought here."

"Ie," ebai yntau. "Pâr ddala un o honynt, a phar ei ddwyn yma."

The he goat was brought. Then he also arose out of the bath, dressed himself in his trowsers, and he placed the either foot of him on the rim of the tub, and the other on the back of the he goat.

Dygid y bwch. Yna y cyvodes yntau o'r ennaint, a gwisgai ei lawdr amdano, a dodai y naill droed iddo àr ymyl y gerwyn, ac y llall àr gevn y bwch.

He, Goronwy, also rose up from the hill; and upon the either knee did he rise; and, with the poisoned javelin, throw-

Yntau Goronwy á gyvodes i vynydd o'r bryn; ac àr y naill glin y cyvodes, ac a'r gwenwynwaew bwrw Llew Llaw-gyfes ac

* In the summer of 1827, the translator visited the romantic scene where the above incident is laid, and found the particulars most accurately preserved in the tradition of the neighbourhood. In a recess of Bryn Cyvergyr, there is a farm-house, called so from the event, sheltered by a projecting ledge, well adapted to hide the assailant from his victim, on a gentle rise by the river; and where there is also a house, called after him Bron Goronwy; and a small ridge, across, or on the south side of the river, is called Bryn y Saeth, or the hill of the javelin, from its falling there. The two houses are about a hundred yards apart.

ing at Llew Sure-of-aim, he hit him in the side, so that the shaft rebounded from him, thus leaving the head remaining in him; and thereupon he threw himself off in a flight in the semblance of an eagle, giving a dreadful scream; and there could not be obtained a sight of him thereafter, such was the velocity with which he went away.

ei vedru yn ei ystlys, yni neita y paladr o hono ac y trigai y pen ynddo; ac yna y bwriai yntau ehetvan yn rhith eryr gàn ddodi garmlais anhygar; ac ni chaed ei weled o hyny allan, yn gyvlymed ag ydd ai eve ymaith.

So they, Goronwy and Flower-aspect, then repaired to the court; and that same night did they sleep together. The next morning Goronwy arose, and took possession of Ardudwy. After possessing the country he governed it, so that there was in his power Ardudwy and Penllyn.

Y cyrchynt wyntau, Goronwy a Blodeuwedd y llys; ac y nos hòno y cysgynt ynghyd. Tranoeth cyvodi á orug Goronwy, a goresgynu Ardudwy. Gwedi goresgyn y wlad ei gwledychu á wnai, yni oedd yn ei eiddo ev Ardudwy a Phenllyn.

Then the report went to Math the son of Mathonwy. Thereat Math became oppressed with heaviness of mind and anxiety; and Gwydion more so than the other by much.

Yna y chwedl á elai at Math vab Mathonwy. Trymvryd a goveiliant á gymerai Math ynddo; a mwy Gwydion nog yntau o lawer.

"My lord," said Gwydion, "I shall never rest until I obtain tidings of my nephew."

"Arglwydd," ebai Gwydion, "ni orphwysav byth, yni chafwyv chwedlau i wrth vy nai."

"Well," said Math: "may heaven be a support to thee!"

"Ie," ebai Math: "nev á vyddo nerth iti!"

And thereupon he took his departure, and began to ramble onward; and he traversed over Gwynedd, and Powis also, to its extremity. After he had finished rambling thus, he returned into Arvon; and he came to the house of the son of an alien, in the manor of Penardd. He alighted at the house, and tarried there that night. The man of the house, and his family, also came in; and lastly there came the swineherd.

Ac yna cychwynu á wnai eve, a dechreu rhodiaw rhagddo; a rhodiaw Gwynedd á wnai, a Phowys yn ei thervyn. Gwedi darvod iddo rodiaw velly, eve á ddoai hyd yn Arvon; a doai i dy mab aillt, yn maenawr Penardd. Disgynai yn y ty, a thrigai yno y nos hòno. Gwr y ty, ac ei dylwyth, á ddoai i mewn; ac yn ddiweddav y doai y meichad.

The man of the house says to the swineherd, "Well, young man, did thy sow come in to-night?"

Gwr y ty á ddywawd wrth y meichad, "Ha was, a ddaeth dy hwch di heno i mewn?"

"She has come," said the other. "This hour she came to the pigs."

"Daeth," ebai yntau. "Yr awr hon y dawai at y moch."

"What sort of journey is that sow wont to take?" inquired Gwydion.

"Pa ryw gerdded y sydd àr yr hwch hòno?" holai Gwydion.

"When the sty is opened, daily, she goes out: there cannot be had a glimpse of her, and there is no knowing what way she goes, any more than if she went into the earth."

"Pan agorer y craw, beunydd ydd â allan: ni cheir craf arnei, ac ni wybyddir pafordd ydd â, mwy no chan elai yn y ddaiar."

"Wilt thou do thus for my sake," said Gwydion; "that thou openst not the sty until I be on the either side of the sty with thee?"

"A wnai di erovi," ebai Gwydion; "nad agorych y craw yni vwyvi yn y neillbarth i'r craw ygyd â thi?"

"I will do it gladly," answered the swineherd.

"Gwnav yn llawen," atebai y meichad.

To sleep they went that night. And when the swineherd saw the light of day he awaked Gwydion; and Gwydion arose and dressed himself, and came along with the swineherd, and stood by the sty.

I gysgu ydd aynt y nos hòno. A phan welas y meichad liw y dydd, eve á ddefres Wydion; a chyvodi á wnai Gwydion a gwisgaw amdano, a dawed ygyd a'r meichad, a sevyll wrth y craw.

The swineherd opened the sty; so soon as he opened it, behold the sow giving a leap out, and going off with great speed; and Gwydion followed her, by taking an opposite side of a river; and she sought a dingle, that is now called the Dingle of the Cry; and there she stopped and fed under a tree. He also, Gwydion, came under the tree, and examined what the sow was feeding on; and he saw her feeding on putrid flesh and maggots. So he then looked to the top of the tree; and when he

Y meichad á agores y craw; ygyd ag ei hagorai, llyma yr hwch yn bwrw naid allan, a cherdded hwnt yn braf; a Gwydion ei canlynwys, gàn gymeryd gwrthwyneb avon; a chyrchai nant, à elwir weithon Nant y Llev; ac yno gwastatâu á wnai a phori y dàn bren. Yntau Gwydion á ddoai y dàn y pren, ac á edrychai pa bèth ydd oedd yr hwch yn ei bori; ac eve ei gwelai yn pori cig pwdr a chynron. Sev y sylwai yntau yn mlaen y pren; a phan sylwai, gwelai eryr yn ei

looked, he saw an eagle in its top; and when the eagle shook himself, there would fall the worms and the putrid flesh from him; and the sow was devouring those things. So he thought that the eagle was Llew, and he sang a stanza:

"Between two pools an oak we ken,
To hide the sky and shade the glen:
If right I trow of flowers, Llew will come again."

So the eagle did then drop himself until he was in the middle of the tree; then Gwydion also sang another stanza:

"An oak does grow with acorns deckt,
Which rain nor sunshine can affect;
Its top, in many woes, bears Llew of Aim-correct."

And then the eagle dropped himself until he was in the lowest branch of the tree; he then sang a stanza to him there:

"This cliff, where grows a green oak tree,
There sparkling mead might raise the glee:
If right I trow, then Llew will come upon my knee."

So the eagle alighted upon the knee of Gwydion. And then Gwydion struck him with the wand of illusion, so that he appears in his own form. Nobody had seen a man in a plight more wretched, however, than he was in: there was nothing but skin and bone.

After these events, they twain proceeded to Caer Dathl; and there was brought the best prac-

vlaen; a phan ymysgytwai yr eryr y syrthai y pryved ac y cig pwdr o hono; ac yr hwch oedd yn ysu y rhai hyny. Sev á wnai yntau meddyliaw mai Llew oedd yr eryr, a chanai englyn:

"Dar á dyv y rhwng deu-lyn,
Gordduvryoh awyr a glyn:
Yni wedav au, o vlodau, Llew panyw hyn."

Sev á wnai yntau yr eryr ymellwng yni vydd yn nghymhervedd y pren; yna yntau Gwydion canai englyn arall:

"Dar á dyv yn hardd o ves,
Nis gwlych gwlaw, nis gwywa tes;
Angerdd á borthes yn ei blaen Llew Llawgyfes."

Ac yna ymellyngai yr eryr yni vydd yn y gaing isav o'r pren; canai englyn iddo yntau yna:

"Dar á dyv dàn cnwaered,
Mirain medd er ymyved:
Yni wedavi au, dyddaw Llew i'm arfed."

Ac y dygwyddai yr eryr àr lin Gwydion. Ac yna y tarawai Gwydion â hudlath yntau, yni vydd yn ei rith ei hunan. Ni welsai neb àr wr dremynt truanach hagen nog à oedd arno: nid oedd dim onid croen ac asgwrn.

Gwedi y chwylion hyn cyrchynt Gaer Dathl ell dau; ac yna y dygid gaid o veddyg da

titioner in the healing art that could be found in Gwynedd to Llew. Before the end of the same year he was perfectly well.

"My lord," said he to Math, the son of Mathonwy, "it were high time for me to obtain amends from the man of whom I have experienced affliction."

"Doubtless," said Math, "he cannot maintain himself with thy right in his possession."

"Well," said the other, "I should like it best the sooner I might obtain amends."

Then did they assemble Gwynedd, and come upon Ardudwy, Gwydion proceeding in the front; and he thus approached Mur y Castell.*

So Flower-aspect heard of their coming; and taking her maidens along with her, and seeking the mountain, through the Cynval river, they proceeded towards a court that was on the mountain; and they recognized not their progress for fear, but they went with their faces backwards; and thus they noticed nothing until they fell into the pool,† and that they were all drowned, except Flower-aspect herself. Then Gwydion overtook her, and he speaks to her.

"I will not kill thee: I will do what is worse to thee; and that is, I will set thee at liberty

yn Ngwynedd wrth Llew. Cyn cyvyl yr un vlwyddyn ydd oedd eve yn holliach.

"Arglwydd," ebai eve wrth Vath vab Mathonwy, "madws oedd imi gafael iawn gàn y gwr y cevais ovid ganto."

"Dioer," ebai Math, "ni eill eve ymgynnal â yth i awn di ganto."

"Ie," ebai yntau, "goreu yw genyvi by cyntav y cafwyv iawn."

Yna dygyvoriaw Gwynedd á wnelynt, a chyrchu Ardudwy, Gwydion á gerddwys yn y blaen; a chyrchu Mur y castell á orug.

Sev y clywai Blodeuwedd eu bod yn dawed; cymeryd ei morwynion ygyd â hi, a chyrchu y mynydd, a thrwy avon Cynval, a chyrchynt lys à sydd àr y mynydd; ac ni wyddynt eu cerdded rhag ovn, namyn aynt ag eu gwynebau trachevn; ac evelly ni wybuynt ddim, yni syrthynt yn y llyn, ac y boddynt oll, eithr Blodeuwedd chunan. Yna y gorddiweddai Gwydion hithau, pan y dywawd wrthi.

"Ni laddav vi di: gwnav yssy gwaeth iti; sev yw hyny, dy ellwng yn rhith aderyn; ac

* It is also called *Tomen y Mur*, and is about two miles south of the *Cynval* river. It is a tumulus about thirty feet high, having a wall of loose stones round it.

† This water, which is represented in the sketch, looking over it nearly north-west, is called Llyn y Morwynion, or the Lake of the Maidens, and is about two miles east of Festiniog.

in the semblance of a bird; and because of the shame that thou hast done to Llew the Correct of Hand, and that thou mayst not dare show thy face ever by light of day, and this for fear of all the birds; and that it may be an instinct in them to buffet and dishonour thee, wherever they may find thee; and that thou mayst not lose thy name, but to be ever called Flower-aspect."

o achaws y cywilydd à wnaethost ti i Llew Llawgyfes, na beiddych dithau ddangaws dy wyneb liw dydd byth, a hyn rhag ovn yr holl adar; a bod yn anian iddynt dy vaeddu a'th anmherchi y lle yth cafont; ac na chollych dy enw, namyn dy alw byth Blodeuwedd."

Note. That Flower-aspect is an owl, in the language of this day. And because of this there is the enmity of the birds to the owl: and still the owl is called Flower-aspect.

Sev. Yw Blodeuwedd tylluan, o'r iaith yr awr hon. Ac o achaws hyny y mae dygasawg yr adar i'r tylluan: a gelwir etwa y tulluan yn Blodeuwedd.

He, Goronwy the Splendid, then retired to Penllyn; and from thence he sent an embassy: this was the message he sent, inquiring of Llew the Correct of Hand whether he would either accept land or earth, or gold or silver, for the injury.

Yntau, Goronwy Bevr, á gilwys i Benllyn; ac oddyno ymgenatâu á wnai: sev cenadori à anvones, govyn á wnai i Llew Llawgyfes á vynai, ai tir ai daiar, ai aur ai ariant, am y sarâed.

"I will not receive such, to heaven I bear my confession!" said he. "And this is the least thing that I will accept from him: that he go to the place where I stood before him, when he wounded me with the javelin; and I also to be in the place where he then was, and suffer me then to throw at him a javelin. And that is the least thing that I shall accept from him."

"Na chymerav, i nev y dygav vy nghyfes!" ebai eve. "A llyma y peth lleiav à gymerav y ganto: myned i'r lle yr oeddwn i o hono ev, pan ym bwriai â'r par; a minnau y lle yr oedd yntau, a gadael i minnau ei vwrw ev â phar. A hyny yw lleiav peth à gymerav y ganto."

That was communicated to Goronwy the Splendid.

Hyny á vynegid i Oronwy Bevr.

"Well," said he then: "it is indispensable for me to do that. My good and loyal men, and my

"Ie," ebai yntau: "dir yw imi wneuthur hyny. My ngwyr da cywir, a'm teulu, a'm brodyr

kindred, and my foster-brothers, is there of you one that will receive the blow instead of me?"

maeth, á oes o honawch chwi à gymero yr ergyd trosovi?"

"There is not, doubtless," they then answered.

"Nac oes, dioer," atebynt wyntau.

And on account of its being refused by them to suffer a blow for their lord, they are called, from that time to this day, the third disloyal clan.

Ac o achaws gommeddu o honynt wy ddyoddev un ergyd dros eu harglwydd, y gelwir wyntau, er hyny hyd heddyw, trydydd anniwair deulu.

"Well," said he: "I will receive it."

"Ie," ebai eve: "mi ei cymerav."

And then they twain came to the banks of the river Cynval; and then Goronwy the Splendid stood on the spot where Llew the Correct of Hand was, when he was transfixed, and Llew on the spot where the other had been.

Ac yna y doynt ell dau hyd àr làn avon Cynval; ac yna y sevis Goronwy Bevr yn y vàn ydd oedd Llew Llawgyfes, pan y bwrid ev, a Llew yn y vàn ydd oedd yntau.

Then Goronwy the Splendid says to Llew, "My lord, since it was through the wicked device of a woman that I have done to thee what I have done, I now crave of thee, for the sake of heaven, the flag I see on the side of the river, and permit me to place it between me and the stroke."

Yna y dywawd Goronwy Bevr wrth Llew, "Arglwydd, canys o ddrygystryw gwraig y gwneuthum iti à wneuthum, minnau á archav iti, er nev, y llech à welav àr làn yr avon, a gadael imi ddodi hòno y rhyngov ag y dyrnawd."

"Certainly," said Llew, "I will not refuse thee that."

"Dioer," ebai Llew, "ni yth ommeddav o hyny."

"Well," says the other, "may heaven reward thee!"

"Ie," eba yntau, "nev á dalo iti!"

And then Goronwy took the flag and placed it between him and the throw. Then Llew flung at him with the javelin, and he pierced the flag through, and him also through, so that his back was broken: and thus Goronwy the Splendid was slain.

Ac yna cymerai Goronwy y llech ac ei dodes y rhyngto ac yr ergyd. Yna y bwriai Llew ev ag y par, ac y gwant y llech drwyddi, ac yntau trwyddo, yni thyr ei gevn: ac y llas Goronwy Bevr.

And the flag remains on the banks of the river Cynval, in Ardudwy, having the hole through it; and for that reason it is still called the flag of Goronwy.*

Ac yno mae y llech àr làn avon Cynval, yn Ardudwy, ag y twll drwyddi; ac oa chaws hyny etwa y gelwir hi Llech Goronwy.

LLYN Y MORWYNION.

Then Llew the Correct of Hand the second time took possession of the country, and governed it prosperously. And, according to what the history says, he was sovereign afterwards over Gwynedd.

Yntau Llew Llawgyfes eilwaith á oresgynwys y wlad, ac ei gwledychwys yn llwyddiannus. A herwydd y dyweda y cyvarwyddid, eve á vu arglwydd gwedi hyny àr Wynedd.

And thus concludes the Mabinogi of Math.

Ac evelly tervyna Mabinogi Math.

* The stone here alluded to was standing within memory; but it does not remain there now. It had a hole through the middle nearly.

DEATH OF DUNWALLON.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE MR. GOODWIN.

* * * * * It is decreed,
Dunwallon, thou must fall; for canst thou bear
To mark, wide floating on the unseen blast,
Rome's spreading banners? or canst thou unmov'd
Behold the falchions of the foe dyed red
With British blood? or hear the hostile shout,
Indignant bursting from the phalanx strong,
Ring through thy native vallies? No! thy old eyes
Would smart with weeping, and thy noble blood,
Arous'd by generous indignation, flush
Thy wrinkled cheek. Yes, yes! thy valiant soul
Would scorn to bend beneath the hostile yoke,
And live a slave; perish th' ignoble thought!
While free, 'tis better far to seek the grave,
Than live when liberty is gone.

Think well,
Dunwallon, of thy loss: a tender wife,
The only solace of declining age,
Torn from thy arms, perchance no longer breathes,
Or, breathing, lives a slave. Distracting thought!
She never more shall cull refreshing herbs
In the green forest, or thy milk prepare,
When sleeps the sun; nor on the mountain's side,
With thick woods covered, tend the wandering herds,
Singing sweet songs of love. Alas! those days
Of peace and happiness are fled away,
And nought but misery remains. No more
Along the forest shall I urge my steps,
When gleams the morn, to seek the prowling wolf,
Or, wearied, hie me to my distant hut,
When night approacheth, for nor hut have I,
Nor wife to cheer me with her smiles.

But see!
Thro' clouds dark rolling bursts the silver moon
With mild irradiance, and her lucent beams,
Cast o'er the gory faces of the slain,
Make my soul sad; for many a long-loved friend
Sleeps unavenged on the corpse-strewed field,
Where plundering Romans clasp, with bloody arms,
My countrymen. Ah, how reversed the scene!
Yon sleeping warriors beheld this morn
Breaking with beauty through the mountain mists,
Thoughtless of death; and to the rising sun

Gave the broad surface of each ample shield,
Flashing irradiance; whilst harshly groaned
Their sithe-armed chariots o'er the grassy plains,
Commingling with their spear-bells; then, at once,
Rending the air with universal shouts,
They rush'd to battle. O, 'twas a noble fight!
For patriot ardor glow'd in every breast,
Fir'd the blood, and nerv'd each warrior arm
With double influence.

Beloved friends!
Noble compatriots! I lament your doom,
With heartfelt sorrow: sure the gods will hurl
Their death-wing'd lightnings 'gainst the plunderers vile,
Who leave their country, and, in foreign climes,
Pour fell destruction through the tranquil vales,
And cause red murder, with his gory hands,
To clasp the innocent!

But I must go;
For soon the sunbeams, o'er yon towering hills,
Will sparkle cheerily; the hunter then,
As o'er this plain he journeys to the chase,
Will sorrow at the sight, and mark, with tears,
Those warriors sleeping, who so lately hurl'd
Their javelins at the wolf.

Come, falchion, come!
Taste thy old master's blood; in many a side
Of chieftain hast thou plung'd, and now perform
Thy duty. Hark! the spirits of the slain,
Borne on the clouds æthereal, invoke
My lingering soul. Ye spirits of the blest!
Bear me to happiness: I come! I fly!
(*Stabs himself.*)

TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

PARISH OF MEIVOD, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

BY G. M.

[*Continued from p.* 331.]

Section 4. *Geology, Soil, Mountains, Rocks, Mines, Minerals.* *Soil.* Where valleys are of considerable length, and their western ends not far from uplands, from whence the subsiding diluvial currents flowed with considerable rapidity, the character of the soils at the extreme ends of such valleys will be different. The soils of

the western ends will be found to have greater portions of rounded pebbles, gravel, and sand in their composition; while, lower down, the waters would have only the finer particles of soil to deposit gradually, as they proceeded more slowly, and so a more cohesive and fertile matrix of vegetation would be formed. Such is the case in the valley of Meivod: the western end is chiefly composed of a free-working soil, of various depths, on a substratum of gravel, fertile in grain, turnips, and sown grasses; lower in the valley, for the reasons above stated, the soil is more argillaceous, and agrees well with wheat, beans, oats, and tap-rooted vegetables, and the pastures abound more in grasses of a feeding quality.

The diluvial current, in all this tract of country, seems to have proceeded from the west, or west by north; for, at the eastern end of *Gallt yr Ancr*, near the village, is a vast deposition of minute gravel, in quadrangular grains, heaped up, many yards in depth, against a steep rock of gray indurated stone, by the eddy formed on the meeting of two currents, one on each side the rock. Hence it may be worthy of observation, whether larger beds of gravel, in this district of *east and west* mountains, may not be deposited at the *eastern* rather than at the western extremities of hills, especially if they end abruptly, with a valley, or glen, on each side.

Here are no organic remains found, excepting marks of cockle-shells on broken fragments of gray mountain rock, slightly calcareous, on the surface of a rocky eminence, north of the village called *Cevn Caregog*.

Mountains. The *Cymry* (of course the aborigines) who first settled here, seem to have had a predilection for the term *gallt*, for a cliff, ascent, or a steep hill; as there are no less than *eight* such places within the parish, or on its margin, bearing this name.

1. *Gallt Goch*, the russet or brown ascent, on the north-west border, and adjoining the parish of *Llan Vyllin*.

2. *Gallt y Gader*, the fort-cliff, a towering eminence, with its escarpment to the east, overlooking the basin-like vale of Llanvechain; this is also on the border of the parish of Llan Vyllin, and a continuation, as well as the eastern termination, of No. 1.

3. *Gallt Hen*, or *Hen Allt*, the old fort, on the border of the parish of Llanvechain, with a British encampment, of several circumvallations, on its summit, and facing another British fort on the south of the Vyrnwy, in the township of Trev-nannau, called the *Gaer*. This last is near the fourth *gallt*, called *Gallt y wrach*, or the ascent which exercised the lungs of the *hag*.

5. *Gallt y Main*, with its escarpment, facing the township of that name, and towering in proud eminence above all the rest, so as to be conspicuous from the Wrekin, and the plain of Salop. It

commands a view of a circular horizon many miles in diameter; to the *north*, the Berwyn range; to the *east*, the limestone rocks of Sychdin, Porth y waen, and Llan y myneich, with the bold serpentine Breddin proudly overlooking the Severn at its base, and crowned with a column, erected, by a Montgomeryshire subscription, to commemorate the victory of Admiral Rodney over the French Count de Grasse, in 1782; to the *south*, the even-ridged Cordilleras of Digoll Vynydd and Ceri; and, to the *west*, the outposts of the round shouldered Pumlumon. The body of this extensive hill, of Gallt y Main, consists of excellent building stones, of the gray mountain rock species, which were entirely overlooked by our predecessors, who employed only timber and brick in building.

6. *Gallt yr Ancr*, the Cliff of the Anchorite, so called from having, near its eastern extremity, the rocky bed of *Gwyddvarch*, the hermit, the patron saint of the oldest church erected at Meivod, which has been already noticed in the second section.

7. *Gallt Vawr*, the Great Cliff, steep on its west and south sides; but now entirely planted with larch, by the Right. Hon. Ch. W. W. Wynn, and by the late vicar, the Rev. W. Brown.

8. *Gallt y Goethwch*, separated only by a glen, and the bed of the meandering Brogan, from *Gallt Goch*, No. 1. Gallt y *Goethwch* is supposed to be a mutation of Gallt y *Goed-hwch*, the Cliff of the Wild Sow. It overlooks the valley of *Nant y Meichiaid*, or the Glen of the Swineherds; and at the eastern extremity of the glen is *Bwlch y Cibau*, the Pass of the Husks, or Acorn-shells. These three names, all in a line, may afford matter of curious speculation for such antiquaries as may venture to unravel the mythological triad, which mentions *Henwen*, the sow of *Dallwair Dalben*, led by Coll ab Collvrewi, the magician, grappling her bristles, through earth and sea, from Cornwall to Gwent, from Gwent to Dyved, from Dyved to Arvon,* &c.

Of the *Galltau*, or *Gelltydd*, above described, Nos. 5 and 6 are the summits of a ridge extending from east to west along the middle of the parish, having the valley of the *Vyrnwy* on the south, and the valley of the *Brogan* on the north. These afford better materials for building and covering of roads than any parallel ridges on either side; those on the south of the Vyrnwy, especially, affording only perishable shale.

Minerals. In *Gallt y Main*, some levels have been driven by different adventurers, and a few strings of lead ore enticed them to expend considerable sums of money. They have, at length, paid their bills, and retired, not without hopes of finding the capricious goddess of hidden treasures more propitious elsewhere.

* See Cambro Briton, vol. ii. p. 433.

Nothing conduces more to deceive the inexperienced miner to run risks, and to ransack the viscera of mother earth at random, than the delusive appearances of the various combinations of iron and sulphur, which exhibit themselves upon the surface without their being connected with iron-stone of any value, or with the mineralized ores of lead, or of any other metallic substance. An outlet of chalybeate water depositing ochre of iron, a sulphureous spring turning a shilling yellow by friction, or giving a blackish colour to a common shale rock, or even, in some instances, causing the sulphuretted stone to ignite in a good coal fire, all these are considered, by the ignorant, as indications of metallic or fossil stores, of unknown, and of course immense, value, lying at no great distance from these favorable symptoms. That the mere miner should be deluded by such appearances, is not to be wondered at; but that a species of professors in mineralogy, who superintend coal-works in Staffordshire and other places, should encourage the searching, boreing, and sinking for coal, where no coal *can* be expected, betrays a principle more culpable than mere ignorance. I have enlarged upon this subject with no other view than to put proprietors of land, as well as others who are inclined to risk their deposits in a subterranean lottery, upon their guard. Were surveyors always to carry in their mind the geological map of England, they could not well advise their employers to sink for coal where none of its constant accompaniments are to be found within any reasonable distance.

Besides the visible and natural appearances of the various combinations of iron and sulphur, which often deceive the inexperienced, he is also liable to be led astray by a superstitious credulity, the unfounded notions of supernatural agency. The belief in the pliant nod of the "divining rod," cut on a certain day, and at a favorable hour of the moon, has not yet quitted the bosom of the lunatic delver for hidden treasures.* Hollow sound under

* A writer in the Quarterly Review, says, with apparent seriousness, "The employment of the *divining rod*, when employed to discover *ore* or *metal*, was associated with many superstitious observances. The fact, however, of the discovery by *water* being effected by it when held in the hands of *certain* persons seems indubitable." The reviewer proceeds to state, "that the parties, whose names were well known to many readers of the review, were utterly incapable either of deceiving others, or being deceived themselves." He next gives the following narrative from a Norfolk correspondent:

"'Jan. 21, 1818. It is just fifty years since Lady N., then sixteen years old, was on a visit, with her family, at a chateau in Provence, the owner of which wanted to find a spring to supply his house, and for that purpose he sent for a *peasant* who could do so with a *twig*. The English party, though incredulous, accompanied the diviner, who, after walking some way, pronounced that he had arrived at the object of his search, and they accordingly dug and found him correct. He was quite an

the foot at every step at going up or down a hill, no morning-dew on a certain spot, when all the surrounding space is bespangled with crystal drops, are favorable indications, with a certain class of men, that the ore of lead, or of some other metal, lies concealed beneath. And, above all, certain sounds, heard at times in deserted mines, or in those recently opened, are considered as the *palaver* of the *fairies*, the "dæmones montani" of hidden trea-

uneducated man, and could give no account of the faculty in him, nor of the means which he employed, but many others, he said, could do the same. The English party now tried for themselves, but all in vain, *till it came to the turn of Lady N.*, when, to her amazement and alarm, she found that the same faculty was in her as in the peasant; and, on her return to England, she often exerted it, though in studious concealment. When Dr. Hutton published Ozanam's researches in 1803, where the effect of the *divining rod* is treated as absurd, Lady N. disputed the point in a long letter to the doctor, under a feigned signature. At length an interview took place, at Woolwich, when the lady showed the doctor the experiment, and discovered a spring in a field which he had lately bought near the new college, then building. The same field he has since sold to the college; and for a larger price in consequence of the spring. Lady N., this morning, showed the experiment to *Lord G.*, *Mr. S.*, and *me*, in the park at W. She took a thin, forked, *hazel twig*, about ten inches long, and held it by the end, the joint pointing downwards. When she came to a place where *water* was under the ground, the twig immediately bent, and the motion was more or less rapid as she approached or withdrew from the spring. When just *over* it, the twig turned so quick as to *snap*, breaking near her fingers, which, by pressing it, were indented, and heated, and almost blistered; a degree of agitation was also visible in her face. She repeated the trial several times in different parts of the park, and her statements were always accurate. Among those persons in England who have the same faculty, she says she never knew it so strong in any as in Sir C. H. and Miss F. It is extraordinary that no effect is produced at a well or ditch, or where *earth* does not interpose between the twig and the water. The exercise of the faculty is independent of any volition.'"

"So far our narrator," (adds the reviewer;) "in whom, we repeat, the most implicit confidence may be placed. The faculty so inherent in certain persons is evidently the same with that of the Spanish *Zahories*, though the latter do not employ the hazel twig."

What a strange world we live in! What unaccountable wonders may yet be discovered! What kind of attraction can exist between a sprig of hazle-wood and water concealed by several feet depth of earth; and that sprig held in the hand, not in the hand of *any* or *every* person, but of some *peculiarly* gifted person, perhaps not more than one in a million? Every occurrence in the physical world must be either natural or supernatural. If the effect of the hazel twig in discovering concealed springs be natural, how does Dr Hutton account for it? If it be supernatural, let Prince Hohenloe take the definition in hand. In *belief* there are three points, a medium and two extremes. The latter, are believing too little, and believing too much. And, strange as it may seem, these heterogeneous extremes not unfrequently coalesce, as it were, in the occupation of the same mind.

sures. These sounds, most probably, are no other than the natural effect of the dropping of water from the roof into the flat of the level; and the sounds, once generated, reverberating in multiplied echoes from side to side, until they play upon the drum of the ear of the astonished miner, scarcely able to breathe at the mouth of the level, who fancies the sounds to be in imitation of the various operations belonging to his own craft.* Some miners also believe that the elves of the mines are at some kind of work, not only in deserted levels, but also where mineral riches lie concealed, and never opened by the hand of man. To prove this childishness of intellect, I need only produce here a copy of an original letter sent by a Flintshire miner to a freeholder in this parish, who had taken him, a few years back, to view either a sulphureous or ochreous spring, of no public note, upon his estate.

"Mr. ——, this is to acquaint you, that the company that I mentioned has not given me an answer; but still I am in as good hopes as before: pray give a look over up and down about them wells as we walk'd, that is, hearken if you'll hear any noise above 'em, and I beg you'll take notice about you; and, if you hear, put some mark as notice if you happen to meet with it, and do it as your oppertunity answers. And if you please to send me a line, I shall either come or send an sufficient answer to satisfie you for your trouble; but still I am sure there is metal. So I conclude: from your wellwisher, J. W.

Mynydd Helygen.

Section 5. Old Mansion-houses, Men of Note, &c. Remains of antiquity within the parish are but few, and those that are will not excite much curiosity. Dr. Powell, vicar of the parish, Camden, and Mr. Price, of Llan Vyllin, have, in succession, given their opinion that the Roman *Mediolanum* lay at, or near, Meivod. They grounded their conjectures, 1st, on names of places in the vicinity, such as *Gweirglawdd y porth*, (port-meadow), *pentre' Gov*, (Smithfield), &c. 2d, "Foundations, floors, pavements, hearths, &c. had been discovered." All these are but the bubbles of a warm imagination; for, 1st, Similar names of fields and places are to be found elsewhere, far enough from any Roman station: 2d, By digging to cut foundations, holes for gateposts, &c., in valleys having a substratum of pebbles and gravel, the former material may be frequently found, and laid by the diluvial waters so close and level, that the unwary spectator might hastily

* Mr. Lewis Morris, though gifted with a powerful mind upon most subjects, was nevertheless a firm believer in the existence and reality of the beings which are called "*knockers in mines.*" There are some curious letters of his on the subject, which, if not already published in the Cambro Briton, might appear in a future number in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

pronounce them to have been a causeway, a pavement, a Roman road; and these strata of rounded pebbles, if coloured by ochre, or other mineral, so as to resemble the agency of fire, would also be Roman hearths. All these, if ever discovered, prove nothing, without other corroborating accompaniments, and those indisputably of Roman origin; such as a quadrangular camp, arms, utensils, coins, &c. There is no evidence of either of these having ever been found in the vicinity. The Roman *Uriconium* is incontestibly fixed at *Wroc-caester*, near the *Wrekin*, the Dinlle *Vrecon* of Llywarch Hen, in the sixth century; and wherever the sites of *Rutunium* and *Mediolanum* lie, they must, in reference to *Mons Heriri*, be in places far east and north from Meivod; which is out of every stated distance from the other stations in the intineraries.

2. *Hen avon*, (old river.) Tradition would lead us to imagine that the junction of the two forks of the Vyrnwy was much lower down the valley than it is at present. There are some circumstances favorable to this supposition; such as the name continued from age to age, and cavities here and there (in the supposed line of the old river) filled with water, and stored with eels, pike, &c. *Cynddelw*, in the twelfth century, says of Meivod, "*Handyt ryd rung y duy avon.*" He must have taken this old channel for one *avon*, and the *Penarth* rill, scarcely flowing in a dry summer, for the other *avon;* as the present bed of the Vyrnwy, under *Pen y Llan*, could not be included in the bard's description. But had the *Owddyn* branch once flowed in this direction, through the township of *Dyfryn*, and formed the southern boundary of the churchyard, and joined the *Banw* below, in the township of *Main* or *Ystum Colwyn*, the track of so considerable a river would have been continuous, and still definable. This, however, is not the case: several hundred yards between the cavities are completely level, so as to indicate that no river ever flowed that way. These hollows, then, that are called *hen avon* by the peasantry, may be no other than diluvial excavations, which so many thousands of years have not been able to fill up with alluvial depositions. Such hollows, or cavities, containing water, on a clayey substratum, may be met with elsewhere. We are, therefore, led to conclude, that the two forks of the *Vyrnwy* always united, where they *now* unite, at the eastern point of the parish of Llan Gyniw.

Intrenchments. Though on the marshes of England and Wales, and within from two to three miles of Offa's dyke, at Llan Dyssilio, yet this parish contains but few fortifications. 1. On the summit of *Gallt yr Ancr*, west of the village, is a British encampment, with circumvallations enclosing the whole of the level area. Our ancestors laid no claim to Roman prudence, for they seldom thought of securing water within their camps. Strength of position was their first object, and impregnability and springs of water were but seldom found together. To remedy, in some degree,

the want of a spring within the ramparts of this camp, its garrison excavated seven or eight wells in the solid rock to retain rain-water, which still continue to answer their original design. 2. At the eastern end of *Gallt y Main*, a foss and embankment connect the hill with a deep dingle called *Ceunant mawr*. This was intended to defend the pass of *Bwlch y Cibau*, and is contiguous to, and in full sight of, the circular intrenchments on *Hen Allt*, already noticed. On the south-western boundary of the parish is another foss called *Clawddllesg*, which might have been intended to guard the pass of *Bwlch Aeddan*. The adjunct *llesg*, (weak or fragile,) might have been imposed in derision, by the opponents of the party who formed the embankment. Two or three circular intrenchments are in its vicinity, but all of them within the adjoining parish of Guilsfield.

Old Mansions. The gavelkind tenure, in partitioning an estate between all the sons of a proprietor, had a pauperising tendency to reduce all the inhabitants of a country where such a custom was observed, in an equal state of insignificancy. Suppose a gentleman in those days to have a rentroll of 500*l.* a year, equal to 10,000*l.* at this time: and his estate, at his death, to be divided between five sons, they would have 100*l.* a year each. Again, in the next generation, the 100*l.* a year might possibly be shared among four sons, so as to have 25*l.* a year each; and so on, until many of the descendants of the esquire of 500*l.* a year, would have only a pedigree to shew, and even that, with most of them, would soon be forgotten. A peasant may be now knee-deep in mud, opening a drain, on land where his ancestor might have been galloping over, either to let fly his hawk at a partridge, or his arrow at a stag. The only preservative against the general wreck of landed property by gavelkind, was the chance of an estate descending to an only son, and that son marrying an heiress similarly circumstanced. Such consolidations of landed property happening several times in succession, aided by the abolition of the gavelkind tenure and grants from the crown, have brought under one rentroll some of the largest estates in the kingdom.

The old mansions in this parish, where their proprietors formerly resided in the midst of their tenantry, have long ago, with a very few exceptions, been converted into farm-houses.

The *chief* mansion-house in a township, very commonly went by the name of that township: and, in some instances, the township had its name from the mansion. Which of these obtains in any given instance, may be known from the signification of the name, whether it means a tract of country, or a local situation.

1. Beginning in the eastern extremity of the parish, in the township of Trev-nannau, we have *Trev-nannau* hall, once the property of a family of the name of Matthews, descended from *Llewelyn Voelgrwn*, of Main. From the Matthews' it passed by

marriage to the Rocke's, and from them, by sale, to the late Richard Mytton, esq. The mansion was built anew by the last resident, Mr. Rocke. It is advantageously situated on the banks of the salmon-river, Vyrnwy; and is calculated for the residence of a family of fortune; but I believe not occupied as such at present. The garden in front of the old mansion was decorated with several statues in bronze: one was a Hercules grappling Antæus; another was an Atlas supporting a huge dial instead of a globe. The garden being close to a public road, these naked giants were a great annoyance to women and children passing to and from the market-towns of Pool and Llan Vyllin.

2. On crossing the Vyrnwy by a stone bridge of several arches, we come to *Pont yscowryd* house, a mansion of the Mytton's for many generations. The first of the name resident here, was John, fourth son of Richard Mytton, esq. of Halston; and the last was Richard Mytton, who married Dorothy, heiress of Br— Wynn, esq. of Garth, in Guilsfield, which thenceforward was preferred as the family mansion. It is evident that this house took its name from the *bridge* close by it. I cannot make any sense of the word *yscowryd*. Pont *ysgyryd* means the *rugged* bridge; a name, perhaps, properly, though sarcastically, applied to the first attempt at a timber bridge at this place. Now it is not a pont *ysgyryd*, but a pont *gûl*, (a narrow or confined bridge.)

3. *Fuerm*, (farm,) in the township of Cevn llyvnog, formerly Stryd y Vyrnwy, was once the residence of the Lawton's: it passed by marriage to the Parry's, of Main; and now, by purchase, it is the property of Gen. Dallas, governor of St. Helena.

4. *Ystum Colwyn*, in the township of the same name, was the residence of a long line of proprietors tracing their descent from Edwin lord of Englefield, the third link from Howel dda, prince of all Wales, in the tenth century. Edwin ranks the eighth among the fifteen noble tribes of North Wales. He bore argent a cross flory engrailed sable between four Cornish choughs. Idnerth *Ben-vras*, (Grosted,) lord of Maesbrook, grandson of Edwin, added to his grandfather's coat: on chief azure a boar's head, couped argent, tusked or, and langued gules. These arms are still quartered by the descendants of Edwin and Idnerth.

Rees Thomas, esq. of Ystum Colwyn, was fifteenth in descent from Idnerth. His daughter and heiress, Dorothy, married Lumley Williames, a younger son of Henry Williames, of Cochwillan, esq. in the county of Caernarvon, by Jane, daughter of Thomas Salisbury, governor of Denbigh Castle, and third son of Sir John Salisbury, knt. and bart., of Lleweni. Lumley Williames's grandmother was Barbara, daughter of George Lumley, esq., son of John lord Lumley, which connexion brought *Lumley* as a frequent Christian name into the family. There were *three* of the name in succession at Ystwn Colwyn. The last Lumley lived

there in 1703. The estate went a second time, "*i gogail.*"* His daughter and heiress, Meriel, gave her hand to her cousin, Arthur Williames, esq. of Meillionydd, in Lleyn, and had issue, a son and a daughter. The latter, Meriel, married Robert Williames, esq. second son of Sir William Williames, bart., of Glan Vorda. Her brother, Edward Williames, esq. of Ystum Colwyn, married Miss Lloyd, of Chester. The estate went a third time, "*i gogail.*" Their daughter, the heiress of Ystum Colwyn and Meillionydd, married Sir Robert Howel Vaughan, bart., of Nannau and Hengwrt, in the county of Meirionydd. Their family consisted of three sons: 1. Sir Robert Williames Vaughan, bart. of Nannau, M.P. for the county. 2. Col. E. W. Vn. Salusbury, who, at the head of his guards, was the first to mount the breach in the walls of Valenciennes, about the commencement of the French revolutionary war; and in the service of his king and country, died, in the prime of life, lamented by all, in the island of Sicily. 3. Gruffydd Howel Vaughan, esq. of Rûg and Hengwrt, colonel of the Meirionyddshire militia.

5. *Main*, in the township of that name, about the commencement of the fourteenth century, was the residence of *Llywelyn Voelgrwn*, (lord of Main.) He bore argent lion passant sable, within a bordure indented gules. Among his descendants were "Matthews, of Trev-nannau; Maurice, of Bryn-gwaliau; Parry, of Main; Davies, of Peniarth, in Meivod." The representatives of the latter, at this time, are, Col. Davies, of Nantcribba, and the Rev. R. J. Davies, rector of Aber havesp. Which of the present houses in the township of Main was the residence of Llywelyn, it is difficult to ascertain. One of them is still called, by way of eminence, "*Plas y Main,*" which passed from the Glynns of Glynn, in Arwistli, to the Rev. Mr. Saunders. Llywelyn Voelgrwn was a descendant of Jorwerth Goch, son of Meredydd ab Bleddyn, prince of Powys.

6. Three mansions in the township of *Dyfryn*, go by that name. The lower *Dyfryn* has been lately built anew, in a most pleasant situation, by its present proprietor, Thomas Owen, esq. The middle *Dyfryn* was once the property of Sir Charles Lloyd, bart. of Pool and Moel y garth. From the Lloyd's it passed to the Goddrel's; from them, by sale, to the Rocke's, of Trev-nannau; and from the last resident, Rocke, by sale, to the Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, M.P. The upper *Dyfryn* belonged to a family of the name of Vaughan, descended from Celynin; an heiress married— Rocke, of Trev-nannau; and the last resident sold it to Mr. Hopkins, the present occupier.

7. In the same township lies *Pentre Gov*, which, as before

* "*I gogail,*" (to the distaff,) was an ancient law-term, when a female inherited.

noticed, Mr. Price, of Llan Vyllin, would have to be a suburb of Mediolanum. The first proprietors on my list were named Phillips: an heiress married John Lloyd, esq. of Eunant: his heiress conveyed it, together with Gallt Vawr and Cil, to W. Humphreys, esq. of Llwyn; and their son transferred the two former estates, by sale, to Mr. Wynn.

8. In the township of Teirtrev, is the mansion of Dolobran, (*Dolau Brân*, or *Dol Ebran*,) once the residence of a family named Lloyd, descendants of *Celynin*, of Llwydiarth, and he of Aleth, lord of Dyved. Celynin bore sable he-goat argent, attired and unguled or.

In the reign of Charles II., Charles Lloyd, esq. of this place, and Thomas Lloyd, his brother, became early converts to the tenets of Richard Davies, of *Cloddiau Cochion*, the first Welsh quaker, and suffered much, for conscience' sake, in that age of bigoted intolerance. The esquire built a meeting-house for himself and brethren upon his own estate, near Coed Cowryd, which is still standing. Thomas Lloyd was among the emigrants to *Pennsylvania*, under the auspices of the great and good William Penn. At New York he had an interview with the Rev. Morgan Jones, and transmitted his strange narrative, of having been some months conversing with, and preaching to a colony of Welsh Indians, near the source of the river Missouri, to his brother, Charles Lloyd, at Dolobran; which has been since published by the Rev. N. Owen, in his British Remains. But this narrative, like several others of later dates, turned out to be a complete fiction. It had, however, too extensive credence. Dr. Plott read the substance of it before the Royal Society: Dr. Williams, of Sydenham, in Kent, included it in his Essay on the Welsh Indians: and the existence or non-existence of the tribe of White Indians in America, the descendants of Prince Madog's colony, has been frequently bandied, *pro* and *con*, in the Gwyneddigion Society, London, and many times carried in the affirmative, as majority of votes too often do upon the wrong side of a question be its importance and consequence ever so great.

But, to set this question at rest, I believe it may be proved, from indisputable documents, that *Madog ab Owain Gwynedd*, the supposed discoverer of America many centuries before Columbus, fell by the sword, (the too frequent death of the brave in those days,) in his own country. Let *Columbus*, then, the great and injured Columbus, have every merit that is strictly due to his unrivalled genius.

Charles Lloyd, his brother Thomas, and the Morgan Jones above mentioned, had been contemporary students at Jesus College, Oxford; but the fable of the Welsh Indians in America did not originate with them. Dr. Powell, in his History of Wales; Hakluyt,

in his Voyages; Sir Thomas Herbert, in his Travels; had all of them previously given their sanction to the credibility of the tradition that Prince Madog had sailed "far to the west," &c.: but we have no authority for supposing that he ever sailed beyond Ireland, or the Isle of Man; or even that he ever boarded a skiff, save over the straits of the *Menai*. He met, as is above hinted, with a violent death in his native land; and the perpetrators of the nefarious deed, to account for his disappearance, spread a report that he had collected a fleet, and set sail in quest of a more pacific settlement. This invention gained credit; and the lovers of the marvellous are scarcely willing to give up the point, even at this day; and on this "baseless fabric" the present poet laureate erected one of his epics.

One of Charles Lloyd's descendants, of the same name and creed, was supposed, by his neighbours, to be proof against every temptation to dishonesty. There were no banks then in being, excepting that of England; and money-scriveners were not in high repute; therefore, happy was the yeoman or the peasant, if he could prevail on the esquire of Dolobran to keep his savings, whether shillings or pounds, a score or a hundred, deposited in his iron coffer, as a place of unsuspected security. The good-natured banker continued to receive deposits, until he found it convenient to decamp, but whether to his friends and relations on the Delawar, or elsewhere, I am not informed. The estate continued in the hands of mortgagees, (the Plymouth Windsors,) until lately, when it was purchased by the late Joseph Jones, esq. father of the present clerk of the peace for the county.

9. *Bryn Bwa*, in the township of Teirtrev, has, for many generations, been the residence of a family named Pryce. According to the Welsh custom, the son taking the Christian name of the father, for his own surname, we find in this line, Rees ab Ieuan, father of Ieuan ab Rhys, and so on alternately, until *ab Rhys*, changed into *Pryce*, became the permanent surname. In 1070, Rees ab Ieuan, of Bryn Bwa, married Jane, eldest daughter of Robert ab Oliver, of Cynhinva, who built a bridge of timber over the river Owddyn, for the public good, at his own expense. The stone bridge now on the spot, still bears his name, *Pont Robert ab Oliver*. He was third son of Oliver ab Thomas, of Neuadd Wen, in Llan Ervul, second brother of Matthew Pryce, esq., of Newtown hall. Oliver ab Thomas, of Neuadd Wen, married Catharine, daughter of Morus ab Ieuan, of Llan Gedwyn, third in descent from Madog Kyffin, the founder of the Kyffin families. This Catharine, daughter of Morus, of Llan Gedwyn, was sister to Robert ab Morus, father of Morus ab Robert, father of Catharine, heiress of Llan Gedwyn, who married Owen Vaughan, esq. of Llwydiarth, and, by so doing, united the two estates.

The Ieuan ab Rees above mentioned, of Bryn Bwa, who married Jane Bolivar, was father of Rees Pryce, father of Evan Pryce, father of Rees Pryce, father of Rice Pryce, the last heir male who bore the name, though the estate is still in his family.

10. *Gallt Vawr*, in the township of Peniarth, in the latter end of the seventeenth century, was the residence of Humphrey Morris, gent., descended from Mael lord of Maelienydd, of the line of Cadell, son of Rhodri Mawr, prince of all Wales. It was sold by the Morris family; and again sold by the late John Humffreys, esq. of Llwyn, to Mr. Wynn.

11. *Coed-trev*, (or Tre-goed,) in the same township, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, was the residence of John Thomas, descended from Einion Evell, son of Madog ab Meredydd. His daughter and heiress, Lowry, married, 1st, to Gruffydd Owain, esq. of Bron y Main; and 2d, to Richard Wynn, esq. of Plas-newydd, in Llan Silin. The *Main* and *Goetré* estates passed, either by marriage or sale, to the Lloyd's, of Aber-bechan, near Newtown. The heiress, Lloyd, married Sir Gervase Clifton, bart.: and their son, Sir Robert, disposing of his Montgomeryshire property, Coed-trev was bought by the late Rev. W. Brown, and is, at present, the property of his son, Charles Brown, esq.

12. *Plas* Nant y meichiaid, or the *Hall*, in the township of that name, belonging to a family named Owen, who traced their descent from Jorweth Voel, lord of Mechain, who bore argent, fess inter three fleurs de lis, sable. An heiress, Owen, married the Rev. W. Roberts, of Loppington; and their son, Owen Roberts, esq. of Werne, sold the estate to Henry W. W. Wynn, esq.

13. *Plas ucha'*, (the upper hall,) in the township of Trevedryd, and opposite the old castle of Mathraval, was, in 1738, the residence of the proprietor of nearly the whole township, Nathaniel Maurice, esq. a descendant of Einion Evell, son of Madog ab Meredydd, prince of Powys. Einion bore party per fess sable, and argent lion rampart, counterchanged of the field, armed and langued gules. Margaret, daughter and heiress of Nathaniel Maurice, married Edward Morris, esq., of Hênvachan, and had a numerous family. Both estates became, eventually, the property of the surviving daughter, mother of the present proprietor, the Rev. Nathaniel Roberts, of Oswestry.

Men of Note; either natives or inhabitants of, or otherwise connected with, Meivod.

1. *Gwyddvarch*. We have given as much of the history of this recluse as we were capable of, in the first section of these notices. That he was among the earliest propagators of Christianity in these parts, is not improbable. The learned Bishop Tanner held, that monastic seclusion was nearly coëval with Christianity in this island. Wherever Gwyddvarch was born, *here* he ended his

ascetic life. His death-bed on the rock, still bearing his name, was pointed out to Mr. Edward Lhuyd, when he perambulated Wales, about the close of the seventeenth century: but either the real name of the hermit had been forgotten, or the topographer caught the articulation of his informant imperfectly, for, in his MS., the rocky bed of the saint is written "Gwely *Gwelvarth.*" Gwyddvarch, in his best days, had been a person of intelligence and observation, for, in some collections of adages, he is styled "*Gwyddvarch Gyvarwydd,*" i. e. the eloquent and well-informed Gwyddvarch.

2. *Tysilio,* though a son of the prince of Powysland, in its greatest extent, preferred a mitre and niche among the Cambrian saints, to the fascinations of a diadem. He was, however, a firm supporter of the independence of the British church against the usurpations of the Roman pontiff, when Augustine, the monk, undertook the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons from paganism, in the seventh century. Meivod has no other claim to this prelate than his being selected a patron saint of one of its three churches.

In these "latter times," it might be considered derogatory to the modern "march of intellect," to register ecclesiastics before princes, but here it is done in observance of regular chronology.

3, 4. *Madog ab Meredydd,* and his son, *Gruffydd Maelor.* We have no evidence that these princes were either natives or inhabitants of this parish; although they may have occasionally resided on its boundary, in Mathravel castle. *Here,* however, they found their last place of settlement, their *ultima domus,* in the church of Tysilio. Meivod must have been a favorite spot with Madog, as he ordered his body to be conveyed from Winchester, where he died, to be deposited here: and his son, Maelor, followed him, from the banks of the Dee, to be laid in the same cemetery, in the year 1191.

5. *Cynddelw,* (with the flowing *Awen.*) By the laws of Howel, compiled in the tenth century, the chief provincial bard, and the domestic bard, were two, out of the fourteen, guests usually admitted to the king's own table. Here we bring the bard nearer to his prince. The isles of the Grecian archipelago disputed with each other, which of them had the clearest title to its property in the bard of the Iliad. *Meivod* will claim *Cynddelw,* "de bene esse," as an inhabitant, until some other parish or district shall exhibit superior evidence, and issue its writ accordingly. Length of life gave Cynddelw the advantage of becoming one of the most voluminous writers of his age. His compositions, published in the Archaiology, and some of them of great length, amount to forty-nine. He may be supposed to have commenced his poetic career soon after the year 1133. [Howel, son of Owen Gwynedd, overthrew several of the Norman fortresses in South Wales, for which exploits he is much applauded by Cynddelw.] [When

Madog succeeded his father, Meredydd, in the principality of Powys. The being chair-bard to the new prince was a seat of honour; Cynddelw aspired to it, and was opposed by Seisyllt: a sharp contest ensued, but Cynddelw succeeded.] These feats of the gifted son of Owen took place about A.D. 1146. The bard's repeated eulogies on the prowess of the princes of Gwynedd and Powys, roused the indignation of a zealous rival for martial fame, lord *Rees*, of *Dinevawr*. To appease the wrath of the prince, Cynddelw underwent the ordeal of writing eight conciliatory poems; and was, at last, permitted to include, in his final peace-offering, "Llaesa dy vâr, dy vardd wyv," "Slacken thy wrath, for I am thy bard."

Cynddelw composed the Elegy on the death of Madog, prince of Powys, in 1159

——— on the death of *Ririd Vlaid*, cousin to Prince Madog, in 1160

——— on the death of Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, in 1169

——— on the death of Owen, son of Madog, slain in Careg Hova castle, by Gwenwynwyn, his nephew 1187

Among his last poems is that called "*The Battles of Llewelyn*," in which he enumerates that prince's devastations in Powys, the marches, and mentions his encampment at "*Bryn Gwyth*," near Shrewsbury. All these transactions on the borders took place during the last years of the reign of King John, from 1207 to 1216

It appears, from the above chronological sketch, that Cynddelw composed poems, &c. during a period of between seventy and eighty years, and that period one of the most eventful in Cambrian history. His contemporaries, princes of the three provinces of Gwynedd, Dyved, and Powys, were all men of military talent, and capable of action; but what accelerated the fate of the whole was, that they seldom or never acted in concert. When Henry II. vowed vengeance against Owen, worthily surnamed *Gwynedd*, with the force of England, Gascony, Brabant, the Marches, and even the unnatural alliance of Powys, at his heels, how did the eagle-eyed and lion-hearted son of Conan act upon this emergency? Did he retire beyond the Menai, [upon the first intelligence of the approach of such a formidable host of adversaries, determined upon the extermination of himself and nation,] or retreat into the fastnesses of Snowdon, whilst submissive terms were offered to appease the wrath of the ireful Plantagenet? *No!* He met the enemy with his handful of heroes, "*eryron Eryri*," on the very borders of England. Henry's repeated defeats are well known. No wonder, then, that he should give his sturdy neighbours such a character, in answer to some queries proposed to him by Emmanuel, emperor of Constantinople; which, according to Giraldus, (Cambr. Descript. c. 8,) was in these words:

"In a corner of this island, there is a nation called *Wallenses*,

so bold and daring that they will never flinch from engaging armed troops, though they themselves were naked. They will freely shed their blood in defence of their country, and sacrifice, most readily, even their lives, when honour calls."

Taking the arms and discipline of the Welsh in those days into consideration, it must be allowed that, in comparison with Henry's gendamerie, they were *naked;* but their *cause* and their *country* were their arms, and their courage their armour.

6. "*Llyr Craff, of Meivod.*" } When David ab Owen succeeded
7. "*Collwyn, of Meivod.*" } to the sceptre of Gwynedd, on the death of his brave but unfortunate brother, Howel, he expelled all his numerous brothers and nephews from his territory, in the year 1173. His nephew, Meredydd, son of his brother, Conan, sought refuge in Powys, where the Convynian princess made him a grant of the lordship of Rhiwhiriaeth, Llyssyn, and Coed Talog, in Montgomeryshire. He married Alson, granddaughter of Llewelyn with the golden Tongue, of Jâl. His son, "*Llyr Craff,* was of Meivod," and, by Alice, daughter of Einion ab Seisyllt, of Mathavarn, lord of Meirionydd, he had a son, named "Collwyn of Meivod," who married Elen, daughter of Einion ab Llewelyn, of the tribe of Brochwel Ysgythrog. At what mansion in Meivod Llyr and Collwyn resided, we are not informed.

Among the descendants of Meredydd ab Conan, are the Hanmer's, of Hanmer, and Williams', of Dolanog, and of Henllys. Meredydd's arms were, "Quarterly argent and gules, four lions passant counterchanged of the field:" but Davies, in his "Heraldry Displayed," p. 66, says, "that all Meredydd's descendants, which formerly were numerous, bore, 'argent two lions passant, guardant azure.'"

8. *Davydd Meivod,* a poet, who flourished from about A. D. 1630 to 1670.

9. *Humphrey Owen,* D.D., son of Humphrey Owen, of Gwaelod, in Nantymeichiaid, became principal of Jesus College, Oxford, on the death of Thomas Pardo, D.D., in 1763, and was succeeded by Joseph Hoare, D.D., in 1768.

10. *Methusalem Jones,* } These persons became wealthy
11. *William Pugh,* } by buying cattle in Wales, and selling them in Kent. The *former* is recorded, in "Heraldry Displayed," p. 36, among the descendants of Cynric Evell. His son, (if we mistake not,) of the same name, served the office of sheriff for the county in 1725. The *latter* erected a spacious gallery in the church, for the accommodation of attendants at divine worship, and bequeathed a legacy towards the support of the poor of the parish for ever. On his death, a pathetic elegy, recording his private virtues and public charities, was composed by the next, and the last, to be here noticed.

12 *Robert Evan,* it is said, never debased his *Awen* by writing

on profane subjects. All his themes, like those of his contemporary, Morus ab Robert, of Bala, were of the serious or religious class. His "Call to the Vineyard," and his "Penitent's Prayer," are published in the *Blodeugerdd.* He was parish-clerk; taught his vicar, Dr. S. Pryce, to read Welsh; and died in the almshouse.

Section 6. *Population, Poor.* It is not commonly found that the number of inhabitants decrease, even in agricultural parishes; and where a diminution appears, the correctness of the enumeration remains doubtful.

The population of Meivod was taken with scrupulous exactness, in March 1798, and found to amount to . 1649

In 1811, the number returned to government was but 1633

1821, the number, more correct, we believe, than the last, was 1761

It is the increase of population, aided by the operation of the present system of poor laws, and the disproportion between the wages of agricultural labour and the price of provisions, that have caused the poor rates to attain their present alarming pitch: and, if some new system be not adopted, it does not require any supernatural gift to predict, that the landed property, not many scores of years hence, will be swallowed up in the gulf of pauperism. The increase of the poor rates in Meivod, will appear from the following table, extracted out of the overseers' books, from 1744 to 1828.

Year.		Parish Rate. £		per pound. s.	d.		Sum collected. £	s.	d.
1744	Old Rate	2780	..	0	4	..	46	6	8
1745	..	—	..	0	5¼	..	60	16	3
1751	New Rate	3671							
1761	..	—	..	0	6	..	91	15	6
1763	..	—	..	0	7	..	107	1	5
1765	..	—	..	0	8	..	122	7	4
1767	..	—	..	0	10	..	152	9	2
1768	..	—	..	1	0	..	183	11	0
1777	..	—	..	1	2	..	214	2	10
1780	..	—	..	1	3	..	229	8	9
1782	..	—	..	1	4	..	244	14	8
1788	..	—	..	1	6	..	275	6	6
1789	..	—	..	1	10	..	336	10	2
1792	..	—	..	2	0	..	367	2	0
1796	..	—	..	3	6	..	642	12	0
1800	..	—	..	6	6	..	1195	7	0
1810	..	—	(a reduction)	5	6	..	1011	14	6
1820	A new Rate	4328	..	6	3	..	1352	15	6
1828	..	—	(a reduction)	5	5	..	1167	15	6

By comparing the amount collected in 1744, with that in 1820, it appears that, for every *penny* raised in the former year, about *half-a-crown* was exacted in the latter. How the amount of 1828 was brought lower than that of 1820, by 185*l.*, no reasons have been assigned, as none were required.

WALK TO PUMLUMON.*

Shepherd's Pool,—Rowlant and Catrin Humphrey,—a Tale of the Hills.

Of all the British alps, none present to the eye of the traveller such dreary uninteresting scenery as "huge Pumlumon;" and few, if any, with the exception of *Eryri*, (or Snowdon,) carry to the warm-hearted Cambrian so many interesting reminiscences of olden time.

In the earliest period of the Welsh history, this mountain and its expansive undulary turbaries, were the scene of many civil contentions; and the numerous heaps of Carneddau are still to be found upon the rugged hill: in somewhat later times, the murderous warfare carried on between Owain Cyveiliog and Hywel ab Cadwgan, is in the recollection of every person possessing a moderate knowledge of the history of Wales: and, last of all, here it was the heroic Glandwr, for a considerable time, fixed his camp, when struggling to regain the lost sovereignty of the land of his ancestors; nor could a better defensive position be chosen, ill-suited as they were for such a warfare; many a gallant band of Henry the fourth's heavy-armed horse and foot never returned from "the bottomless bogs of Pumlumon." In those days we may say, with Goldsmith,

> "No product here the barren hills afford,
> But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
> No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
> But winter, ling'ring, chills the lap of May;
> No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
> But meteor's glare, and stormy glooms invest."

Ages upon ages have rolled on since those times, and the Welsh have now more pacific occupations. Enjoying, as they do, the privileges of the English, it would be a matter of no ordinary difficulty to produce a more moral and loyal population in Great Britain, than these descendants "of the good and brave." Yes, the times are indeed changed, and, where the firebrand of war then raged, all is peace. Calling the same elegant writer to our aid,

> "Yet still, ev'n here, Content can spread a charm,
> Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm;
> Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
> He sees his little lot the lot of all;
> * * * * *

* Five beacons, or chimneys.

"Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose
Beats the keen air, and carrols as he goes;
With patient angles trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
* * * * *

"Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion in his heart;
And ev'n those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty food supplies;
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms:
And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more."

The reader will pardon this somewhat long quotation, for the lines so beautifully, and so truly, describe the condition of life in which the Fumlumon shepherds are placed, to whom I shall shortly formally introduce him, that no apology is necessary.

In the month of May, a few seasons since, I accepted the invitation of my friend, at Machynllaith,* to spend a week at his house; and, independent of the genuine hospitality I was sure of receiving, there were other associations which strengthened the anticipated pleasure: Machynllaith was the scene of my childhood, and its vicinity affording unlimited pursuance of my favorite diversion, the angle.

This town, the *Maglona* of the Romans, together with the curiosities in its neighbourhood, Glandwr's Parliament-house, the ancient tree, the very early specimens of wood and stone houses in Maen Gwyn street,† the Roman road crossing near Penal, in Merioneddshire, and the ancient mines on the race-course, (leaving indubitable evidence of that adventurous people having occupied the vales, and at least the hills of inferior magnitude, in this part of the Principality,) are amply described in the different modern topographical publications. I shall, therefore, confine myself to our piscatory ramble, and to the tale related to me during the excursion.

Upon leaving the Llanidloes turnpike road, and striking in a less frequented tract, which materially shortens the road to

* Generally, incorrectly spelt Machynlleth, *Machynllaith. The cove at the head of the moist or meadow land.* I therefore adopt the latter orthography: in other instances, I have struck at the root of our corrupt spelling, by giving the derivative names. They have been so spelt at the instance of an eminent Welsh scholar and esteemed friend.

† These houses are pulled down; they had become dangerously dilapidated: and Glandwr's tree was blown down, about three years ago.

Rhos y Gareg ,(the stone heath,) where we were to leave our horses previous to commencing the very steep ascent of *Llechwedd cwm Gwarchau*, (the slope of the guard's hollow,*) the atmosphere appeared favorable to our object, the mists kept slowly rolling over the banks, and the sheep were ascending to the highest points of pasturage. There is nothing very attractive in the scenery until passing *Rhos y Gareg*; here the admirer of nature is amply repaid for his hitherto uninteresting ride. Beneath him dashes over a rocky bed, a considerable rivulet, augmented by the two contributary streams of Glaslyn and Begeilyn; and the vale, producing good crops of corn and grass, when contrasted with the terrific precipice of *Taren y Bwlch Gwyn*, (the ridge of the white defile.) Upon the right, its mountain stream rushing down the huge fantastic protuberances of the rock, at least two hundred and fifty feet, and the barren heath of Llechwedd cwm Gwarchau on the left, forms a landscape inconceivably grand.

After many surveys, (for, in my different visits to this neighbourhood, I never had instruments requisite for measuring its altitude,) the height of this immense stratification of whinstone intersected with an attenuated vein of soft slaty quality, may fairly be computed half as lofty again as the dome of our metropolitan cathedral, which gives it a height, nearly perpendicular, of five hundred and fifty-five feet.

* The names of places in this district generally are illustrative of ancient military positions and occurrences. In reply to my inquiries from the friend before mentioned, the following passage occurs in answer:

"The places above named are, I presume, upon Pumlumon:" they form, in part, its base, on the Machynllaith side. "And this induces me to give an opinion, from lately looking over Giraldus Cambrensis description of Wales, that the name had been imposed after, or about his time, for he does not mention the name of Pumlumon, in speaking of a place to which it would have been right to do so. He says that the Severn and the Wye have their sources in the Elennith mountains: a range which, according to him, comprehend the present Pumlumon, and the hills on the east of the Teivi, and the west of the Wye, to the confines of the Cantrev of Buallt. In this range the river Elain rises, and runs eastward, falling into the Wye below Rhaiadr Gwy: and from it the Elenydd mountains derive their name; unless Giraldus, by mistake, writes Elenydd for Maelienydd, the name of the Cantrev on the east of the Wye, which comprehends most of the Pumlumon hills and the district to the Ieithon river, wherein the town of Rhaidr Gwy is situate."

The frequent wars of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries may have been the occasion of raising the five beacons on the heights of the mountains, successively, and then they were denominated Pumlumon, or five beacons.

"Romantic NATURE! purest source
Of mental pleasure, on thy throne of rocks
Exalted, there unshaken thou canst brave
The war of elements, and sweep of time
Relentless, who like viewless miner wastes
Unseen all human works: man's form divine
Shrinks at his with'ring touch, and fades to dust;
But *thou*, the same, as when by heavenly power
Created fair from Chaos, shalt not change
'Till the firm earth shall perish."

Previous to our commencing the ascent of Llechwedd cwm gwarchau, a steep continuation of upland, a good Welsh mile, we must pause to take breath, for some of the party are heavily laden with rods and lines, and other sporting apparatus, to enable us to defy the inhospitable climate we may chance encounter. In the middle of summer, when not a cloud was seen to varigate the clear blue heavens, and when the heat was insupportable on the parched mountainous tract of Pumlumon, suddenly the wind would whistle, the sun become enveloped in mist, the atmosphere absolutely opaque with dense vapour, and the thunder and lightning such as no lowlander ever experienced. Wo to the luckless wight overtaken in this war of elements, for none but the shepherds and their dogs know how to extricate themselves from these perils; and if a peat-rick be not within his reach, the chances are small, upon these bogs and heaths, of his not perishing before morning.

Having gained the mountain's brow, we proceeded over a flat productive turbary, part of which is called *Mawnog Pen y Llechwedd*, (the turbary at the head of the slope,) and part *Taren Allt y Cwm*, (the ridge of the cliff;) from whence, for the first time, we obtained a view of Pumlumon: and though there are now more than five heaps upon the hill, I do not doubt the correctness of the term; subsequent epochs may have produced the others. Some are composed of stones, and some of soil; very likely covering the bones of slain warriors, or perhaps those of some animal, mingled with human remains:* they are similarly formed to the circular ones upon Salisbury Plain.† Two of them are whimsically named; one of the largest, and another of less dimensions near to it, are called, *y Vuwch Wen a'i Llo*, (the white cow and her calf,) but what gave rise to such singular names, or whether there is any legend attached to them, I have never been able to ascertain.

* In the latter end of the eighteenth century, a party of gentlemen excavated a carnedd, upon Kevn Digoll, (commonly called the long mountain,) in the eastern extremity of Montgomeryshire: the result of their labour brought to light, half-calcined human bones, and others of an animal, of the rein-deer species.

† There are no oval carneddau on Pumlumon.

The cottage built for the better accommodation of sporting, some little distance from the lake, was ready for our reception; and having partook of the contents of our wallet, and presented the shepherds each with a draught of mountain dew, we proceeded to our sport; nor were *their ladies* forgotten, they too possessing a considerable *penchant* for whisky, swallowing it with as little inconvenience as if it had been so much water.

The trout of this lake are of a peculiarly fine quality, of which we killed a goodly store.

SHEPHERD'S POOL.

There is a circumstance respecting the *Bygeilyn*, (shepherd's pool,) contrary to the general laws of nature: twenty years ago there were no fish in it. A writer has observed, that all bodies of water produce fish; some of the Alpine lakes, situated amid almost inaccessible glaciers, have invariably been found to contain trout; and he sensibly adds, that no doubt the spawn was originally carried up through the agency of birds; which fact I am prepared to support, having myself shot a wild mallard, in the bill of which I found the ova of fish.

About twenty years ago, some gentlemen were grousing on Pumlumon; the conversation turned upon the peculiarity of *Bygeilyn* being destitute of the finny race, and the possibility of stocking it from a neighbouring rivulet: a staff net was procured, and some dozens of small trout, caught in the river Rheidol, were turned into the lake. At that time myriads of horseleeches swarmed in its water. Some of the trout, when placed in the pool, lay upon their sides faint and exhausted. Strange as it may appear, the rapacious leeches attached themselves to the sick fish, and actually devoured them. Others of the trout were vigorous; these, and their progeny, have enforced the *lex talionis* with a vengeance, and not a leech is now to be seen. The late Captain Jones, R.N. of Machynllaith, and another gentleman now living, were the parties alluded to.

It will probably be asked, why this singularity occurs in the natural history of *Bygeilyn?* I have sought every information on the subject; and, after some labour and a good deal of observation, venture to place my theory for the opinions of the scientific, respecting the former non-existence of fish, and of their rapid increase since.

It is well known, that mineral solution is detrimental to fish; and the extensive lead-mines in this district certainly impregnated the lake with its poisonous quality: very likely portions of mineral exist at the bottom. But how do fish live and breed there now? The hurricanes on these hills I have before shortly described: be-

tween the turbary soil, *now* the eastern extremity of the pool, and its *former* eastern shore, there ran a ridge of disjointed soft stony lamina, acting as a dam between the pool and spongy soil; the broken stratum of which is still to be seen on the opposite margins. The water, urged by the westerly storms with an impetus impossible to describe, has at last cut through this calcareous lamina; a great portion of the turbary has necessarily been decomposed, and a thick deposit of black earth has gradually spread itself over the entire bottom, excepting the western margin, which is equally well protected by a crustaceous covering of fine pebbles, hard as the cemented floor of a malt-house; this is clearly ascertained, for every yard of the lake has been explored by means of a coracle: the deposit very probably has the effect of neutralising the effect of the poison, or, at least, of preventing its communicating to the lake any pernicious effect.

After taking many noble fish, our practice is generally to use a staff net in the brooks adjacent, and dozens of little trout are turned in the lake; thus adding to the stock: a practice very necessary, for this water presents no facilities for spawning, with the exception of a few flags and sedges at the boggy extremity.

Having upon this occasion obtained the assistance of Mr. Richard Tudor, of Rhos y Gareg, and of Evan and Lewis Jones, two of the shepherds, to help my fisherman job, in netting, and carrying vessels of water, in order to preserve alive the fish, we proceeded some miles down the brook with good effect. On the left of the Rheidol, on a dreary waste, high up the mountain, stand the ruins of a shepherd's cot. A few large stones, one upon the other, is all that now remains; but what chiefly attracted my attention, was a little rill of water gurgling down its rocky bed; such as just suited our staff net. The reader may fancy my astonishment, when I proposed going up the narrow defile of rocks by the ruins, to hear Lewis Jones, his countenance distorted with horror and tobacco, exclaim, "Yn enw y daioni, peidiwch! Cyvarvydda Catti wen o Gelli Gogo â chwi," ("in the name of heaven, sir, don't go! you will meet with white Kitty of the Grove Cave.") "Meet with what?" said I. "With the evil spirit," replied Lewis. "Stuff and nonsense, man; what are you afraid of?" But to attempt to convince the superstitious shepherds of the absurdity of their alarm, was useless; accompany us they would not, and remained behind. I firmly believe, if any of the sheep were to be lost in the rocks, Messieurs Evan and Lewis Jones would not dare to follow. When we had clambered up the precipices, a sight did present itself though, to our eyes, that required strength of nerve to look on. Catrin Gwyn certainly did not make her appearance; nor ghost, nor demon, saw we; but an immense mass of indurated whinstone, quite detached from the rock, apparently ready to crush us to atoms. Standing as it does

upon the almost perpendicular declivity, I cannot imagine how it retains its position, unless, indeed, a great portion of it lies buried in the earth, but which certainly does not appear to be the case. Whether it is a vestige of Druidism, or whether any convulsion of nature placed it so frightfully upon the steep, must be decided by persons possessing more geological knowledge than myself.

The spirit of inquiry was whetted: upon rejoining the shepherds below, I sought further information, and, though they could give but scanty particulars of the much-dreaded apparition, I have since succeeded in getting hold of the story, and present it to the reader, in nearly the same words it was related to me:

ROWLANT AND CATRIN HUMPHREY, A TALE OF THE HILLS.

> "The simple swain
> Whose fancy, dark'n'd by his native scenes,
> Creates wild images and phantoms dire,
> Strange as their hills, and gloomy as their storms,
> To him how fearful is that cliff abrupt."

Above a century ago amid the wilds of Pumlumon, upon a spot the traveller can now scarcely recognise to have been a place of habitation, lived a young shepherd, of the name of Rowlant Humphrey, he had recently married a girl, long the object of his artless affection; contentment is a term of comparative meaning, for though, at first view, Rowlant and Catrin might appear to enjoy but few blessings, it would have perhaps been impossible to have selected two persons more satisfied, and more grateful to Providence, for what appeared to their simple imaginations, perfect happiness.

It will be unnecessary to describe very fully the mode of life pursued by the poor shepherds of this mountain, the care of innumerable flocks of sheep, a few dwarfish cattle, and in those days shaggy white goats, together with turf cutting, chiefly occupies the attention of the men; while spinning wool, making small quantities of cheese and butter, setting potatoes, rearing a few fowls, going to market, and preparing the homely meal, devolve upon their wives and daughters. But there is one day in the week; the day on which all rest from their labours, to which I cannot advert without making a short digression, and a comparison highly advantageous to the shepherd of the hills. Accustomed as I have been to witness on that festival, in the populous districts of large towns, the horrid depravity, the demoralizing scenes of intoxication and blasphemy the lower classes of our fellow-creatures there indulge in, is pitiable indeed. How different does the Welsh mountaineer

spend his seventh day! It has often been a subject of discussion, whether romantic scenery does not harmonize the feelings, and render them more susceptible of moral impressions; if it be so, or that there is an intuitive superiority in the mind of the Welsh highlander, I know not, yet, most assuredly, in the secluded districts of Wales, Sunday is spent in a way conformable to every rule inculcated by the doctrines of Christianity.

> "'Mid broken cliffs, and roar of falling floods,
> The horror-breathing gloom of sunless woods;
> On cloudcapt mountains, ne'er by mortal trod,
> Awe struck, we nearer see a parent God."

But to return to our story. Rowlant and Catrin had been now united nearly a year, and such was their ardent affection for each other, their neighbourly kindness, and the tenor of their lives so inoffensive, that the shepherds, among whom respectability of character is always admired, had remarked "that Rowlant and Catrin, with the blessing of God, would live and prosper to a good old age," little dreaming of the afflicting visitation which very shortly was to befall our poor tenant of the Grove Cave: alas! the bright prospects of this life are subject to many interruptions.

In the autumn of 1705, as the grandfather of my informant deposed, Catrin Humphrey set out early for Machynlaith market, a distance of nine miles and a half, to dispose of some poultry and a few trifling productions of her industry, intending, with the money they produced, to purchase sundry little comforts requisite for an event she expected in two or three months' time, judging that, if the journey was delayed, she might, in her condition, be prevented undergoing so much exertion.

Need I describe the pride which Rowlant looked forward to the day his beloved Catrin was to give him an additional pledge of their regard? sensibility reigns not in the habitation of the great alone; and the mightiest monarch of the earth could not anticipate the birth of his first prince with more affectionate anxiety than our lonely shepherd the precarious situation of his dear Catrin.

The morning was bright and fine, but no refreshing breeze fanned the heaths, and as the day advanced the heat became intense; the flocks retreated to the ledges of the rocks and turbaries, to avoid the power of the sun; a deathlike stillness prevailed upon these wide downs, interrupted only now and then by the loud cry of a solitary heron, or the wild whistle of the golden plover: thus is the calm continuity of life the prelude to unsuspected misfortune.

Catrin disposed of the contents of her market basket, and supplied it with other necessaries: she had accompanied some of the shepherds' wives, both in going to, and returning from, Machynlaith, and separated from the last of her companions about

two miles from Gelli Gogo. The shadows of the evening were now at their greatest length, the sun descended behind the western bank, its last crimson reflections were disappearing, and the moon rose encircled with a dark haze—this Catrin knew was the forerunner of a stormy night; but so habituated was she to these wild solitudes, and so well acquainted with the unbeaten track, that alarm took not hold of her; besides the faithful dog, who frequently brought back a stray sheep during the hurricanes of summer, or snow-storms of winter, had been her companion all day, and was then trotting before her, frequently looking back to see that his mistress followed the path which he selected; thus escorted, the lone Catrin slowly proceeded over the mountains. As the evening advanced, the gloom rapidly increased, the moon became hid by the dark gathering clouds, until, at last, it was impossible to descry the nearest object: all was still, save the fearful note of the eagle and rock raven, who, scenting the distant storm, flew screaming to their eyries in the crags: at once a vivid flash of lightning shot across the hills, for an instant rendering every object of nature distinctly visible, followed by terrific and deafening thunderbolts, which, as they rolled over the steeps, echoing from rock to rock, shook the very ground; and the rain, if the torrents of water which fell can be properly called rain, was such as the oldest shepherd never remembered to have been surpassed in furious descent. Dreadful as the situation of the ill-fated Catrin was, we must leave her, and proceed to the cottage of Gelli Gogo.

After the occupations of the day had ceased, Rowlant returned home, and seated at the door, with a miner who lodged in the house, together smoked their pipes. Rowlant, perceiving the lowering evening, anxiously looked for his wife's return: as the horrors of the storm appeared, his agony so increased that all the persuasions of the miner could not calm his agitation; but when the blazing lightning darted over the moor, and the appalling thunder rolled through the black firmament, he fell on his knees, and fervently prayed that the dispenser of all mercy would guard his poor wife: he then sunk exhausted by acute suffering, and the miner had great difficulty in restoring him to conscious being. "Oh, let me save her! gracious Providence, protect my Catrin;" were the first words returning life gave utterance to. The humane miner employed the usual means for resuscitation, and sufficiently restored the suffering man, so as to enable him to take measures for the preservation of all he valued in the world. They left the cottage, and, at the peril of their lives, passed the Rheidol, swoln with the tempest from a mere stream of water to a dark, wide, muddy torrent: here they separated in search of Catrin. Dismal indeed were their tracts; and upon gaining the exposed ascent, the furious hurricane struck out their lights, and beat them to the earth: again and again were they prostrated, and the miner having

lost his companion, with difficulty regained the cottage; but Rowlant, half dead with falls and bruises, still continued the search, nor did he return till he had sought up and down the heaths: useless indeed was the attempt in that night, dark as the deepest caverns of the earth, and the hurricane dreadful as the contention of demons. Having recovered from a state of insensibility, the broken-hearted Rowlant feebly wended him to the cottage, vainly hoping that Catrin might have reached it, by some miracle, in his absence. It is needless to acquaint the reader, that his hopes were cruelly fallacious. At the request of his friend, the night was spent in prayer; the consolation, I had almost said inspiration, of the devotional act imparted to Rowlant a melancholy composure, compared to his former ravings, and when the returning paroxysm of despair began to influence him, the sympathizing miner redoubled his soothing attentions.

> "At length the cock proclaims the approach of day;
> The tempest's dismal howlings die away;
> The genius of the storm 'bids all be peace,'
> The winds obey, and all their roarings cease.

All was peace, except to Rowlant: while he and the miner were impatiently waiting for the light, indications of which already appeared in the east, faintly tinged with gray, a violent scratching at the door was heard, accompanied with that peculiar short irregular energetic bark, remarkable in dogs when their instinct is peculiarly excited. Rowlant's heart almost ceased beating, his tongue clave to his mouth, and his whole appearance was symbolical of black despair; the miner lifted the latch, the cur rushed to his master, and, jumping upon his lap, licked his face, a low miserable whine accompanied this affecting act: the poor half-starved wretch had remained out all night, and did not return home till the hour Rowlant usually rose. While the sinking shepherd tarried a few moments, to recover from a sort of stupor, the effect of intense suffering, his dog again and again ran to the door, finding he was not followed, he repeated his caresses, and continued running backwards and forwards, his intelligent countenance expressing the greatest uneasiness: at length, by a great effort, Rowlant got up, and, leaning upon the miner's arm, they proceeded to follow the dog.

The morning was beautiful, the storm had subsided, vegetation appeared refreshed, the larks were caroling in the light air, a reviving coolness floated on the breeze, and the cascades were thundering with accumulated floods; some of the peasantry joined the two friends, and they all followed the dog. He led them over the first hill, between Gelli Gogo and Bygeilyn, down the other side, running far before them: between a rushy slip of turbary and the left side of the eminence, he halted: the anxiety of

Rowlant now completed his exhaustion, and he was assisted onward, scarcely sensible, by some of the party.

As they approached, the miner fancied he saw, a few feet from the dog, something of a lighter colour than the brown ground, and the affirmation of the rest of the company strengthened his opinion: advancing nearer and nearer, none of the party uttered a syllable; they knew the bog too well, and the inevitable fate of the luckless Catrin; the cur appeared mad, and the yells he uttered went deep to the shepherds' souls * * * *. Upon the brink of the shaking soil, lay the little basket and its contents; and upon the treacherous maelstrom of death, appeared a corner of the red cloak poor Catrin had been presented with, upon her marriage-day, by the now widowed Rowlant.

It would be impossible to describe the scene which followed, if I felt so inclined: the tragedy is ended. Reader, thou hast my story; successive years, more than a hundred, have since flitted on, but time has not obliterated the recollection of Catrin Humphrey; the legend is still told by the shepherds, who affirm that, when the howlings of the storm are at their utmost fury, the apparition is seen riding on the whirlwind, attired in flowing white garments; and the peasant, passing the cliff of Gelli Gogo, at the close of day,

> "Shudders, lest benighted he should hear
> The spirit's muttered rights and, trembling, die."

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. II.

Aeddan ab Blegored.

No portion of the history of Wales appears to have so much uncertainty attached to it, as that period when this chieftain took a share in its transactions.*

The law of tanistry, by which the infant children of the deceased prince were passed over in the succession, was as well established in those times in Wales, as among the Irish and Scots.

But in all the violent changes which occurred, from the death of

* Wynne, in his History of Wales, says, "who this Aeddan was descended from, or what colour or pretence he could lay to the principality, cannot be as much as guessed at, &c.;" and Warrington, in his History of Wales, is equally unsatisfactory.

Rodri Mawr to the final conquest of Wales, regard was always had to the three princely families of Aberffraw, Dynevawr, and Mathraval, with the exception of Aeddan ab Blegored, and one or two who attempted to derive a title through him.*

Let us then inquire who Aeddan ab Blegored was, and what were the circumstances which enabled him to obtain the chief rule in North Wales, and, afterwards, in South Wales.

In the Welsh chronicles we have no direct information to which of the existing princely families Aeddan ab Blegored belonged; or whether his descent was of any note, and where his power lay previous to his assumption of the government of Gwynedd. All that is said is very brief, in the general style of the chronicles; that Aeddan, after the death of Idwal ab Meuric, and the defeat of his competitor, Cynan ab Hywel, obtained the principality; and that he governed it with prudence and ability.

In pursuing our inquiry respecting Aeddan's origin, the name of his father, *Blegored*, will afford us some assistance, and point out the part of Wales where his connexions lay.

The only *Blegored* (or as he is sometimes called Blegwryd and Blygwryd,) who is mentioned as living in those times, is the *Blegored* who accompanied Marchlwys, bishop of Llandaf, to the meeting convened by Hywel dda at Ty Gwyn ar Dav. He was *Pencyveistedd*, or archdeacon of Llandaf, and was esteemed the most eminent, for the depth of his knowledge in the civil and ecclesiastical laws, of those consulted by Hywel. He was the *son* of Owain, and *brother* of Morgan Hên, prince of Morganwg.† And Aeddan ab Blegored is, in Brut y Tywysogion, connected with *this Blegored*, in the following manner ;‡ "*Aeddan ab Blegwryd hên, ab Owain, ab Hywel, o Wehelyth Bran ab Llyr Llediaith.*" And, as he was contemporary with Ithel, Gwrgan, and Iestyn, princes of Morganwg, and in close connexion with them, and supported in his early adventures by them, we have no room to doubt but that Aeddan, afterwards prince of North and South Wales, was son to the above-mentioned *Blegored*, and a near relative to Morgan Hên.

And this is consistent with what is stated in another place in the Brut, viz. that‖ "*Aeddan had no claim to the principality but as a descendant of Bran ab Llyr,*" which descent he had in common with all the princes of the house of Morgan Hên.‡

* Meuric ab Arthvael ab Blegored (probably the nephew of Aeddan,) attempting, A.D. 1020, to obtain the principality, was killed by Llywelyn ab Seisyllt; and Rhydderch ab Iestyn got possession, for a time, of Deheubarth, as the designated heir of Aeddan ab Blegored; Aeddan having left after him no child of his own. Vide Myvyr. Arch. vol. ii. 501.

† Vide Myvyr. Arch. vol. ii. 485.

‡ Myvyr. Arch. ii. 516.

‖ Ditto, ii. 503.

§ Ditto, ii. 503, 516.

In elucidating the circumstances which led to Aeddan ab Blegored's elevation to the sovereignty of North and South Wales, we must take a short view of the rivalry and the sanguinary feuds of the princes previous to his time, and the part taken by the princes of Morganwg in those quarrels.

After the death of Rodri Mawr, A.D. 877, nothing can be more painful than the relation of the murders and usurpations in the families of his descendants. His own unwise partition of the Principality laid the foundation, and the above-mentioned law of tanistry completed the measure of the evil.

In fact, with some gleams of sunshine under few princes of extraordinary merit, the state of society in Wales, from that time to the termination of its independence, particularly as respected the families of its princes, was as lamentable as any recorded in history.

The princes of Glamorgan, Morgan Hên and his three immediate successors, on the contrary, were men of wisdom and moderation; they cultivated peace, and were united among themselves. They were connected with the other princes, by the marriage of Morgan Hên with the daughter of Rodri Mawr, and, probably, by other subsequent marriages, not now known to us; but having suffered several cruel inroads from *Owain, the son of Hywel Dda,* and his sons, they were better affected towards the princes of North Wales; and they gave them friendly assistance against their foreign enemies, the Saxons and Danes, at different times.

In one of the outrages among the princes of North Wales, in which Cadwallon ab Ieva was chief actor, *Idwal,* the infant son of his uncle, Meuric ab Idwal Voel, was saved in the slaughter of his family, and conveyed to the friendly house of *Ithel,* the prince of Morganwg. There, not only an asylum was afforded him, but he was instructed, by Hywel ab Morgan Hên, the brother of Ithel, a wise and able prince, in every qualification suitable to his birth and station.*

At this period we hear, for the first time, of *Aeddan ab Blegored.*

Meredydd ab Owain, prince of Deheubarth, having, on the defeat and death of Cadwallon ab Ieva, taken possession of Gwynedd, he was anxious, in the ruthless spirit of the age, to get into his power *Idwal ab Meuric,* the rightful prince. According to the chronicle, several attempts were made on his person; and even the sanctity of the college at Llancarvan was violated for that purpose, but, happily, without success.†

After several inroads had been made, by Meredydd ab Owain, into the territories of the prince of Morganwg, and great damage committed, Iestyn, the grandson of Ithel, a man of nefarious

* Brut y Tywysogion in Myvyr. Arch. ii. 497 and 500.

† Myvyr. Arch. ii. 500.

conduct in general, but on this occasion of spirit properly directed, resolved to retaliate.*

For this purpose he joined to himself, for conducting the war, *Aeddan ab Blegored*, his relative, who, as selected on such an emergency, must have been a man of established courage and experience.†

Soon afterwards they commenced some ravaging expeditions into the province of Deheubarth, and, in conjunction with the Danes, whom they had instigated to share in their enterprises, did great mischief.

This was followed by a severe famine, and a pestilence, which carried off a great number of the inhabitants of South Wales.‡

Meredydd ab Owain, about the same time, receiving a dreadful check in the Isle of Anglesey, by the capture and mutilation of his brother, Llywarch, and 2000 men, returned precipitately, with as many as he could save of the remainder, into the south, leaving Gwynedd to its fate, without a government, and unprotected.§

Thus deserted by the person who had exercised rule over them for some years, the people of North Wales looked wishfully for the return of *Idwal*, their rightful prince. He soon appeared among them, supported by all the strength the prince of Morganwg could afford him.‖

Idwal, being restored to his inheritance by the general voice of his subjects, conducted himself with vigor and ability.¶ He did all he could, under the pressing circumstances of the time, to restore good order; and, instead of submitting to the Danes, and paying the *Glwmaen*, or *Danegelt*, as had been done of late by the Welsh princes, he bravely met them, and drove them from his coasts, with great slaughter.**

Meredydd ab Owain, being recovered from the panic with which he had been seized, resolved to make an attempt to regain the lost principality of Gwynedd. He approached it with all his strength, but received a signal defeat at Llangwm, or, as some believe, at Hen-gwm, in Ardudwy.††

The prosperity of Idwal, unhappily for his country, was but of short duration. Another body of Danes immediately afterwards landed in Anglesey, either to repeat their depredations, or, strengthened by fresh reinforcements, to avenge their late defeat.‡‡

Idwal, flushed with his successes, met them without hesitation: but he fell in the contest, leaving an infant son unprotected, and his principality a prey to every disorder.§§

* Brut in Myvyr. Arch. ii. 501. † Ibid.
‡ Ieuan Brechva in Myvyr. Arch. ii. 497, and Brut y Saeson in ditto.
§ Brut y Tywysogion in Myvyr. Arch. ii. 498, &c.
‖ Ibid. ii. 500. ¶ Ib. ii. 500, &c. ** Ib. ii. 500.
†† Ib. ii. 500, and Wynne's Hist. of Wales. ‡‡ Ibid. ii. 500.
§§ Brut y Tywys. 500, and Brut y Saes. 499, of the Myv. Arch. vol. ii.

At this period, *Aeddan ab Blegored* comes forward on the stage a prominent and important character. He had, probably, the command of the troops sent from Morganwg to support Idwal, and had been his adviser and attached companion, during his active, but short, career.

According to the custom then prevailing in Wales, and before alluded to, the claim of Iago, the infant son of the deceased prince, was necessarily set aside; and we find two competitors standing forth to contend for the prize, Cynan ab Hywel and Aeddan.*

Of Cynan, nothing more is said than that he was of the princely family of Gwynedd; and probably was the son of Hywel ab Ieva, who had possessed the government some years before, and who, from his sanguinary conduct, had obtained the name of *Hywel ddrwg*.

Aeddan ab Blegored was almost a stranger in Gwynedd, and unconnected with its families: he had no recommendation, but his services for the suffrages of the chief men. He was known as the friend of the late prince; and no doubt this gave strength and popularity to his cause.

The two competitors appealed to arms; and fortune deciding in favor of Aeddan ab Blegored, he was immediately thereon proclaimed prince of North Wales.†

This event is related briefly in each of the Welsh chronicles, though with some discrepancy as to the date of Aeddan's elevation: one mentioning that it took place A.D. 1000, and another fixing it three years later:‡ but it is agreed by all, that his conduct in his government was that of a wise and able prince. He did every thing he could to repair the damages of former troubles, and give effect to the laws;§ and finding himself well settled in the principality of Gwynedd, he added to it, on the death of Meredydd ab Owain, that of Deheubarth, without much difficulty.‖

Thus, by a singular fortune, Aeddan ab Blegored obtained a sway over the complete and undivided dominions of Rodri Mawr, without being connected, as far as is known, with either of the three princely lines descended from him. And what adds more to his credit than either his courage or his abilities, at an era when the manners of contending princes were in an extreme degree

* Brut y Tywys. 501, and Brut. y Saes. 499, of the Myv. Arch. vol. ii.

† Brut y Tywys. ditto, 501.

‡ Ieuan Brechva, 499, and Brut y Saeson, 500, in Myv. Arch. vol. ii.

§ "Gwedi ynnill o Aeddan holl Gymru o'r Mor beugilydd, efe a beris drefnu llywodraeth a Chyfreithian, ac adgyweiriaw Eglwyseu a Chloran a dorresid yn Rhyfel." Brut y Tywysogion, 501. "Aeddan ab Blegored a gafas oresgynaeth ar Wynedd o Synwyr a deall, ac a llywodraethodd yn dangnefus ddeuddeg mlynedd." Ieuan Brechva, 499. Myv. Arch. vol. ii.

‖ Brut Tywysogion, ditto, 501.

ferocious, and their deeds retaliative and sanguinary, we have no intimation that Aeddan, in obtaining his dignity, violated any tie, or committed any inhumanity, but what was necessarily forced on him in the fair field of battle.

It has not been the purpose of the present writer to overcharge in anywise the subject of his memoir with false colouring, but to endeavour, by bringing together the brief notices scattered through the chronicles, of a character confessedly little known, and comparing them together, to gain a fair and consistent view of him, and of the circumstances which led to his rise and distinction.

After reigning for twelve years, during which time the country enjoyed a tranquillity very unusual in those days, Aeddan ab Blegored met the fate which almost invariably befell the Welsh princes.

The people, long habituated to witness frequent and violent changes in their government, had ceased to feel attachment either to the individual prince, or the family to which he belonged.

The desolating invasions of the Danes and Saxons also, had served to brutalize the mass of the inhabitants. They were restless and ever ready to follow any bold adventurer, without inquiring into the justice of his cause.

Llywelyn ab Seisyllt, A.D. 1015, who had married Angharad, the daughter of Meredydd ab Owain the late prince of Wales, being arrived at the full age of manhood, put forward his claim on account of his wife.*

According to the generally understood rights of primogeniture, his title was without foundation; Meredydd ab Owain, from whom he derived it, being himself an usurper, having set aside the family of his elder brother, Eineon.

This, however, with the lax notions respecting those rights then existing among the Welsh, was a sufficient plea for Llywelyn to assemble a force; and being a man of great courage and merit, he directed it so as, in a short time, to obtain the object of his wishes.

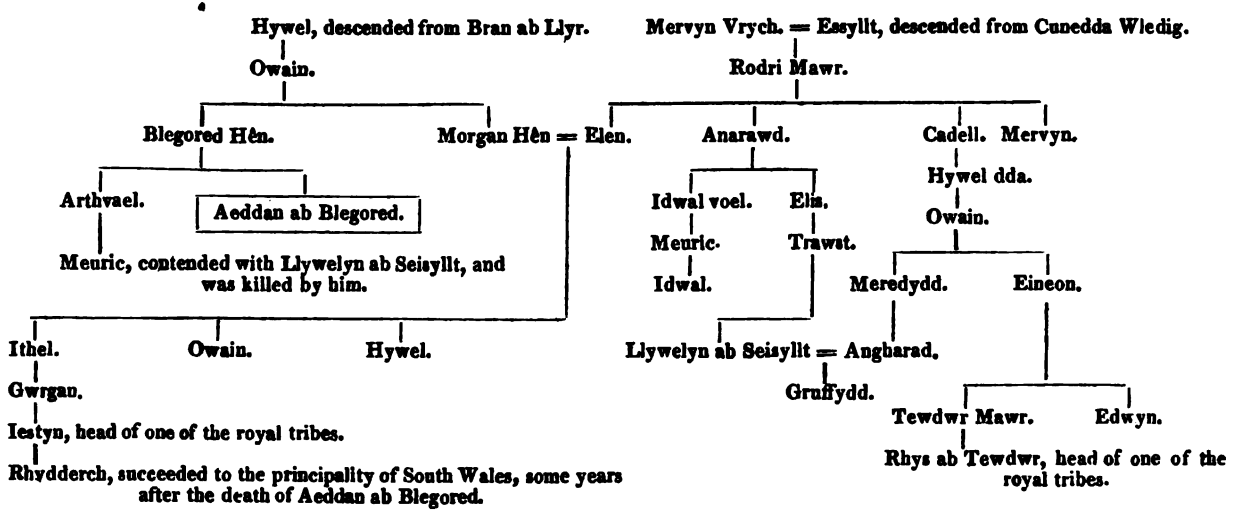
Aeddan ab Blegored met Llywelyn in the field, where falling, with his four nephews,† in the contest, he was succeeded by Llywelyn in the complete sovereignty of North and South Wales.

* Meredydd ab Owain, in the latter part of his life, being hard pressed by the prince of Morganwg, in conjunction with the Danes, married his sole surviving child, Angharad, to Llywelyn, son of Seisyllt lord of Maesessyllt, in Glamorgan, then only fourteen years of age, for the purpose of creating a diversion, as is probable, in that country, against the family of Morgan Hên, who had the chief rule.

† Brut y Saeson, (p. 503, Myv. Arch. ii.) states that they were his four sons, who fell with Aeddan in battle; but Brut y Tywysogion, (p. 503, ditto,) calls them his nephews, and that Aeddan, having no son, appointed Rhydderch, the son of his relative, Iestyn ab Gwrgan, to be his successor.

ERIC.

THE FAMILY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE PRINCES OF MORGANWG AND GWYNEDD.



THE LEGEND OF TRWST LLYWELYN.

ONCE upon a time, Llywelyn was returning from a great battle, against the Saxons, and his three sisters came down here to meet him; and, when they heard him coming, they said, "It is Trwst Llywelyn," (the sound of Llywelyn:) and the place has been called so ever since.— *Old Story.*

IT is a scene of other days,
That dimly meets my fancy's gaze;
The moon's fair beams are glist'ning bright,
On the Severn's loveliest vale,
And yonder watchtower's gloomy height
Looks stern, in her lustre pale.

Within that turret fastness rude,
Three lovely forms I see,
And marvel why, in that solitude,
So fair a group should be.

I know them now, that beauteous band;
By the broidered vest, so rich and rare,
By the sparkling gem, on the tiny hand,
And the golden circlet in their hair,
I know Llywelyn's sisters fair,
The pride of Powys land:

But the proof of lineage pure and high,
Is better far supplied
By the calm, fair brow, and fearless eye,
And the step of graceful pride.

Why are the royal maidens here,
Heedless of Saxon foemen near?
Their only court, the minstrel sage,
Who wakes such thrilling sound;
Their train, yon pretty childish page;
Their guard, that gallant hound.

They have left their brother's princely hall,
To greet him from fight returning;
And hope looks out from the eyes of all,
Though fear in their heart lies burning.

"Now, hark!" the eldest maiden cried,
"Kind minstrel, lay thy harp aside,
And listen here with me;
Did not Llywelyn's bugle sound
From off that dark and wooded mound
You named the Goryn ddû?*"

"No, lady, no; my master, kind,
I strive in vain to hear;
'Tis but the moaning of the wind,
That cheats thine anxious ear."

The second lady rous'd her page,
From the peaceful sleep of his careless age;
"Awake, fair child, from thy happy dreams,
Look out o'er the turret's height,
Is it a lance that yonder gleams
In the moonbeams blue and bright?"

"No, lady mine; not on a lance
Does that fair radiance quiver;
I only see its lustre dance
On the blue and trembling river."

The youngest and fairest maiden sits
On the turret's highest stone,
Like the gentle flower that flings its sweets
O'er the ruin drear and lone:

At her feet the hound is crouching still;
And they look so calm and fair,
You might almost deem, by a sculptor's skill,
They were carved in the gray stone there.

A distant sound the spell hath broken,
The lady and her hound
Together caught the joyful token,
And down the stair they bound.

"'Tis Trwst Llywelyn! dear sisters speed,
Our own Llywelyn's near;
I know the tramp of his gallant steed,
'Tis music to mine ear!"

* * * *

Yes, 'twas his lance gleamed blue and bright,
His horn made the echoes ring;
He is safe from a glorious field of fight,
And his sisters round him cling:

* The Goryn ddû (black crown,) is surmounted by a circular ancient British station, in a very perfect state, about a mile from Trwst Llywelyn, on the other side the river, up the vale: like the ancient Mathraval, it is situated in a wood.

And Gelert lies at his master's feet,
The page returns to his slumbers sweet,
The minstrel quaffs his mead,
And sings Llywelyn's fame and power,
And, Trwst Llywelyn, names the tower,
Where they heard his coming steed.

* * * *

That tower, no more, o'erlooks the vale,
But its name is unforgot,
And the peasant tells the simple tale,
And points to the well-known spot.

Oh, lady moon! thy radiance fills
An altered scene, tonight,
All here is chang'd, save the changeless hills,
And the Severn, rippling bright.

We dwell in peace, beneath the yoke
That roused our fathers' spears,
The very tongue our fathers spoke,
Sounds strangely in our ears.*

But the human heart knows little change;
'Tis woman's to watch, 'tis man's to range
For pleasure, wealth, or fame;
And thou mayst look, from thy realms above,
On many a sister's yearning love,
The same—still, still the same,

Ye students grave, of ancient lore,
Grudge not my skilless rhyme
One tale (from tradition's ample store)
Of Cambria's olden time;

Seek, 'mid the hills and glens around,
For names and deeds of war;
And leave this little spot of ground,
A record holier far.

ELLYLLES.

* Trwst Llywelyn is only four or five miles from the nearest point of Shropshire, and the inhabitants, except the very old people, do not understand the Welsh language.

THE PASSENGERS.

NO. III.

[*Continued from p.* 352.]

—

Τίς δὲ νύ τοι νήσων ποῖον θ'ὄρος ἴναδε πλεῖον;
Τίς δὲ λιμήν; ποία δὲ πόλις. CALLIMACHUS.

**Which now of all islands, what mountain chiefly delighted?
What city, what harbour?**

—

THE coach had surmounted the small hill opposite the bridge of Rhyd Llanvair, about four miles from Cernioge, when our three friends had before them a nearer and more complete view of Snowdonia, clothed here and there with large woods of oak, and, from this point, appearing certainly to very great advantage.

Allansley gazed on this fine scene, for some time, with silent admiration: Larndon broke the pause, by asking "Now then, what mountains are these?"

Clanvoy. Moel Siabod is the chief object, as before: to the right, are the Glydars. Trevaen, and the Carneddau Trevaen, of which you only see the summit, is that very steep and upright heap of rock, like the fingers of one hand held up together, and the palm of the other hand laid across them.

Allansley. O! I see. But where is the majestic Eryri?* who has carried off Snowdon?

Clanvoy. At present he is hid behind Moel Siabod, or else behind that high ground on the left.

Allansley. O! I recognise that fine aromatic flavor in the air that you spoke of! How elegant, as well as wild, this landscape is! I do not call it sublime; but it is grand, romantic, poetical, magnificent! What a fine effect that central moorland has, over which, as from a broad pedestal, the first-rate mountains appear to rise!

Clanvoy.

**Lead me away to some alpine arbour,
To the vaulted grove, or solitary vale!
Bid my footsteps wander farther,
To the high peak fann'd by the summer gale!**

* Pronounced Erùrri.

On the ruins of yon lonely tower
The smile of a noonday sunbeam falls,
Or the sudden drops of a cloudy shower
Throw darker stains on the shattered walls.

Whatsoever path shall await my feet,
Wheresoever strays my wandering eye,
Some druid or bard hath found a retreat
From the bloody strife, where heroes die.

Allansley. O, Clanvoy; how exactly those lines describe my present feelings! whose are they? How different they are from any that I ever heard before! If they are yours, what metre is it that you have used in them?

Clanvoy. The *Greek Anapæst*, you classical scholar! you foe to Gothic art! the Greek anapæst, in *dimeters*, with accentual variation; and over the most exact forms of classical quantity, has been laid the *Gothic* ornament of rhyme.

Larndon. As to Allansley, he will require some time to recover from his astonishment; and I must own, Clanvoy, that I hardly know what to make of your answer. I know that you are a professed heretic in all things relating to versification; and, therefore, nothing that you can say or do in that way will surprise me. Not that I object altogether to experiments in that art, and I am far from disliking those lines which you repeated; indeed, I rather suspect they were extempore.

Clanvoy. No, not quite; but nearly so; and I beg you to observe that, if any thing approaching to an extemporaneous character can arise under the twofold restraint of classic metre and of Gothic rhyme, the chief objection to that union is practically refuted.

Larndon. It must have required immense labour, to bring your mind into such high practice.

Clanvoy. Perhaps not more, or not much more, than many musicians go through, in learning the flute or violin. When the mechanical power has been gained, and the habit acquired, the process of versification is, on some occasions, inconceivably rapid: the soul takes fire, and melts each obstinate word into obedience.

Allansley. In the course of a few minutes, the poetry comes out, from the brain, like the cast of Antinous or Apollo, that appears in full growth out of the matrix of the waxy mould.

Clanvoy. Not, however, without some intersecting lines, that show where the divisions of the blocks have been.

Allansley. Which, nevertheless, the student will not like to have rubbed off, lest the anatomy should be injured.

Larndon. Yet better than all, is the original statue, that required no mould but the hand of its author.

Clanvoy, to Allansley. What can he mean? some blind allusion, I suppose, to ancient Greek poetry.

Allansley. O, pray let us be silent now! do not break the charm that is laid upon you by these mountains. It is profane, to talk here.

Clanvoy. Allow me only to observe that, in romantic elegance of river scenery, this neighbourhood excels all that I ever met with elsewhere. On the right, among columnar sloping rocks, you see a fall of the Conway.

Larndon. The mixture of soft foliage and rugged fragments of rock is truly splendid.

Allansley. O, that vale!

Larndon. O, my fishing-rod!

Clanvoy. O, my sketchbook!

Larndon. O, Isaac Walton!

Clanvoy. O, Geoffrey Crayon!

Allansley. This, no doubt, must have been the place where Acis met with Galatea.

Clanvoy. Only that the sea is rather too far off.

Allansley. When Polypheme wandered among those fragments of rock, they must have suggested the means of destroying his rival.

Clanvoy. If any body wishes to write pastoral music or poetry, he must, without hesitation, come down and reside in this neighbourhood, for the greater part of the summer.

Allansley. Unless he chooses to go and help Ceres to look after Proserpine.

Clanvoy. In that case he must inquire of the washerwomen at the pond of Arethoiza.*

Allansley. Well said; O, Doric shepherd!

Clanvoy. But mind what you are about; for, without being aware of it, you are treading upon the mysterious borders of Druidic tradition.

Allansley. Am I, really?

Clanvoy. The British name of Proserpine was Llurvy, and Ceres went under the name of Keridwen.

Allansley. But how then do you account for Proserpine being carried off to the kingdom of Pluto?

* The Doric pronunciation of Arethusa. This far-famed classical fountain has now become a filthy pool, tainted by the sea-water, and the soapsuds of dirty linen.

Clanvoy. It was an oriental notion, to consider all the west as the region of night, because the sun came from another direction, and seemed as if he hid himself before he could reach those nations that were out of sight. This idea, however absurd, appears, nevertheless, to have influenced the language of mythology to a great extent. The rape of Proserpine refers to the establishment of druidism in Great Britain, beyond the reach of the classic nations.

Allansley. O, Clanvoy!

Clanvoy. I'll take no pains to convince you: as to going through all the chain of argument by which it has been proved, you cannot expect me to do it. Besides, I am quite ashamed of raising such a cloud of antiquarian dust, amid all the living loveliness of nature.

Larndon. How singular these white patches of quartz are! They increase the effect of those rocks; yet I should be afraid of them, in a drawing.

Clanvoy. A firm touch, and close adherence to their other peculiarities, might enable us to introduce them with advantage; but in that vale which Allansley admired so much, there is a whole district almost entirely composed of quartz, and the effect is most extraordinary.

Allansley. Where is that?

Clanvoy. On the river Ledan, or Llydir, not very far from the castle of Dolwyddelan.*

Larndon. I should like to go there.

Clanvoy. If you scrape away the turf, in any part, or tear away any large piece of it, you find, under it, the snowy quartz, like the purest rock-salt. It put me in mind of those icebergs which are described as being covered with a stratum of soil and vegetation.

Larndon. I cannot help wondering when I consider that, all the way from Cernioge, we have been coming down hill, as you observed, lower and lower, the nearer we approach the mountains.

Clanvoy. In some places, you see the old road, either far below or above the present one. I remember it well; and I have no hesitation in saying, that the rugged grandeur of this landscape is now more striking, when contrasted with so smooth a road. The views, also, are seen from an elevation more conducive to the picturesque, from what you may call the painter's level, neither too high nor too low.

Look at that cast-iron bridge, and read the inscription that runs along the arch of it. The spandrils contain the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and the leek; the emblems of our four British nations.

* Pronounced Dōlwythèlan.

Larndon, (*reading:*) "This arch was constructed in the same year the battle of Waterloo was fought." O, how badly worded!

Clanvoy. Isn't it?

Allansley. How colloquial!

Clanvoy. If our language afforded no better specimens than that, we might well say that our public works or monuments ought all to be inscribed in Latin.

Allansley. Who wrote it?

Clanvoy. I never inquired. A public inscription ought always to avoid articles, prepositions, and pronouns: we cannot exclude them entirely, but we can avoid them. If I could have protested against this piece of common conversation being placarded here, I would have moved, as an amendment, some such inscription as this: Erected 1815, year of Waterloo. This date is not indelibly fixed in all memories; why not, therefore, note it here?

Allansley. It is a clumsy business, I admit; but how earnest you are in your objections to it.

Clanvoy. Because every thing of this kind has a tendency to perpetuate the pedantry of inscribing public works in a foreign language; for some partizan of that custom triumphantly says, on reading this, "these blunders could not have occurred in Latin; see what a sorry figure your English makes on this occasion!" Suppose it to be, on some accounts, (which I do not altogether deny,) somewhat easier to compose a good Latin inscription than an English one, (and I do not think this proves the language to be superior,) still a common degree of taste and attention to our native tongue would certainly be rewarded by success. But the fact is, we seldom bestow as much pains on our mother-tongue as we do on others; and the linguists or philosophers who investigate the laws of language, have never yet supplied us with an English grammar.

Allansley. No doubt, when it ceases to be a living language, we shall have grammarians to explain what was the construction of it.

Clanvoy. When a language is becoming obsolete, men of letters become anxious to preserve an exact record of it,

> "Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
> And leave no memory of what it was."*

The Greek accents were not used in writing till that language was losing its purity.

Allansley. On that account, I undervalue them.

* Shakspeare.

Clanvoy. Without them, you cannot understand Greek metre; nor can you catch the true spirit of historical or forensic eloquence.

Allansley. The accent must have been a musical tone.

Clanvoy. How then do you meet with it in prose? ὡ γὰς ὅλως πανταχῦ αἰδοντας, ἀλλὰ καὶ λίγοντας τυς Ἑλλήνας συρέσις.

Allansley. If used as mere emphasis, Homeric verse would be completely paralysed.

Clanvoy. The character of it is much altered, I admit; yet not, I think, for the worse, but for the better; besides, "*Truth against the world!*"

Allansley. Long quantities become short, and short ones long, to the utter confusion of all regularity.

Clanvoy. Not if you give each vowel and each diphthong their true sound.

Allansley. What is their true sound?

Clanvoy, (*pretending not to hear.*) Look at this beautifully picturesque neighbourhood! This is Bettws-y-coed. Look at that cottage, perched upon its own peculiar group of woody rocks, and accompanied by its own separate cow-pasture, or hayfield.

Allansley. Why don't you answer my question?

Clanvoy. And see how the surrounding heights retire from it, and admit the sun's warmest rays to that central spot; favored with a fertile soil, sheltered by the waving ash-trees; every circumstance combining to adorn the cottager's romantic abode!

Allansley. Why don't you answer my question?

Clanvoy. Because—because, neither the time nor place allow me so to do. Ask me some other time, Allansley; when we are on foot, when there is little or nothing to see; and I will argue upon every vowel and every diphthong, Greek, English, French, or Italian, that you can bring into the field.

There is the Vale of Llanrwst, which is now going out of sight, and the steep dark woods of Gwydir, an old Welsh mansion, belonging to Lord Gwydir.

[*The coach changes horses.*]

Allansley. What rank does the Vale of Llanrwst hold among the Welsh valleys?

Clanvoy. Grander than Llangollen, larger than Festiniog, more picturesque than Clwyd; in fact, if the north-eastern side were better wooded, I should prefer it above all. From this neighbourhood, you only see the tame side of it: the other is magnificently furnished with woods and waterfalls. It once contained a very splendid abbey, of which no trace remains at present; but the extent of it was ascertained, some years ago, by Lord Newborough, to whom the site of it belongs; and he discovered

the foundations of a large cruciform church, with nave and side aisles.

Larndon. What abbey was that?

Clanvoy. Maenan abbey; nearly four miles the other side of Llanwrst. A large part of Maenan rood-loft is now the chancel-screen of Llanrwst. How strange it is to find, in cases like these, that the stonework has been utterly destroyed, while, by some happy chance, the most fragile ornaments of woodwork have been preserved safely, by being carried elsewhere!

Allansley. Whether you give it the name of rood-loft or chancel-screen, (and they are almost synonymous,) in one case it is a superstition, and in the other, an inconvenience.

Clanvoy. I admit both, Allansley; but what say you to a custom that prevailed not long ago, of burning all these wonderful specimens of Gothic furniture? They are the models which the galleries of our modern churches must follow, if we wish to make them harmonize with the rest of the building. They furnish details of decoration for pulpits, altars, pews, and all parts of a church where woodwork is required. Ornament of this kind is the true romance of carpentry. The fancy dwells with a pleasing wonder on the florid and varied workmanship that is displayed in it; and when you turn to the meagre stiffness of modern pews, wholly destitute of taste and ornament, you cannot help wondering that, in this respect, we should have so strangely declined from the fine models of the darker ages.

Allansley. Say what you will, Clanvoy, I cannot believe that, when all other arts, and literature itself, was at such a low ebb, architecture could have been flourishing as you assert.

[*The coach goes on.*]

Clanvoy. So far I do agree with you, that nothing but ocular demonstration could have made me believe it. If you had given any time to the study of these Gothic works, you could not help agreeing with me. Certainly, the case of Greek art is very different. But I do not pretend thoroughly to explain the phenomenon; I only say, behold it,—then doubt, if you can. In the mean time, pray observe that bridge, with its arches crossing from rock to rock, and the torrent making its way through a labyrinth of strata that show all the signs of some remote convulsion.

Allansley. Is this Bettws bridge?

Clanvoy. Yes; and called also Pont y Pair: a favorite subject for the sketchbook; and well known, from being so close to the road.

Larndon. Something formal in the rocks above, and, indeed, in the bridge itself! I don't think I should select it for a subject. We have passed better things lately.

Clanvoy. We have, indeed: but I wonder, in passing by them so rapidly, that you should have become quite aware of their beauty. When you have wandered hour after hour among those rivers and their islands of rock, and those meadows where the butterfly orchis rears a tall spike of pale flowers that fill the breeze with odour; when you have spent the summer-day among the enchantments of that scenery, then Snowdon itself would hardly tempt you away from it.

Larndon. I could see from the road that there were very great varieties of situation throughout all that neighbourhood.

Clanvoy. You there see the spirit of Salvator Rosa's landscape realized far beyond your expectations. Don't you agree with me that there is nothing so difficult as to mix up rock and wood, so as to combine the peculiar beauties of each? There you may learn this great secret; ay, and learn it in perfection. The whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire, have in their turn passed through the mountains, and now the still small voice follows, when every trace of the former tumults affords an additional source of interest and beauty.

Allansley. The providential object of confusion is the ultimate establishment of order.

Larndon. Clanvoy, how can any people ever compare this road with the Simplon? I have not seen any one view that bore the slightest resemblance to it.

Clanvoy. Why, indeed, they are as unlike each other as any two roads can well be; but I suppose they are merely compared, because they were made about the same time, and have obtained equal fame.

Larndon. The Simplon road is twenty-five feet wide; what is this?

Clanvoy. Thirty.

Larndon. That regular wall is a handsomer thing than a row of small granite posts at wide intervals, which, in fact, are no security whatever.

Clanvoy. In some parts of the Simplon, the avalanches, during the spring, would break down any wall, however strong. There are two places, indeed, where they fall annually.

Larndon. But, in other parts, they might have something like a protection to the road; at present, if the horses were to back, you and your carriage would roll down a slope of several thousand feet. After all, I was rather disappointed with the Simplon.

Clanvoy. So was I, in the ascent from Bryg, until passing the first gallery; but, after that, I really do think all the glaciers of the Yungfraw are displayed in a style of barren Alpine grandeur that is both dismal and sublime.

Larndon. Why, indeed, after passing through that endless fir plantation, which bears the name, but not the character, of an Alpine forest; I own, after toiling for some hours through *that*, any change is for the better.

Clanvoy. I cannot understand how it is, that the pine-trees, although known to be of a great age, hardly ever grow to a great size, and never lose their stiff plantation appearance.

Larndon. Ugly things! and yet they flourish in perpetual youth.

Clanvoy. In some peculiar instances they improve, but, in general, they spoil Alpine scenery. They have a stiff austerity, which utterly destroys all the character of romantic luxuriance that other trees give to mountain landscape. If they were common in Wales, the country would not be worth looking at. These lower mountains cannot overcome such blemishes. We deal here in fantastic beauty, more than desolation and grandeur.

Larndon. Remove the fir-trees out of sight, and I will admire any glacier that you can set before me.

Clanvoy. Larndon, if you ever observed a white apron, or some such article of dress, laid on a bush, after washing, when the surface of it rises into a peak wherever any branch refuses to bend under it, what a perfect resemblance it has to the summit of a snow-clad Alp.

Larndon. It has,—it has!

Clanvoy. I am afraid the simile is too vulgar to introduce into my next poem, which I mean to call "The King of Ice."

Larndon. The king of ice is pine-apple ice, at least in my opinion.

Clanvoy. Allansley, don't you think Larndon should be expelled from society? The man that has recourse to arts like these, is the very pickpocket of conversation, and should be sent to Coventry, for robbing words of the meaning that belongs to them.

Allansley. I am too busy to give an opinion upon the subject.

Clanvoy. Does any thing weigh heavy upon your conscience, Allansley? To be sure, you have said some things to-day, which, if unsaid, might have been better: and they were, it must be owned, such as any man must be ashamed of: but for all that—

Allansley. How dare you misconstrue my silence, you latitudinarian partizan of all styles, nations, characters, and ages! what are your opinions? Nobody can tell: for your taste is a kind of picknick, formed of scraps collected here and there, and thrown pellmell together, without any principle of selection, or exercise of judgment.

Clanvoy. Mercy, mercy, my dear Allansley! I submit, I kneel,

I kiss the rod. Though you must allow that I have a sneaking kindness for Gothic.

Allansley. That I believe to be the very secret of your inconsistency.

Larndon. Come, Clanvoy, nominate this lately-discovered river.

Clanvoy. The Llugwi. It flows from the lakes of Capel Cerig, and forms a splendid waterfall a short way from here.

Allansley. Do we pass by it?

Clanvoy. Within a few yards; but without seeing it.

Larndon. What a pity!

Clanvoy. Farther on, there is another fall, not much inferior, on the same river, which you *do* see.

Allansley. Who has been planting all these larches?

Clanvoy. They belong, I believe, to Gwydir. I have no objection to them, as a contrast for the oak and birch-groves on our left.

Larndon. O, who has been building that cockney affair, that summer-house, on the top of the rock before us?

Clanvoy. It will not bear looking at closely: but, seen from this distance, it makes the landscape a better subject for sketching than it would otherwise be. In the chasm beneath, is the waterfall of Rhaiadr y Wenal. You may hear it now!

Allansley. A fine sound of growling thunder, louder or fainter as the breeze varies!

Clanvoy. This fall, when full of water, is a fine thing to see from the woody bank under the road. It is in two chief divisions, and has all the foaming fury that makes a cataract interesting. We are now passing it: you can only see the very top, where the water begins to turn over.

Allansley. Well, here is a new mountain,—O, no, I suppose it is the same that we saw before.

Clanvoy. Moel Siabod, third in height after Snowdon; a beautifully picturesque mountain from here; the other side is a dull gradual slope.

Larndon. O, Clanvoy; what a study for colouring! That is the kind of mountain that you begin to colour from nature: then a new effect of light and shadow arises, which you cannot think of leaving, but, before you can put it in, a third alteration takes place, and, at length, your paper is one mass of blackness and confusion.

Clanvoy. But observe, how highly finished, and how various, not only the colouring, but the outline, also, is. How exquisite all those variations are from heath to rock, and from rock to turf; while the

transitory sunbeam strays here and there, and, like the Hungarian opal, darts, among brown shadows, the keen flashes of prismatic brightness!

Allansley. What is happening there? a cloud has fallen over the steep ridge, and is twined, like a fillet of blue and silver, among the shattered and rocky ledges. O, what a magnificent lonely wilderness that is, where the rolling cloud, like the sea-wave crested with foam, dashes against the gigantic pyramids of Moel Siabod!

Clanvoy.

From the quiet vale, and the meadow green,
Where the cottage lurks in shady bowers,
Yon towering mountain-tops are seen,
That appear unlike any world of ours.
They arise, they arise! They ascend for ever!
They ascend amid air,
To the raging storm, or balmy zephyr!
To the foul or fair!

The majestic rocks are garlanded
With a wreath of clouds, as fair to behold
As the lily's white and fragrant head,
When the blossom shines with dust of gold.
They arise, they arise! They ascend for ever!
They ascend high in air,
Amid angry storms, or sultry weather,
They are as they were!

Allansley. Greek Anapæst again, I suppose: well, I will condescend so far as to tolerate it; but as to approving of it, that is quite another affair.

Clanvoy. I would recommend you to be careful how you commit yourself, on this undecided question: it would injure your diplomatic reputation. Look, here is a small, newly-built, cream-coloured inn, which goes by the name of Dol-Gam. Here we might stop, if you are very much enchanted with the neighbourhood; but Capel Cerig is two miles off, and you cannot ascend Snowdon without going there.

Larndon. On, on, I say, by all means!

Allansley. On, Clanvoy, on!

Clanvoy. Under that fine precipice of Moel Siabod, there is a mountain pool, called Llyn Voel Siabod, and, near it, the royal castle of Dolwyddelan, at present a mere fragment, was the residence of Yorwerth Drwyndwn, son of Owen Gwynedd. It was also the birthplace of Llewelyn the Great, who reigned fifty-six years. Yorwerth lost the Welsh crown in consequence of a personal blemish, a scar in his face, which, by the laws of Wales, excluded him from the succession. But in the reign of our first Richard, in 1195 or 6, Llewelyn ap Yorwerth, son of Drwyndwn,

asserted his claim, and succeeded his usurping uncle, Davydd ap Owain. The neighbourhood of Dolwyddelan is wild and lonely. That semicircular crater of Moel Siabod, opening towards it, forms a fine background; and the ruins of two towers, belonging to the castle, ornament a craggy knoll, near to which are some extensive slate quarries, that rather injure the character of the scene. From the top of Moel Siabod, you have a bird's-eye view of Dolwyddelan: but it is a kind of place you should go to, prepared with some notion of its history, with plenty of time at your disposal, to contemplate the ghost of Cambrian royalty. Moreover, on such occasions, I would almost rather lose my way, than take any guide.

I feel an interest in Dolwyddelan, as the birthplace, and, most likely, the residence of Llewelyn ap Yorwerth, who truly deserves to be called "the Great." When the archbishop of Canterbury came, with some other bishops, to mediate between him and Henry III., he allowed himself to use threatening language to Llewelyn, as to the king's power, and the influence which the English clergy would exert against him, if he refused a reconciliation; Llewelyn replied, that he regarded more the king's charity and piety, than he feared his arms, or dreaded his clergy.

Allansley. That is, indeed, a fine rebuke; a religious, brave, and royal answer.

Clanvoy. It contains in itself the temperate, polished, and active spirit of a true hero.

Allansley. I hear the sound of a waterfall.

Clanvoy. There it is: no great body of water; but finely disposed among the rocks. Let us be proud of our torrents, and our transparent rivers; for these are what you cannot see abroad. In river scenery we excel. O, if I had leisure for such work, I could really spend a life in sketching these rocky channels, and their spotty patches of grass or flowers, or black and yellow mosses! here, a gurgling fall, sparkling and frothing like soda-water; there, a deep, dark, brownish green pool: it is the incredibly high finish, in all the most unfrequented corners of these rivers, that wins me on to gaze and gaze, till I dream away whole hours in admiration.

Larndon. Ah! my friend, Eryri! cloudless, I declare: and in full glory!

Clanvoy. There it is, indeed, looking as well as ever. Allansley, there is Eryri, the Welsh Ararat; upon which, Hû Gadarn's ark rested: and the Welsh Parnassus, where the poet-making stone* is to be seen: a mountain, famous, in all ages, for legendary lore, and poetical inspiration.

* Careg y Bardd, on the western side of Snowdon.

Allansley. How far off is it from hence?

Clanvoy. It is five miles to the foot of it; and the chief summit is the farthest of those three. Now you may see the inn of Capel Cerig; and, beyond it, a glimpse of one of the lakes: nearer to us, the small chapel of St. Curig, from whom the place itself is called Capel Curig; no doubt, the right reading, but Capel Cerig is more common, and both have appropriate meanings. The coach will set us down within about a quarter of a mile from the inn; as the Holyhead road cuts towns and inns, without the least remorse, when they are out of the shortest line.

Our readers, we suppose, will not be particularly desirous of having an exact and verbatim report of the proceedings relative to our passengers, on their stopping at a place called the Capel Cerig tap-room, where the coach changed horses, between two and three in the afternoon. Whatever is usually done or said as to settling about coachmen, guards, or luggage, was done and said on this occasion; and the only circumstance worth recording was, that Allansley's carpet-bag was very near going on to Holyhead, the owner's attention being so much engrossed by the splendid appearance of Snowdon, that he almost overlooked matters of more immediate importance to his comfort.

At length, however, our three friends, and their luggage, arrived at the inn of Capel Cerig, where they were shown into a large parlour at the north-west end of the house, a room hung round with maps, and magnificent engravings from the pictures of Rubens. Having ascertained their respective bedrooms, and ordered an early dinner, they strolled out into the garden until it was ready.

The sky was of that aërial and shadowy character which throws over the mountains of Snowdon so peculiar a charm, and the gleams of light that followed each other along the heights of Moel Siabod were so brilliant, as entirely to absorb Allansley's attention: almost unconscious of every thing else, he stood looking up at the dazzling procession of lights and shadows; and any careful observer might have witnessed, in his countenance, the development of a thousand new ideas which had been laying dormant in the plains of England.

Clanvoy and Larndon, to whom the scene had less of novelty, walked at some distance; and Clanvoy said, "How natural was that wish of poor Cowper's, that he might see a mountain of which he could only form a notion from the works of the painter or the poet! How naturally we turn to gaze upon these monuments of creative power, as if they could reveal to us the secrets of heaven! Is it mere earth, and rock and turf, that we see arrayed in such a robe of glory? Wait for one moment; and what a change! Who that has not seen it, can believe it?"

Larndon. I would give a good deal to have had that effect on paper. Let me see! Can I remember it? No: it is beyond all imitation.

Clanvoy. Don't say so. Nothing that the eye can reach at one glance is beyond the reach of art. I'll say more: nothing that the eye can reach *at all* is beyond the reach of art, since the invention of the panorama.

Larndon. True perspective and colouring can produce wonders, I own. If you would fix me to one spot, you may succeed in deceiving me; but the moment I move, the cheat is discovered.

Clanvoy. If it were not that we see all things from two different points at the same time, which gives us the power of seeing round any thin poles or bars; if it were not for this, painting might be, as far as the eye is concerned, a facsimile of nature. In fact, you know, if the space between the eyes be considered as one inch, the dimensions of every large point-blank object will be to us one inch wider than the reality. This inch, in perspective, may become several feet or yards, according to the distance from the spectator. Hence, if I stand in the same place, and put my hand over one eye, the view is not precisely the same as what I see with both.

Larndon. Of course not.

Clanvoy. The difference is most evident in architectural scenery.

Come, let us take Allansley away, and make him look at Snowdon instead of Moel Siabod.

Allansley, this is not the place, nor is that the mountain, which you came to see. Come down the shrubbery-walk, and eulogize Eryri.

[*They walk down.*]

Larndon. How often I have seen this view, in all the varieties of drawing; from the fair but incorrect hand of some lady, to the more practised mannerism of a London artist! That wild moor-land lake, and, beyond it, that most elegant of all mountains; I recognise them as old acquaintance, though I never was here before.

Clanvoy. This view looks well, from sunrise to noonday; so that now you do not see it advantageously: we are too late. I have seen it early on a fine morning, when every summit, and every variation of colour upon each, had a duplicate in the lake below: so transparent was the glassy water that, had it not been for the deep reflection of the blue sky which pervaded the whole extent of it, you could not have perceived the boundaries of the shore. You almost held your breath, for fear of disturbing the profound repose. No language can do justice to such a scene: it was the most perfect image of tranquillity that I ever met with, in landscape.

Allansley. How very different this is from what I expected.

Clanvoy. Disappointed, eh?

Allansley. No, any thing but that. But who can understand, from any drawing or description, the scene that we have now before us? Never, in all my life, was my curiosity so roused as by what I now see. I had no idea that there was so great a separation between the different parts of Snowdon; and that wild valley, spreading among them, looks like the very cradle of romance.

Clanvoy. It is partly filled by three mountain lakes, one of which is very large. The grandeur and interest of Snowdon is much increased by the fine sheets of water that are met with in all directions, and some at high elevations. If the ancient forests were still remaining, we could wish for nothing more. Trees are now sadly wanted in all this neighbourhood. When Leland wrote, the woods of Capel Cerig were noted for their timber, and all Eryri, that is to say, all Snowdonia, was covered with forest. In old writers, however, this word, forest, appears usually to mean a bushy tract with scattered woods, and very seldom ground entirely covered with timber trees. I am told, that a magnificent oak wood covered a rising bank on the other side of the river, east from here, within the recollection of old inhabitants: and the ground looks like the site of an old wood.

There's the waiter coming to tell us dinner's ready! no bad news: come along!

[*They return to the house.*]

Larndon. Is this front newly slated on the walls? what a curious effect it has!

Clanvoy. No, it was done many years ago, and seems as if it would never lose its freshness. No lichens appear to be spreading over it; nor does it seem to decompose at all, though, if any climate could give it a sharp trial, this must have done so before now. When I see an instance of this kind, I take it as a warning, to judge rather by the material itself, than by the climate, how long any work may last. There are some slates which are lacquered with gold lichen in three years after putting up; yet those of the same colour, from other quarries, will preserve their sharpness in any climate or situation.

Larndon. How valuable in a country like this the possession of such a material is! upon which time and weather appear to have no effect.

Our three travellers, on returning to the house, immediately sat down to dinner. The only things that we shall condescend to notice, were some Ogwen trout, (from the lake of that name; about five miles from Capel Cerig, on the Bangor road;) their flesh of a

deep salmon colour, and of that peculiarly high flavor, which, for want of a more expressive term, we shall denominate *Alpine.*

Evan Jones, the harper, now began to tune his instrument, and a succession of elegant Welsh airs, played in a passage leading to the parlour, accompanied the proceedings of dinner. The first which he played was called "The Lleweni Forester," a modern Welsh air of great beauty.

We cannot think of any thing else that peculiarly distinguished this repast from what an English inn of the same stamp would furnish; and therefore we shall forbear to insert any select passages from Dr. Kitchener in this very serious and faithful record.

Our object, and that of our intimate friends, Larndon, Allansley, and Clanvoy, is to take all opportunities of becoming familiar with Welsh mountain scenery. To attain this, we will put up with any thing, and go any where, provided the beds do not give us a curtain lecture on entomology. We do not mean to undergo great fatigue; we have had enough of that absurdity, to our cost: and it suits our talkative disposition least of all, for we find that great bodily fatigue is a most effectual check to conversation. But we can cheerfully dispense with the luxuries, and ordinary comforts of life, when, by so doing, we can more fully partake of those glories which encompass and amaze the mountain-tourist. These, for the time, are *our* comforts, and, for a time, we prefer them to the others. Besides, we have travelled abroad; and have observed that those various things, and combinations of things, called comforts, are almost unknown to the rest of Europe. We do not, on that account, undervalue or despise them; for our fellow-countrymen are at present employed in teaching them to our continental neighbours; but we are less annoyed at missing them.

During dinner, Allansley and Larndon were much amused by Clanvoy's advice to the waiter respecting them: "Waiter! I recommend you to be particularly civil and attentive to those two gentlemen, for they are going to publish an account of their Welsh tour. I assure you, some inns have suffered greatly from their inattention to travellers of this description." The person addressed, replied, "Very well, sir; I will show them the best attention in my power." "And waiter!" continued Clanvoy, "among the people that come here, observe those who have with them a journal, or a portfolio: those gentlemen you should respect and honour more than the most noble of your visitors.

Larndon and *Allansley.* Ha, ha! Well said, Clanvoy!

Clanvoy. Larndon, do you remember the complacent ignorance with which the masters of some inns abroad would hand us their "Livre des Voyageurs," the said book meanwhile containing

the most awful warning against the establishment where it was kept?

Larndon. O, how delightful it was to see that "the groans of the Britons" were mistaken by their oppressors for applause and approbation! How I rejoiced in the difference of language, that gave us all such an effectual power of publishing our displeasure. I remember one or two penitent innkeepers.

Clanvoy. Do you? I thought they never could repent.

Larndon. These did; or, at least, professed repentance. In the midst of their guilty profits, they suddenly found their character gone, and their house deserted. The quickness with which information against any inn reached all the English travelling that road was wonderful; it was telegraphic, electric. And what could a man do but repent and amend, when there were no longer any strangers to impose upon? But in our country, no less than abroad, the melancholy fact is too plain, that no man so quietly submits to extortion, from an innkeeper, as an Englishman.

Clanvoy. It's very true. These are the smaller things in which we are not so bold as in matters of higher moment.

Larndon. Clanvoy, what air is the harper playing?

Clanvoy. "Nos Galan," (new-year's-night;) a fine, solemn, stanzaic melody; perhaps druidic in its origin: at all events, of great antiquity.

Allansley. There is in it a delicious wildness; it is quite the echo of a long-past age.

Clanvoy. To me these airs are associated so completely with mountain scenery, that when I hear them played in England, they have the effect of magic; and Snowdonia, with all its array of gleaming clouds, appears to rise from the very sound of the music.

Larndon. What a large establishment this appears to be in point of building!

Clanvoy. This inn of Capel Cerig was the creation of the late Lord Penrhyn, to whom Carnarvonshire is indebted for improvements of almost every kind. He seems to have been a most active and patriotic nobleman. He brought this part of North Wales into the notice of the English traveller, by making roads, opening slate-quarries, building inns, and, in short, accelerating the march of wealth, knowledge, and commerce, to a wonderful degree. On his labours, as on a broad foundation, all that has been since done here, has depended. The direction of the grand Irish road through Nant Frangon, and the late exertions of government in completing it, are merely the following up of his designs; and had he not lived, the mail would have been going to

this day along the vale of Llanrwst, instead of threading these mountain-passes with skilful ease, and without any loss of time.

These two large rooms, at the west end of the house, were his private apartments, and this was his dining-room. Those very fine prints were first put here by him: they are good impressions, and in fair preservation. Some are allegorical, some are historical, or rather a mixture of both; relating to France, in the time of Henry IV. In one of them, the engraver forgot that the impression of his plate would be inverted: this does not materially change the effect in general: but, in the case of Apollo drawing his bow, it is a great pity to see it in his right hand instead of his left, which is contrary to all acknowledged rules of archery. One cannot help feeling surprised at meeting with such engravings here: indeed, this place altogether is only to be accounted for by knowing that Lord Penrhyn was its founder.

After dinner, our travellers, at the suggestion of Clanvoy, strolled among some large rocks, on the side of Glydair Vach, about a quarter of a mile from the inn. Here they met with a very fine obelisk of rock, leaning forward, and perhaps about thirty feet high. All these cliffs are, more or less, of a columnar structure; and seem like the top of a great precipice, the lower parts of which have been buried under the soil, while the pressure from above has thrown the upper edge of it rather beyond the base. "Larndon," said Clanvoy, "pray observe the grandeur of style in these rocks; they are not wonderful in point of size, but there is a fine contrast between the signs of convulsion that they exhibit, and the evidence of their long continuance as they are, which the lichens, mosses, and ferns, growing on them, afford. I rather suspect this contrast is the secret of that peculiar interest which attaches to mountain landscape. We *trace* confusion, but we *find* repose."

Larndon. I tell you what I should like: to have a large board, covered with two or three sheets of roughish paper, pasted all together; a table it should be, rather than a board; say, a yard long, and two feet wide. Then I would sit down, opposite these rocks, from nine to eleven, one day; from nine to eleven, the next day; and so on, till I had realized their full effect on paper, both as to light and shadow, and as to varieties of colour.

Clanvoy. Well, I'll tell you what the result would be. Almost without being aware of it, you would acquire a degree of knowledge in the colouring of rock, far greater than any professional artist has hitherto obtained.

Larndon. There is now no hope of success in landscape, without an intensely diligent observation of nature. Away with your outlines! Bring out your brushes in the face of day, and let the sun have the honour of drying up your colours!

Clanvoy. O, Larndon, if you despise outline, you despise correctness. I wont enter into the controversy between outline and colour, which is the same as between painting and sculpture, but give both due praise. O, study both! for are they not the flesh and bones of our art? Yet, if I cannot have both, give me outline, as the knowledge of things, rather than colour, which relates to their appearance only.

Our friends now returned to the inn, where they made arrangements for ascending Snowdon on the morrow; of which excursion we will endeavour to give as faithful a report as we have hitherto given of their coach adventures.

C. L.

[*To be continued.*]

FROM THE FRENCH ("BEAUCOUP D'AMOUR") OF DE BÉRANGER.

For the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

I.

Let the sage poet storm and sing
'Gainst misers and their foster'd gold,
Still would I hoarded treasures bring,
And all at Mary's feet unfold.
Mary! I'd serve thy least caprice,
For thee I'd make the world mine own;
Yet dost I not on avarice,
My heart is fixed on love alone.

II.

To sing of lovely Mary's name,—
Ah! were I blessed with poesy,
My verse should echo with her fame,
And outlive immortality—
Our loves, our constancy, full well
Should be to distant ages known;
Yet glory holds no luring spell,
My heart is fixed on love alone.

III.

Should Providence e'er grant it mine
A monarch's duty to fulfil,
Gladly would I my charge resign,
My power, my all, to Mary's will,—
Humbly, yet fondly, would I be
A serving vassal at her throne;
Ambition has no charms for me,
My heart is fixed on love alone.

IV.

At fate's decree 'tis vain to frown,—
  Thy charms can aught else mortal move,—
Wealth, regal dignity, renown,
  Alike subservient are to love.
Mary, with thee I cease to pine,
  By thee th' assault of care's o'erthrown;
Nor fame, nor rank, nor wealth, is mine,
  My heart is bless'd with love alone.

KYFFIN.

STUDIES IN BRITISH HISTORY.

NO. I.

THE DESCENT AND SUCCESSION OF THE KINGS.

To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I PRESUME that researches in genealogy will not be excluded from the pages of a miscellany devoted to the interests of a country, whose inhabitants, time out of mind, have been notorious for their love of pedigrees. Besides, I cannot but think that investigations of this kind throw considerable light upon many very obscure portions of our history; for myself, I must say, it has given me a much clearer and more connected view of our history, than I have been able to obtain by any other means, and has served to clear away many obscurities and ambiguities from our *printed* historical records, which, without this aid, would remain involved in mystery. In fact, by laying before us family ties and the connexions of kindred, it gives us a better opportunity of penetrating into the motives of individuals, and thus enables us to take a clearer and more comprehensive view of our history.

I annex a chart of the genealogical descent of the British kings, and shall trouble you with a few observations upon some of the difficulties in which I find the subject involved; perhaps some of your correspondents may be able to clear it of its ambiguities. The reader will observe, as he proceeds, that the whole is compiled from *printed* documents; if, therefore, it be incorrect, the foundation of the incorrectness must be sought for in those sources from which it is taken, and a discussion of the subject may enable us to

correct any inaccuracies which may be discovered in that portion of our literary documents which is in the hands of the public.

It is not for me, at present, to enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of *Brut y Breninoedd.* Tradition has assumed *Brutus* as the first king of Britain, and that tradition the Brut has followed. In giving, therefore, the succession of the British sovereigns, I bow to this traditionary record, and give the names as I find them in the Brut and our other chroniclers.

For the better illustration of the chart, I would divide it into three periods; the fabulous, the doubtful, and the authentic. The limits of these respective periods I would thus fix: the fabulous from *Brutus* to *Dyvnwal Moelmud;* the doubtful from *D. Moelmud* to *Beli Mawr;* and the authentic from *Beli Mawr* to *Cadwaladr.*

There are some interesting associations connected with the first division: in its compass are embraced *Lear* and *Gorbodue,* names which the British muse has immortalized. There are, however, some difficulties connected with this part of the genealogy. Endebrie, in Cambria Triumphans, makes *Sitsyllt* (16), the brother of *Gorwst* (15), whilst others make him his son. *Cynvarch* and *Iago* (17 and 18,) are here given as the sons of *Sitsyllt,* whilst the book of Havod makes *Iago* to be the son of *Gorwst,* (Myvyrian Archæiology, vol. ii. p. 137, n. 2.) Pughe, in his Cambrian Biography, gives *Cynvarch* the son of *Sitsyllt* as (18), and *Cynvarch Gwrvyw Dygu* as (19), which, I cannot help thinking, is an evident error; he also omits (20) altogether; but I think there can be no doubt, (if I may so express myself, in speaking of a doubtful period,) of that number, as here given.

I have found considerable difficulty in connecting the first and second period together. Pughe, as above stated, omits (20), but gives *D. Moelmud* as (21). Williams, in Observations on the Snowdon Mountains, p. 165, marries *Rhegan,* the daughter of *Lear,* to *Henwen* duke of Cornwall, and so connects *Lear* with *D. Moelmud.* Almost all writers agree in making *D. Moelmud,* the son of *Clydno,* a prince of Cornwall. Pughe gives this descent, in the Cambrian Biography; but he also gives another, namely, *D. Moelmud,* ab *Dyvnvarth Hen,* ab *Prydain,* ab *Aedd Mawr,* (Camb. Biog. p. 238;) all names as authentic and familiar as those given by others, but here *Clydno* is not mentioned. The Myvyrian Archaiology, vol. ii. p. 584, connects the two periods differently. These *Cunedda, Rhiwallon, Gorwst,* and *Sitsyllt,* (13, 14, 15, and 16,) are made to descend from *Rhegan,* and not from *Goneril,* as in the pedigree; and the two periods are connected through *Aedd Mawr,* and *Prydain;* thus, *Beli Mawr,* ab *Manogan,* ab *Eneit,* ab *Cyrwyt,* ab *Crydon,* ab *Dyvnvarth,* ab *Prydain,* ab *Aedd Mawr,* ab *Antonius,* ab *Seiriol,* ab *Gorwst,* ab *Rhiwallon,* ab *Cunedda,* ab *Rhegan,* ab

Llyr. Here, however, another difficulty arises, so as to prevent us correcting ourselves, for after *Eneit*, all the intermediate succession is passed over, until we arrive at *Manogan*, the father of *Beli Mawr*.

Rowland says, (Mona Antiqua Restaurata, p. 146,) "The Cornwall family some time after, under the usurpation of Vortigern, *one of that lineage*, who invited over the Saxons to their aid, had great struggles with those very Saxons, who would fain have appropriated all to themselves. And after him, the same struggles went on, under the successive reigns of Aurelius Ambrosius, Uthur Pendragon, Arthur, and Constantine, *all of that family*." If the adjoining scheme be in any degree correct, I cannot conceive how it can be possibly made to appear that *Aurelius*, *Arthur*, &c. are of the same family as *Vortigern*.

Pughe gives numbers 24, 26, 27, and 28, but omits 25; it is here supplied, from Endebrie, in the person of *Mor*.

The succession from *Sitsyllt* (54), to *Beli Mawr* (64), is given, in the Myv. Arch., through *Blegrwyd*, instead of through *Arthonel*. Tysilio's Chronicle gives *Sawl Ben Uchel*, for *Sawl Ben Isel;* Williams gives *Rhydion*, for *Rhodawr;* Pugh gives *Por* and *Cai*, for *Pyr* and *Capoir;* and Eudebrie gives *Dinellus*, for *Manogan*. Pugh says, *Fulgen*, *Eidal*, and *Andryw*, (43, 44, and 45,) the sons of *Ceryn;* in turning over his biography, however, no such name as *Ceryn* is to be found: I presume it must be a misprint for Ceraint. I conceive that the paragraph I am now writing is quite sufficient to justify the discussion of genealogical subjects; it proves, beyond dispute, that our printed records contradict each other, and even, occasionally, themselves. These errors ought to be corrected, and, in bringing them to public notice, I think I am assisting in the work of reformation.

There are some difficulties and discrepancies in the last part of the pedigree. Pughe gives a different descent to *Lucius* (73); he makes him the son of *Coel*, ab *Cyllin*, ab *Caradog*, ab *Bran;* but he is the only one that I have yet seen who gives him such patronage.

"After Lucius," says Tysilio, (Roberts' Tysilio, p. 96,) "great disorders prevailed, and many sovereigns arose from plebeian origin, as fortune and circumstances favored them:" among these, he enumerates Caron and Alectus; "but his tyranny being insupportable, the Britons elected Asclepiodotus earl of Cornwall." These sovereigns appear to have been but passing shadows, for we have no authority for ranking any king between *Lucius* and *Asclepiodotus*. I am not aware of any printed authority which we have, for discovering who this *Asclepiodotus* was, except Rowlands. He says, (Mona, p. 165,) that he was *Bran* ab *Dyr;* and, according to this authority, the annexed scheme is formed.

There appears to me to be some difficulty respecting the marriages of *Coel Godebog* and *Macsen Wledig; Macsen*, ab *Llywelyn*, ab *Cynedda Wledig*, ab *Coel Godebog*, marries *Ellen*, daughter of *Eudav;* whilst *Coel* marries *Ystrawell*, daughter of *Cadwallon*, ab *Cynan*, ab *Eudro*. Thus *Macsen*, in four degrees after *Coel*, marries a woman two degrees earlier than the wife of *Coel*, making a discrepancy of six degrees. Roberts, however, in his translation of Tysilio, makes the affair still more perplexing, for he says that *Macsen* could not be the son of *Llywelyn*, but was of much later date. If this be the fact, the discrepancy must be much greater than what is before stated.

Some writers make *Cynan Meriadawg* the nephew, and some the brother, of *Elen*; the triads favor the latter. (Myv. Arch. vol. ii. p. 60.) Rowlands, however, makes him the son of *Mynywydan* ab *Bran*.

I cannot think it altogether devoid of difficulty how *Maelgwn Gwynedd*, the third from *Cunedda Wledig*, should be the ninetieth sovereign, and *Caredig*, the son of *Cunedda*, afterwards succeed him.

The descent of *Uther Pendragon* is, by some writers, (Camb. Biog. p. 340, and Cymmrodorion Transactions, vol. ii. p. 140,) given differently. It is here given, for the reader's perusal, *Meurny*, or *Uther Pendragon*, ab *Tewdrig*, ab *Teithwallt*, ab *Mynan*, ab *Urban*, ab *Edrig*, ab *Breichrwy*, ab *Meurig*, ab *Meirchion*, ab *Gwryon Vrych*, ab *Arthonel*, ab *Ennydd*, ab *Gorddwyn*, ab *Gorug*, ab *Meirchion Vawd Milwr*, ab *Owen*, ab *Cynillin*, ab *Curadog*, ab *Bran*.

The immensely extensive field of historical inquiry laid open in the adjoining pedigree is very tempting; but I must not mount my hobby, for he is rather ungovernable, and may carry me far beyond due bounds. Should the observations I have made come within the range of your plan, their insertion may, perhaps, induce some of your able correspondents to clear up some of the difficulties which I have pointed out. O. N. Y.

Gwent Iscoed, May 8, 1829.

THE GOLDEN GOBLET,

IN IMITATION OF GÖTHE.

THERE was a king in Mon,*
A true lover to his grave;
To whom in death his lady
A golden goblet gave.

* Anglesey.

When Christmas bowls were circling,
And all was joy and cheer,
He passed that goblet from him,
With a kiss and with a tear.

When death he felt approaching,
To all his barons bold,
He left some fair dominion—
To none, that cup of gold.

He sate at royal banquet,
With all his lordly train,
In the castle of his fathers,
On the rock above the main.

Upstood the tottering monarch,
And drank the cup's last wine;
Then flung the holy goblet,
Deep, deep, into the brine.

He watch'd it, bubbling, sinking,
Far, far, beneath the wave;
And the light sank from his eyelid,
With the cup his lady gave.

ETYMOLOGY OF CERIG Y DRUIDION.

For the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

On the Holyhead road, ten miles from Corven, is situated the village known, from time immemorial, by the name of Ceryg y Drudion, literally signifying, *the stones of the daring ones;* but which, by adding a Welsh termination to the English word *druid*, a late inhabitant of that place has whimsically transformed into Cerrig y Druidion, and rendered by him, of course, the stones of the druids. There are old people who recollect an aggregate of stones, on the west side of the church, now nearly all dispersed; and among them were some large flags, forming a *cist vaen*, or stone chest; and which common tradition represents to have been the prison of Cynvrig Rwth, a lawless chieftain, who confined his captives therein.

The insertion of these particulars in the Cambrian may serve as a caution to such as dabble in etymologies, not to be too hasty in giving currency to opinions, unsupported by a knowledge of our language and by matters of fact.

Meirion.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Rev. T. Price on the Physiognomy of the Inhabitants of Britain and some neighbouring Continental Nations.—Rodwell, Bond-street. 8vo.

NOTHING is more naturally interesting, more intrinsically beautiful, than the human face divine; it is only because, like the light of heaven, it is familiar, that we regard it with indifference. Shakspeare has, accordingly, made his Merandola consider the shipwrecked Ferdinand as a being of a higher order than even the spirits of the isle of Enchantment.

Prospero. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what seest thou 'yond.
Merandola. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about; believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form; but 'tis a spirit!
Prospero. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck, and but he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mayst call him
A goodly person; he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
Merandola. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble!"

The Tempest.

The human features and stature, however, are like the animal and vegetable kingdom, flexible to the influences of varying food, civilization, and temperature. Indeed, so great is the difference between the stolid and corpulent Esquimaux, and the Arabian, fierce and elegant as his own courser, that some physiologists have concluded, that the different nations of the earth must have sprung from races aboriginally distinct. When it is recollected, however, that those animals, which can endure the change from a warm to a cold climate, are enabled to do so chiefly by the wise provisions of nature; if in them the hair of southern countries is known to soften down into wool amongst the polar snows, it is but rational to expect, that man, whose constitution enables him to vanquish all vicissitudes of temperature, must be liable to analogous metamorphoses. We may fairly presume, that the increased facility with which every colonist, by habit, defies the rigors of a new climate, must be accompanied by revolutions in his frame, less

visible, but not less certain, than that distention of muscle which exertion produces, and on which bodily vigor depends.

"In whatever portion of the torrid zone," argues Mr. Price, "any nation is found, which has existed there for a few generations, the complexion invariably partakes of the dark or melanic character, even though it be among the descendants of the blue-eyed Goths and Vandals. The Xanthous warriors of Genseric cannot, at this day, be recognised amongst their descendants in Africa, and yet it is hardly credible that they should all have been extirpated.

"The Jews have frequently been instanced as a confirmation of the influence of climate; and, being an unmixed people, they afford a striking example. Those of Poland and Germany having assumed the European complexion, while those of Africa are as swarthy as the Moors themselves. And the various shades of complexion among them will be found proportioned to the time they have been settled in different climates."

Again, the gypsies of Hindostan are black, according to bishop Heber; and the Arabs of the desert, remarks our author, (from Dr. Prichard,) from their continual exposure to the sun and atmosphere, are swarthy, and some almost black; whereas, those of *the same race*, who are protected from their influence, are often exceedingly fair.

The varieties in the texture of the skull is an effect depending upon less general causes than peculiarities of complexion, which may mainly be attributed to climate. Yet, that the solid parts of the face do change, has been satisfactorily shown by the investigations of Professor Camper, who, from his profession, must have been cautious and accurate in his observations.—"Mr. West, the artist, pointed out to him some peculiarities in the skull of an Anglo-American, which were observable also in the English born in America."

We can produce a curious instance of the truth contended for by our author from a popular work on South America. In the vice-regal palace at Lima, there is a series of portraits of all the viceroys sent out from Spain, from Pizarro, the first conqueror, downwards; and it is interesting, says our authority, to observe the gradual transition from the Moorish lineaments of Pizarro to the modern Spanish feature. The original of the last link of this physiognomical pedigree, was driven across the atlantic by the arms of San Martin and the Peruvian patriots. But we think we can add still stronger arguments. The conformation of the Mongol countenance is one of the strongest contrasts to that of a civilized European; to that of the Laplander, says Dr. Clarke, it is nearly similar. That intelligent traveller, however, afterwards confines this observation to the Nomade Lap, who adheres reverently to primitive habits of filth and wandering, and is short, swarthy, and feeble. In the mean time, the civilized native of even the most remote districts of Lapland, is only distinguishable

from his more southern neighbours by his diminutive size.* An interesting demonstration which has been produced, of the original identity of these dwarfish and pusillanimous Laps, with the fierce and chivalrous Hungarians, puts the subject in a still more striking point of view. Yet the difference between the Huns, when they first appeared on the frontiers of the Roman empire, and the Nomade Laplanders, was not greater than that which now exists between the Lap and the Mongol. They are described as so deformed and hideous, that it was believed they were the progeny of dæmons; and it has often been remarked, that the descriptions of them are strictly applicable to a Mongol horde. But the most conclusive instance of all, is the circumstance, that children born in New South Wales have, universally, blue eyes and light hair.†

"Even the negroes of Africa, themselves, differ extremely in physiognomy; some tribes being woolly headed, other slank-haired; some tall and well-grown, others short and ill-shaped; and, we may add, some of them have the projecting upper lip, whilst others possess all the traits of European beauty.

Upon the whole, we think Mr. Price has satisfactorily and amusingly shown the mutability of complexion, face, and figure, in the human race. The error of most of those whose conclusions our author supports, is, that they have ascribed to climate too much, and to less general causes too little: the gigantic stature of the ancient Germans may be accounted for by the woody and uncultivated country they inhabited; it is observable, that the Anglo Americans approximate to the aborigines of the American forest, in this respect, more rapidly than in feature. The deformed obecity of the Calmuck and the Esquimaux, may be legitimately accounted for, by the first living entirely on train-oil, and the latter on raw flesh; any similarity of climate is quite out of the question. The greater part of this work is devoted to an hypothesis, to which some will consider its novelty a sufficient answer; others, among whom we must number ourselves, whilst they admit that, as far as the observation of one man will go on such a subject, the proposition has been proved, will still suspend their judgment, till a fuller inquiry. This theory is that, the difference in the colour of the hair and the eye is very much influenced by coal fires and the vicinity of coal strata. Startling as this proposition may appear, it is indisputable that, the constitutions of men and animals are affected as deeply, by much more subtile and à priori improbable influences; the complexion of the shoemaker, nay, of his spouse, will be found to derive a particular hue, from the exhalations of the materials of his trade; the smith is distinguished from the agricultural labourer, not only by a pallid, but by a dingy tint. Difference of language might have an effect on some portions of the face; the passions of the mind, obviously,

* See Dr. Clarke's Scandinavia. † Cunningham's New South Wales.

produce transient changes in its shape, which, often repeated, become its fixed character; the culture of the mind has also its effect; and improvement in the moral and intellectual character, both, manifestly add to the physical beauty of the countenance.

Strange to say, the last half-century has produced writers, who maintain not only that black skins and white skins, but that black eyes and blue eyes, red hair and black hair, are infallible characteristics of a distinction of race: traits, all of which are often to be met with in one family. But the theorist, like jealousy, must "make the food he feeds on," must be permitted to assume, in peace, all facts necessary to his theories, or his occupation's gone. We are, accordingly, told that all the Goths, both of Germany and Scandinavia, had red hair; although the Edda and the Scalds, are profuse in their praises of the beautiful fair hair of the northern gods and heroes. Of the god, Balder, it is said, "to comprehend the beauty of his hair, you should know that, the *whitest* of all vegetables is called the eyebrow of Balder." Dr. M'Calloch very innocently admits the prevalence of his Gothic blue eye in North Wales, one of the most purely Celtic countries, but ascribes it, from what historical authority we know not, to a colony of Gothic Belgi. But, if the Celtic race is intermixed with Goths in Wales, and, also, as he mentions, in the highlands of Scotland, whence could Dr. M'Calloch have derived his knowledge of the distinctive traits of a *purely* Celtic race? But the cream of the joke is that, these valorous fiery-haired and blue-eyed Belgians, to whose red locks these writers, adopting a species of capillary phrenology, ascribe all their valor, are proved, by Price, to have been—Celts!

On the discovery of America, it was contended that, the Indians were inferior beings to the whites, unworthy of the same privileges, incapable of the same duties; this opinion fell, uncountenanced, to the ground, as might have been expected, never to be repeated. Strange to say, however, in the eighteenth century, an individual, boasting of all that enlarged philanthropy and freedom from obsolete prejudices, which characterised the philosophers of the eighteenth century, stepped forward as its champion. "*The Celts,*" says Mr. Pinkerton, in his Inquiry into the Early History of Scotland, "*are savages, have been savages since the world began, and will be for ever savages, while a separate people, that is, while themselves, and of unmixed blood.*"

In his zeal for these opinions, we are told, by his countryman, Chalmers, that he has swept away whole dynasties from history; nor does his passion for improvement seem to have been confined to the narrow limits of Britain. M. Humboldt, somewhat angrily, accuses him of having, in his geography, made free with rivers, mountains, and whole provinces, in the New World; and yet Mr. Pinkerton is to be quoted as an indisputable authority! Any illusion would otherwise have been superfluous to a writer,

whose mind was so constituted that he saw, in the hatred to learning and Christianity shown by his Goths, sure tokens of an affinity with the intellectual tribes of Greece, and who could gravely attempt to revive, in the eighteenth century, notions scouted as illiberal, even from the dungeons of the Inquisition.

The long rigmarole about Celtic cowardice, which we find in certain recent *Gothic* Scotch writers, is wonderful for its profound originality; it requires no small share of what would be called "moral courage," by Gothic authorities, and "sheer impudence," by a plain Englishman, to pilfer even the bright conceptions and the erudition of a writer; but to this same "moral courage" must be superadded no insignificant portion of genuine Bœotian, or rather Peuléekan, stolidity, to render a felon of fallacies, and a plagiarist of falsehood. If poor Pinkerton could be roused from the dead, for a few minutes, to listen to these ingenious gentlemen, he would be apt to cry out, like Bayes, (when he fancied a rival dramatist had imitated even his thunder,) "why, that is my blunder!" It is difficult to say, whether these round assertions shew the most remarkable knowledge of the history of their own country, in their own times, in him, or in them. No less than twice within the century of his birth, we believe within the limits of his own life, had these pusillanimous savages of Morven, marched, unchecked, through the whole land of Goths, from the friths of the north, to the English border, to be subdued only by the superior discipline and the superior numbers of an English army. It must have been a truly edifying sight to the "feelosophers" of that time, with their selfish theories of morals, and their Gothic systems of civilization, it must have been a perfect illumination to them, to behold a whole race of men, with whom warfare was but the reverence of a principle as sublime and disinterested, though a mistaken one, as ever influenced the fabled heroes of chivalry. So much for the philosopher, the geographer, the expounder of mysteries, for the benefit of contemporary sages. We have had Waterloo: a name to which not all the genius of Grub street could give the melody it possesses to every British ear, were it bereft of its associations with the gallant deeds of the Gael, and the immortal name of Picton. We may well add, in the words of a contemporary periodical of eminence: "The slur of want of courage will hardly stick upon the Welsh, who so long defended their *paupera regna* against the overbearing force of the whole kingdom of England, and yielded at last less to open force than fraud, and the consequences of their own civil dissensions; and such charges brought against the Irish nation are too ludicrous to admit serious consideration. We presume that a regiment of either of these three races would desire nothing better than to rest the character of their country on the issue of a contest with an equal or superior number, either of Swedes, Danes, or Saxons, which-

ever might be reckoned the most genuine representatives of the mighty Goths, or of the trans-Tiverini themselves, the unquestionable descendants of the far more mighty Romans, by whom the world was conquered."*

But what can evince a more sovereign contempt for history than these Gothic aspirations? If the highlanders of Scotland are so inferior to the lowlanders, in what does that inferiority consist? In intellect? The author of Ossian's poems, whether he lived fifty or a thousand years ago, has been excelled in originality of genius, and majestic imagery, by no British poet. If lowland Scotland has produced a Scott and a Burns, the Gael can boast of a Smollett and a Campbell. Does this Celtic barbarism consist then in a cruel and blindly vindictive spirit? Was not the march of the highland clans, through the north of England, a model and a reproach to civilized and civilizing France, with her "Encyclopedias," and her "Oraisons Funebres?" Was not the claymore as untainted with the blood of an innocent peasantry, as ever was pilgrim's staff? In what then, we again and again ask, does this inferiority consist, so strongly marked ever since the "Celts have poked their noses into the world of literature?" Is it in the virtues of benevolence and tolerance? The ecclesiastics of Iona, who revived learning in this island, asked no boon from a Celtic king, but the right of teaching the ignorant, a tempestuous dwelling, on the very verge of the habitable world, and the privilege of giving sepulture to the body of a Saxon king, and an aggressor; whilst lowland Scotland, that purely Gothic territory, accomplished all her reforms, like Mahomet, by an enlightened profusion of human blood, and the destruction of all human art; and, not half a century ago, in the days of Gothic Pinkerton himself, a clergyman of lowland Scotland was driven from the church for writing a successful tragedy!

A motley display of the fiercest and the meanest passions; a youthful queen, (for whom the mere helplessness of the woman, would have pleaded with a noble minded nation), browbeaten, for a few short years, by wild factions and infuriate zealots; and then thrown an offering to the tyranny and the toilet of her Southron rival; a king, appealing for protection to the hereditary subjects of his race, sold, perhaps for conscience' sake, into the hands of his executioners. Such are the strange annals in which all Celtic nations must read the tale of their own inferiority, the marks of Gothic civilization; such are the annals of lowland Scotland, a blot in the history of humanity, which nothing could have obliterated but the well-earned glories of the modern Athens.

* Quarterly Review for July, 1829.

The following passage is strikingly eloquent:

"But it is not only in this instance," alluding to the red hair theory, "that the love of system carries its supporters into the extreme of prejudice: for this Gothic blood is made to engross all the virtues of the kingdom. The representation of the people in parliament, trial by jury, right of free citizens, all originated, it is alleged, in the German woods.

"This assertion, is about as true as that respecting the distinction between the red and dark haired races. And, most unfortunately for this system, those woods do, at the present day, afford just as few proofs of love of liberty, as of red haired nations.

"But so far is the British constitution from being derived from the Saxon ancestors of the English people that, previous to the reign of Alfred, the Saxons laws were exceedingly confused and defective; and that great monarch remodelled them, or rather enacted entirely new laws: and the person employed in this great work, was neither Saxon nor German, but Asser Menevensis, a Welsh ecclesiastic, who, from the ancient laws of Wales, assisted by those of the Roman code, and guided by the principles of the Bible, possibly with the addition, too, of some existing Saxon customs, laid the foundation of the British constitution.

Whatever merits the ancient Saxons might possess, as warriors and freemen, yet, it appears, a few centuries made a considerable change in their moral, whatever it did in their physical, character. For when, about the ninth century, England was invaded by the Danes, the Saxons were so far from resisting them, like a brave and spirited people, that, on the contrary, they for many years submitted to their tyranny, in a manner the most abject and slavish, while those barbarians were traversing the land at their pleasure, exacting the most oppressive tribute. Amongst the Welsh, the Danes were not able to effect even a landing.

Again: when the Normans invaded Britain, the Welsh resisted their aggressions, and those of their successors, in England, with the most determined bravery, for upwards of two hundred years. Whereas, the Saxons were completely subdued in one single battle: and, such was their spiritless conduct, that they never once, as a nation, attempted to release themselves from the galling yoke imposed upon them by their conquerors, though of the most repulsive and degrading nature. Even the tyranny of the Curfew Bell could not rouse them, nor the oppression of the Forest Laws. Surely, this is not a people to be proud of, as the parent stock of the English nation. And, if mixture of blood has any influence upon the moral character, it is well for Britain that such streams of Celtic, or other blood, have flowed into the veins of the English, from Wales, from Scotland, and from Ireland, &c., for the last few centuries. Doubtless, the energy of Britain is more indebted to this, than to any predominance of Saxon blood. And, probably, there are but few persons of eminence in the kingdom, who cannot trace, in their family, some such wholesome admixture of kindred."

This is very well, as a reply to the Pinkertonians, but, fond as we are said to be of genealogy, we think it a much more unequivocal way of identifying ourselves with the best honours of England, to recollect the unanimity with which the representatives of Wales voted for the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

On the other hand, a lineage from red haired savages and marauders, can add little to the glory of a country, which might

well spurn a comparison, even with the boasted republics of Greece. The freedom of those proud democracies was, at last, but a principle of splendid selfishness; a principle of tyranny over their colonies; of proscription of the wisest and best of their own citizens; while the people of Britain are ever ready to spend their treasure in binding up the wounds even of their enemies, to shed their blood like water, to extirpate slavery from the ocean. May not this single passage in the annals of Britain, lead us to anticipate that, though her cities may become like Tyre and Sidon, yet hers is a dominion that can never pass away; that the virtues of her children, from whatever race they may have sprung, shall reign for ever in the hearts of liberated nations; that the ruins of the imperial cities that have tyrannized over the earth will be trod with less reverence, as time rolls on, than the grave of the humblest British mariner.

But let it not be thought that we thus intend to censure the author of this Essay; let those who talk of "Lloegrwys Carnladron," &c., learn from him that, the most exalted species of patriotism is, to seek to render the feelings and the intellectual treasures of our country beneficially influential on the prospects and the principles of the world. It is an appalling consideration that philosophy itself, when unguided by a candid and philanthropic spirit, sinks to the level of the pettiest party animosities of the vulgar; and, fortunately for the honour of Britain, her councils are ruled by the dogmas of angry schoolmen about as much as the ocean by the shackles of Xerxes. It was under a far different influence that she, first, of all the kingdoms of the globe, renounced the traffic in the blood of the human race; nay, stood single-handed against the world, disclaiming all neutrality in a war between light and darkness; and it was from a far different source that she drew that axiom of all humility, all virtue, and all wisdom, and which she shall still teach, in a voice of thunder, to the despots of the earth, wherever there is oppression, be it of the African or the Osmanli: *the children of man are of one blood and one flesh, equal in life and in death.*

The Adventures and Vagaries of Twm Shon Catti; by T. J. L. Prichard.—1 vol. 12mo. Cox, Aberystwyth.

To persons feeling interested in the advancement of science or art in Wales, the little specimen we are obliged very briefly to notice, must be gratifying.

Aberystwyth, from fortuitous circumstances, has taken the lead much before the generality of Welsh towns, nor can the adventues of Twm Shon Catti be considered otherwise than an accom-

paniment in the general "march" of the place; its printing, matter, and materials, are executed in a way which would be creditable to any press in or out of London.

The vagaries of Twm follow each other in quick succession; are pleasantly told, and interspersed with effusions of the poet, both Welsh and English. Though Twm experiences all variations of life, he is no vulgar wight: his ups and downs, whims and rogueries, are very divertingly told; and, if the author has bedecked his hero here and there in borrowed plumes, it is only to add a piquant jollity to the whole. We may say, with Cicero, "Tanquam aliqua fabella naratur."

The Cambrian Wreath. By the same Author and Publisher.—1 vol. 12mo.

Is a poetical selection of subjects relating to Hên Cymru, historic and legendary? Eminent writers are placed before us: Churchyard, Rowe, Shenstone, Wharton, Scott, Hemans, Dovaston, Humphreys, Parry, are among the list, as also some creditable pieces by the editor: these certainly entitle the Wreath to a remunerating circulation: we hope it will be so; yet, (and it is a truism we must be pardoned in stating,) genius, in Wales, too frequently experiences the bitterest neglect.*

* Instances have occurred where qualifications of the most profound learning, where also the immense recommendation of rare and unique literary remains, have been left destitute of necessary patronage. Will it be credited that the Mabinogion have for years remained unpublished, *solely* from this cause; and not only the Mabinogion, but other most important additions to British literature; superintended, too, by men thoroughly qualified to present them to the world under the best possible arrangement. Why so peculiar an indifference exists towards the records of our corner of the island, while fiction and scandal, "heaped high as Alps," are quickly bought up, in numerous editions, we profess not to explain; we have done our duty in publishing the facts, and the good sense of our readers secures us from the imputation of froward interference. True it is, there is a strong prejudice pervading the minds of the intelligent classes of society in Wales. Alas! if they possessed but the limited insight we ourselves do of the beautiful historic treasures of Cambria, now quite unknown, we are as certain that they would be no longer suffered gradually to perish, as, that Scott or Lingard are read with deserved appreciation.

EDITORS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Shortly will be published, embellished with two designs by the Author, "*Mortality*," a Poem, in three parts. By T. Cambria Jones, author of "The Bard's Dream," &c. Specimens of Mr. Jones's Awen will be found in page 405.

A work under the title of "*A Comparative View of the Ancient Laws of England and Wales*," has been announced by Mr. William Jones, of St. Asaph. It is a great desideratum in Welsh literature. Persons officially filling the responsible situations of executors and administrators, churchwardens, constables, and other offices in the Principality, through their ignorance of the English language, and the want of a guide in the Welsh, (there being no other work treating on these subjects in that language,) are labouring under great disadvantages, and inevitably commit blunders, by which they and the community are often great sufferers.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

St. David's College, Lampeter.

At the Annual Examination in this College, Mr. T. Jones, second son of the late Hugh Jones, esq. of Lampeter, obtained a first Class; and also a Prize for the best English Essay, "On the Influence of the Reformation upon the Literature of Europe." Mr. Jones is, we understand, an only brother to the Rev. J. Jones, curate of Denbigh.

Sir Edward Mostyn, Bart.

A golden miniature harp, classically and tastefully ornamented, has just been finished by Mr. Ellis, by order of the Committee of the Royal Cambrian Institution, to be presented to Sir Edward Mostyn, as a mark of the sense which the Members of the Institution entertain of the support and patronage which has been bestowed by the noble baronet on the music and poetry of his native land on all occasions, and in particular on that of the Denbigh Eisteddvod, in 1828.

An Assistant Surgeoncy in the service of the East India Company has, in consequence of the resignation of the gentleman to whom the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P. for Montgomeryshire, gave it last year, reverted to his nomination, and the Right Honourable Gentleman has, in the most handsome manner, placed this appointment at the disposal of the Council of the London University, if they will undertake the task of adjudging it to the candidate whom they shall, upon examination, deem to be most meritorious.

Eisteddvod, or Congress of Welsh Bards.

This meeting was held on the 10th of August last, in a spacious tent erected behind the premises of Mr. Parry, the Cross Keys, at Newmarket. The inside was tastefully decorated with laurel and flowers; on the upper end was a stage elevated about four feet from the ground, which was occupied by the chairman, and a great number of elegantly dressed females; benches for the auditory occupying the remainder of the space in front. At twelve, Edward Morgan, esq. jun. of Golden Grove, took the chair, and immediately the tent was crowded with company.

The President rose amid the acclamations of the company, and having addressed them very eloquently, the Rev. Henry Parry said, that "a much respected neighbour having opened this *Eisteddvod*, it will be only necessary for me to say a few words. The time for addressing this assembly being limited to ten minutes, my account of *Eisteddvodau* must necessarily be very concise. The first authentic intimation we have of them was in the time of Gryffydd ap Cynan, the prince who filled the throne of North Wales, during the reigns of William the Conqueror and his two sons. This prince framed the statute, or rather ordinance, which regulates the bardic meetings to our days. But of any congress of bards which took place in his reign, or those of his successors on the throne of Cambria, no records have come down to us. From his time, till the extinction of the independence of the Principality, by the conquest and death of Llywelyn, the ancient Britons, having to maintain a constant struggle for their existence against their more powerful and

ambitious neighbours, had no leisure to bestow on literary pursuits, or to cultivate the arts of peace. And, if it be true, that Edward I. the proud conqueror of our ancestors, did, by a barbarous but judicious policy, call the bards together, and then massacre them in cold blood, this accounts for their silence for some time after: yet we have the authority of our indefatigable antiquary, Dr. O. Pughe, for asserting, that the eminent poet, Davydd ap Gwilym, was born, flourished, and died, within the fourteenth century. This alleged massacre of the Welsh bards furnished the subject of one of the most sublime odes in the English language: 'The Bard' of the incomparable Gray. In the time of Henry IV. about 1402, a very cruel law was formed against *Westeurs' rymours, ministral, or other vagabonds*, to forbid them, under very severe penalties, to make assemblies, collections, or *cymmortha*. No authorized meetings of bards took place till the house of Tudwr, a family proud of their Welsh descent, mounted the throne of England. Henry VII. called to his assistance the heraldic bards to trace his pedigree to the original monarchs of Britain: and his son, Henry VIII. at the suggestion of Tudwr Aled, a celebrated bard of Denbighshire, summoned, in due form, an assembly of the poets and musicians of Wales, to meet at Caerwys, in the fifteenth year of his reign: but of what was done there, very little or nothing is known. But our great land-mark is the meeting summoned and held, under a royal commission, in the same town, by Queen Elizabeth, in 1568. The accounts of this Eisteddvodd are authentic, full, and satisfactory. Persons of the greatest rank and learning in the Principality attended, and even bishops condescended to contend for the prizes. The successful candidate of bards, harpers, and vocalists, received the degrees they were entitled to according to the bardic laws of Gryffydd ap Cynan. I wish it were in my power to say, that this laudable institution had been continued at proper intervals till the reign of Geo. IV. but, alas! from the time of Elizabeth, no encouragement whatever was given to Welsh literature, till the establishment of the Cymmrodorion Society in London, in 1751. At which time many eminent bards, Gronwy Owain, Lewis Morris, William Wynne, and many others, of less note, flourished. Encouraged by this society, numerous poets and musicians sprung into existence; and to this patriotic association we are indebted for the preservation of many valuable records, which would otherwise have been lost for ever. It is pleasing to reflect, that when this innocent race of men, the bards, were persecuted, they were always persecuted for their loyalty; for their attachment to their natural prince and the liberty of their country. Edward hanged them by martial law, for their adherence to their lawful but deposed and murdered sovereign, Richard II. Harry of Lancaster, the unprincipled usurper of his throne, got the legislature to pass the most rigorous laws against them: and for the support given by them to the sinking cause of the royal family, Cromwell made a most bloody ordinance against them in 1656. Since the revival of the *Eisteddvod*, it has, invariably, been well attended and supported. Our poets and minstrels would do honour to any country in Europe. When a similar congress was attempted in Ireland, in 1785, though promoted and encouraged by persons of rank and influence, yet it was not attended with any good result. Now, my dear countrymen, I have to congratulate you upon the arrival of a brighter era. 'Now loyalty has no harm in it,' and the bards are fostered and encouraged. Under our beloved monarch, George IV. four or five Eisteddvodau have taken place, which have exceeded any thing that ever preceded them, and that at Denbigh, last autumn, eclipsed them all, and deserved the epithet of *royal*, by way of distinction, had it not been honoured by the presence of the Duke of Sussex. Some one may say, "What good do these Eisteddvodau do?" In reply, I say, that these contests are the very test of genius; our books have been multiplied and our language enriched by them; and our national music cultivated and improved. Not one of these meetings has failed, likewise, in bringing forward some young man of genius and talent, who would otherwise have lingered in obscurity, comparatively useless, but who now enlightens and adorns society. If necessary, I could bring forward many bright instances of this kind. Do not these objects, therefore, in a national point of view, deserve our most zealous encouragement and warmest patronage?"

The business of the meeting was opened by the recital of several *Englynion*. The adjudication of the prizes then commenced; the first of which was *Three*

Pounds, for "the best translation of Thomson's Hymns on the Seasons," beginning—

"These, as they change,—Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God."

In announcing the decision of the judges on this subject, the Rev. J. Blackwell stated that three compositions had been received, every one of which had strong claims to approbation, and might be considered the best translations next after those of Paradise Lost and Palestine; and such that Thomson himself would not have thought a dishonour to own in their Welsh garb. But the merits of each were so equally distributed, that the judges had found it impossible to make a selection from the three, and had recommended that, although the original premium was but *thirty shillings*, each of the candidates should receive *one pound*. These three bore the signatures, Ab Thomson (Mr. H. Jones, of Chester); Gwenffrwd (Mr. T. Lloyd, clerk with Mr. T. Jones, of Holywell); and Aneurin (understood to be Mr. Thomas Roberts, of Conway).

The next prize was *one pound*, for "the best twelve Englynion (Epigrammatic Stanzas) on the fall of Capt. Morgan, by Llyn-helyg, near Newmarket, while defending the royal cause against Oliver Cromwell's army." This was adjudged to Thomas Ellis, of Caerwys, quite a youth.

The next prize was *three pounds*, for the best poem (in Welsh) on "Shipwreck," and was allotted to the Rev. E. Hughes, of Bodfari.

The next prize was a premium of *three pounds*, for the best Welsh Essay on the "Union of Wales with England, and the good Effects that followed." On the author being called upon to avow himself, Mr. E. Parry, of Chester, mounted the stage, who "stood confessed" the writer of the successful Essay.

Pennillion Singing then commenced. There were five competitors, viz. Richard Jones, Charles Morris, Joseph Williams, John Owens, and Daniel Jones.

One only of the two premiums for performances on the Harp was adjudged, which fell to John Roberts, of Mold, who was the only harper present.*

The next premium was that of *one pound*, for the best extemporary oration on "Domestic Happiness," for which there were but two candidates, John Parry, of Denbigh, and John Evans, of Ysceiviog; and the premium was divided equally between them.

The principal business of the Congress having been disposed of, the Rev. H. Parry, of Llanasa rose, and proposed a vote of thanks to the worthy president, Capt. Morgan.

The Rev. J. Blackwell seconded the motion in a very neat and eloquent address.

The President returned thanks for the handsome manner in which their vote of thanks was conveyed, and expressed his wish to promote the prosperity of Wales.

"God save the King," was then sung in excellent style by Mr. Isherwood, of Manchester, and the president left the chair, when the meeting was dissolved.

Between four and five o'clock nearly one hundred guests sat down to dinner. After the withdrawal of the cloth, and the usual toasts had been proposed,† the Rev. T. Wynne Edwards rose to offer his testimony to the beneficial influence these meetings had on the literature of the Principality. No man was better entitled to the grateful remembrance of his country than Owain Myvyr, who had bequeathed to his country his invaluable archaiology; with whose honourable name he begged to couple that of Bishop Morgan, who lies buried at St Asaph, without a stone to direct us to his remains. The latter venerable personage had translated into our language the word of God, a benefit of no ordinary character; he thought a subscription might easily be obtained to place a mural monument in the cathe-

* This is to be accounted for by the bad weather, as harp-strings are injured by dampness.

† Among these toasts was given, "Success to the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, and other Welsh Periodical Publications."—The Newmarket Eisteddvod being conducted in the true spirit of the ancient Gorsedd, renders their friendly notice of us additionably valuable, and we respectfully offer to them our sincere thanks.

"Fear not by us your kind applause disgrac'd,
Not to our merit, but our motive plac'd. Dovaston.

dral of St. Asaph, in the choir of which he was interred. He thought it a shame that something of this kind had not been done before. He should like that the proposition should come from his friend, Mr. Parry, of Llanasa, than whom no man was more fit to introduce it. He sincerely declared, that if he could see this accomplished, his having in any way contributed to its promotion, would be an act which he should consider as the most honourable he had ever performed.

The suggestion was met with an universal approval; and after some little discussion, resolutions in furtherance of the object were unanimously adopted.

Literary Excursion in Brittany.

A gentleman of South Wales, whose name we do not feel at liberty to mention, has, with a patriotic ardour peculiar to himself, been making, in the course of the summer, a literary tour through the Celtic province of Brittany, in France, and had the good fortune to meet with some of the most learned and national characters of the country. He was solicited to return with some of our Celtic literati, and to hold a meeting for the purpose of discussing antiquarian and other matters interesting to our respective nations; and he thinks that a literary eisteddvod might be got up there, as there are a great many learned men, in that country, possessed of nationality and enthusiasm sufficient to make such a meeting highly interesting.

The Breton literati were also very desirous of establishing a correspondence with some of our Celtic antiquaries, and requested him to give the names of them, in order to commence something of the kind, convinced as they were that there were many things particularly interesting for discussion.

He was busily engaged, though unsuccessfully, in searching the libraries in Brittany and Paris, in hopes of finding some of our lost MSS., but despairs of ever discovering any thing of importance, in that way, in France. The Vatican he considers the only place where researches are likely to be made with success, had he time to devote to that purpose. During his tour, he took measures for procuring a translation of the Old Testament into the Breton tongue, by M. Legonidec, at Angoulême; and hopes that, through the means of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he may succeed as he had already done with respect to the New Testament.

Sleepers in Church.

We extract from the Reports of the Commissioners on Education and on Churches, the following singular bequest: "Richard Dovey, in 1659, founded a free school at Claverly, in Salop, &c. and directed to be placed in some room of the cottages, and to pay, yearly, the sum of eight shillings to a poor man of the said parish, who should undertake to *awaken sleepers*, and *whip out dogs* from the church of Claverly, during divine service.

Cheap Substitute for Charcoal.

We learn, from the Literary Gazette, that an ingenious and scientific Frenchman has lately discovered a method of producing, from turf, by a cheap apparatus, a carbonic residuum, equally valuable with the best charcoal, and of its adoption in Picardy, and other provinces, where turf was, before the invention, almost exclusively used for fuel. Such a discovery is very important to various districts of the globe,—to none more than Wales; and we shall endeavour to gain a further insight of an invention calculated for ameliorating the rugged hardships, and adding an important addition to the scanty comforts, of the mountaineer.

Antiquities.

M. de Kerdanet, whose very learned article upon the Languages of the Gauls and Armoricans has in part appeared, translated, in "the Cambrian," and who is mayor of Lesneven, an advocate, and learned antiquary, lately discovered, in the Commune of Finisterre, remains of houses, vaults, streets, and squares, which, it is believed, when the Romans occupied that country, formed the town of Occisnor. His first researches obtained a great number of funeral urns, some of earthenware, and others of glass, as well as a variety of medals. It is thought that, if the government will defray the expense of excavating this spot, ruins of monuments may be found, which will confirm the opinions entertained as to the early history of Brittany, before the entrance of the Franks into Gaul. Should the liberality of

the government induce them to prosecute such a research, we shall take care duly to report the results,—results which must deeply interest every person wishing an insight in the history of the Celtic race.

Landed Interest in Wales.

The following sensible letter has been addressed to the editors of several provincial newspapers.

To the Landed Proprietors in North Wales.—Gentlemen, The attack that was made, some years ago, on the rights of your properties by the crown, and so successfully resisted by the landed proprietors, at a meeting convened for the purpose of considering those claims, at Ruthin, justifies me in calling your particular attention to the specious and deceptive conduct of the present *country* agents of the commissioners of woods and forests.

The claims preferred by the subordinates in that office are of that extensive, nay, extravagant description, that I take the earliest opportunity of impressing upon you the necessity of directing your attention to the subject, rendered now more important in consequence of certain non-resident proprietors in Merionethshire having tacitly submitted to the assumed rights of the crown, thereby affording these rapacious claimants a pretext for extending their pretensions to lands which ever have been considered private property.

I call upon you to resist these claims; I call upon you to follow the example of your predecessors, and to show the agents of the woods and forests that the opposition in North Wales will not only be general, but determined. In conclusion, I shall recommend, with deference, that requisitions be signed by the freeholders in each of the counties in North Wales, and transmitted to the respective sheriffs, requesting them to convene meetings to take this most important subject into their immediate consideration. —— CYMRO.

Promotion in the Royal Welsh Fusileers.

John Owen Edwards Tucker, gentleman, to be second lieutenant, by purchase, vice Bunyon, promoted, in the 30th foot: dated July 16, 1829.

Church Preferment.

Rev. Richard Pughe, jun. A.B. to the rectory of Llanvihangel y Gwynt, Montgomeryshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Hamer; lord bishop of St. Asaph, patron.

Distressed State of the Country.

In common with every friend of humanity, we deeply deplore the distress under which the middling classes of tradespeople are suffering in Wales: in the iron districts, we grieve to say, the distress is unparalleled. Patience under affliction is entitled to the greatest commendation, and we are too well acquainted with the heads and hearts of our countrymen, to doubt their fortitude or conduct under the present unfortunate depression. The morality of the Principality is strong enough to prevent those senseless and degrading scenes of brutalized anarchy, which have lately disgraced some parts of the empire.

Welsh Judicature.

This momentous subject continues to claim the attention of the Principality: a meeting was lately held at Ruthyn, and a series of resolutions adopted. Another meeting is to be held in the early part of the present month, at Haverfordwest, to take into consideration the alterations proposed in the first report of his majesty's commissioners of the superior courts of common law.

ERRATA.

Page 415, line 2, *for* "by Dafydd ap Gwilym, *read* "translated from Dafydd ap Gwilym;" line 19 in Pedigree, *for* "19. Gwrvyw Dugu," *read*, "19, Gwrvyw Dygu."

INDEX TO VOL. I.

An asterisk (*) is affixed to those figures of which duplicate folios were printed to a few pages in this Volume.

ABERYSTWYTH, Ramble to; the Wizard Friend . . 260, 385
Ancient forest 37, 38, 39
Aeddan ab Blegored, Historical Sketch of . . 457
Antiquities 32, 34, 116, 503
Antiquarian Society; Celtic and Druidical antiquities; drawings of cromlechs and circles presented to them . . 379
Astronomy, Mr. Roberts's Lectures on, in the Welsh language . 120
Avol y Berwyn, account of 205
Bala Lake, legend of 53
Bodvari Camp 8
Bran, the Judicial Seat of 8
Britain, a short View of the Early State of . . 378, 398
Brittany, Literary Excursion in 503
British History, Studies in 486
Butler, Lady E., and Miss Ponsonby, an account of . 364
Caer Sws, Notice of the Hamlet of . . . 32, 33
Cambrian Wreath, (review of) 499
Institution in London 245
Etymologists, Appeal to, by a Philologist of Copenhagen; Editor's Answer 313
Caractacus, the summer dwelling of . . . 8
(or Caradog) mention made of, in the Life of St. Paterne 103
Carns 32, 33
Claverly, parish of, curious bequest to . . 503
Clwydian Hills 8
Celtic Remains; Numismatics 383
Cerig y Drudion, erroneous etymology of . . 490
Chester, siege of, unpublished documents regarding . 150
Charcoal, cheap substitute for 503
Church Preferment 504
Country, the distressed State of the . . . 504
Cycle, a secret club in Wales 212
Cymreigyddion Society 245
Davydd ab Gwilym, extracts from the poetry of, 7, 8, 14, 166, 214, 331, 415
, St., celebration of, 1st March, 1829 . . 245
, St., College of, at Lampeter . . . 500
Davy Sion Evan, a conjurer 260, 385
Dagger, ancient one found 9
Davy Sion Evan (legend) . . 385 *et sec.* 367 *et sec.*
Deal wood, durability of in peat water . . . 39
Déberanger, translation of poetry from . . . 485

Dunwallon, death of (poetry) 429
Eisteddvod at Denbigh, account of 108
in London, account of 380
Letter from Sir E. Mostyn respecting the publication of the prize Essay 241
description of the medals distributed at Denbigh 241
at Newmarket 500
Elian, St. the Well of 5
Elphin, Misfortunes of, (review of) 231
Englyn of the 14th century 58
Epitaph, extraordinary one 125
in Guilsfield church-yard 213
Evans, Rev. Evan, Biography and Correspondence of . 133, 373*
Elegy on the Death of 134
Correspondence of 393
Fairies, short Notice of 4
Fine Arts 379
Fusiliers, Welsh, promotion in the 504
Genealogy of the Kings of antient Britain . . . 486
Gododin, extracts from the poetry of the 6
Inquiries regarding certain passages in the . 352
Golden Goblet (poetry) 489
Guilsfield church-yard, epitaph in 213
Gwilym, D. ap, translations from 214, 415
Gwynedd, the Bards in 116
, the Princes of 463
Gwyneddigion Society in London 119
Harp, golden miniature, presented to Sir Edward Mostyn . 500
Hastings' Family, Inquiries respecting, in the Gentleman's Magazine, answered 362
Hiraethog Mountain 8
Hiraeth y Bardd (poetry) and translation 409
Hirlas Horn 118
Historical Sketches. No. I. Vortigern 357
No. II. Aeddan ab Blegored . . . 457
Iolo ab Hugh, (legend of) 40
Judicature, Welsh 16, 119, 249, 504
Justice, Review of Lord Cawdor's Letter upon its administration in Wales 16
Jones Owen, monument to the memory of . . . 248, 380
Kenyon, Biography of the late Lord 10
Keswick, Druidical Stones near 381
Lakes 32, 37, 53, 334
Lanbadarn Vawr . . . . . 262 *et sec.*, 388 *et sec.*
Landrindod Wells, Ramble to, (legend) 121
Lancashire, Old British Remains in 410
Lampeter College 500
Languages, History of those of the Gauls and Armoricans . 81
Llanwynnog, History of the Parish of 30
Literary Society of Wales, Account of 114
Notices 379, 500
London University, Assistant Surgeoncy presented to, by the Right Hon. C. Williams Wynn 500
London and Provincial News . . . 108, 241, 379, 400
Llywarch Hên, extracts from his poetry . . 49, 50, 51, 180

Mabinogion (with a literal translation), the Romance of Math ab Mathonwy 170, 395*, 416
Marcus Aurelius Valerius Carausius, Emperor, a Welshman, Account of 55
Mechain, Gwalter, Letter to him respecting the different Phenomena of Peat-earth 367
Mediolanum, the Roman Station of 45
Menai Bridge (Review of Mr. Provis' work on) . . . 215
Meivod, History of, containing Notices, Geographical, Antiquarian, Geological, Superstitious, Genealogical, Historical, 318 *et sec.* 430
Merddyn Wyllt, extract from his poetry . . . 3
Merionedd, commissions signed by the Lord Lieutenant of 116
Misfortunes of Elphin, (review of) 231
Myrddin, the Prophet; the Wizard 402
Moel Arthur, the Hill of 8
Benlli, the Hill of 8
Montgomeryshire Cavalry, farewell dinner . . . 116
Moroganwy, the Princes of 463
Music and poetry; Farewell to Wales, by Mrs. Hemans . 74
Moçdrev, in Powis, curious derivation of . . 176
Moçnant, in Powis, curious derivation of . . 176
Mortality, (unpublished poem,) extract from . . 405
Names (sir), Origin of various 402
Nantcall, curious derivation of 178
Owain Glendour, English Conception of his Character wrong . 3
Situation of his House at Sycharth . 318
Owen, Mr. of Lanark 383
Park-pen Pryce, Montgomeryshire . . . 319
Parochial History 30
Passengers, the; Notices Historical, Architectural, Geological, Antiquarian, Botanical, Poetical . 192 *et seq.*, 333 *et seq.*, 467 *et seq.*
Pedigree of British Kings from Brut, or Brutus . . 486
Pen Granvell, his System of Geology eulogized . 197
Grych (the legend of) . . . . 126 *et seq.*
Physiognomy of the Inhabitants of Britain and neighbouring Continental Nations, (review of) . . . 491 *et sec.*
Pigs, Romantic Account of their Introduction in Wales . 172
Poetry:
(See Davydd ab Gwilym, Llywarch Hên, Robin Dhû, Taliesin, Merddyn Wyllt)
A Bridal Song 211
Bards the, (poetry) 81
Cader Idris, Ode written at a fountain near . . 107
On a Mountain Tumulus 145
Cornish ancient poetry 212
Death of Dunwallon 429
Extracts from an unpublished poem, entitled Mortality . 405-6
Farewell to Wales 74
Fragment 310
From the French of De Béranger . . . 485
Gælic poetry 28
Hiraeth y Bardd, (and translation) . . . 409
Legend of Trwst Llywelyn 464
Metheglin 191
Mia Dolce Amica 181

POETRY:
My Father-Land 169
Ode to the Author of Horæ Britannicæ . . 311
Peace to the Good and Brave 356
Robin Dhû, extracts from his poetry . . . 332
Snowdon 371*
The Golden Goblet 489
The Sick Man's Dream 363
Ymbibanion vy Mam, (with a translation) . . 383*
Ponsonby, Miss, and Lady Eleanor Butler, account of . 364
Princes of Morganwg and Gwynedd, Family Relationship between, 463
Provincial and London News . . 108, 241, 379, 500
Pumlumon Mountain; Walk to Shepherd's Pool; Tale of the Hills, 447
Radnorshire, Improvements in . . . 117, 242
Rebellion in Oliver Cromwell's Time in Wales, unpublished Account of, 60
Reginald Trevor, or the Welsh Loyalists, (review of) . 229
Robin Hood's Grave 9
Rocks, Columnar, in the Arennig Mountains, (with an illustrative woodcut) 167
Roman Road 35
brazen Idol, discovery of 247
Rivers . . . . . 32, 326 *et sec.*
Romance in Real Life, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby 364
Rowlant and Catrin Humphrey, a Story of the Hills . 453
Shields, two Ancient British, Account of . . 247
Shipwreck on Cefn Sidan Sands . . . 117
Stonehenge 400
St. Asaph, Ordination at 242
Stories of Chivalry and Romance, (review of) . . 368
Tal y Llyn, excursion to 182
Taliesin, extracts from 7
Telescope invented by the Druids before the Christian Æra . 346
Tigla, St. 5
Thermopylæ, the Cambrian; Roderic's Lament . . 146
Torçh found near Llyngwernan, description of . . 242
Triads, Notice of the 9-10
Trwst Llywelyn, (legend of) 464
Tumulus, poetry on a mountain 145
Turbary, Letter requesting information respecting the different phenomena of 367
Twm Shon Catti, Adventures of, (review of) . . 498
Varis, a Roman Camp 8
Usher's, Archbishop, Visit to Wales in Charles I.'s Reign . 406
Vortigern, Historical Sketch of 357
Wales, Letter containing queries respecting the ancient divisions of, observations upon its literature . . . 243
Letter to the Landed Interest in . . . 504
Summer Rambles in . . . 121, 260, 385
Wanderings in Wales; Tal y Llyn; Torçh; Tumuli; late Chief Baron Richards; Story of Morgan Williams . . . 182 *et sec.*
Towyn; Ynys-y-maengwyn; the Ghost of Pont Vathew, 385* *et sec.*
Welsh Peasantry, Manners of 412
Winifred, St. 5
Wizard Friend, the (legend) . . 262 *et sec.*, 385 *et sec.*
Wrekin, Hill of 389

J. and C. Adlard, Printers, Bartholomew Close.